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A TALE OF UTAH

BY

ALFRED H. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. PAXSON

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TO MY WIFE

PREFATORY NOTE

In the fertile valley of Utah, lying in the heart of the Rockies, there is material for a score of books. Some day its full history shall have been written, and with its writing must come a revelation of conditions that have been well concealed during the three-quarters of a century, in which Mormonism has been developing.

This book deals with but one phase of that life—it is true in every essential feature, and is in strict accord with established facts.

It is not an attack upon Mormonism. It is simply a story, dealing with certain admitted conditions, and making some small use of the dramatic materials, which the unimpeachable history of the times has furnished. It has no slighting word to speak in disparagement of the sturdy strength, untiring energy and singular devotion that marked the lives of the men and women who did pioneer work in the midst of incredible difficulties, and whose sons and daughters are rising to a better understanding and, it may be, to a purer faith.

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CHAPTER I

CARISSA GRAHAM

Carissa Graham had grown from girlhood to womanhood under purely masculine guardianship. Later this fact was recalled in explanation of her singular course. At the time of this story, however, when she was just completing her eighteenth year, the outcome promised to disarm adverse criticism. For the shrinking, shy, unformed child, who had brought the burden of a recent sorrow into her uncle's great house and had found there no feminine arms to receive her, and no motherly voice to comfort her, was, by some process, transformed into a trusting, sweet-faced, generous-hearted girl, who had won her way into the affectionate admiration of all.

There were some, however, even at this time, who felt that in view of all the circumstances there was still room for gloomy forebodings. Mrs. Chamberlayne was one of these. She also felt that her unquestioned love for the girl, and interest in her, should permit considerable freedom in the expression of her views.

"It isn't Arthur Gordon's doings if she does turn out well," she remarked energetically to Miss Jayne, the village schoolmistress. "For all he's done for his sister's motherless child, she might have become anything. 'Be like your mother, Carissa; she was a fine

woman,' is all the advice he has known how to give her."

"Mr. Gordon seems very proud of his niece, though," urged Miss Jayne, hesitatingly.

"Proud of her! Well he may be! but he needn't take to himself much credit. When he brought her home after the funeral, she clung to him, sobbing and frightened. I was there and saw it, poor dear! He just kissed her and petted her, and when she was quiet turned her over to the housekeeper. Since that day she's had no proper discipline. She's done as she liked ever since, and gone where she pleased, and he's known nothing of her really."

"But I don't see that it has spoiled her," Miss Jayne persisted, timidly. "You say yourself that there's no lovelier girl in the parish, and Dr. Brooks——"

"Yes, and Mr. Busby too," Mrs. Chamberlayne interrupted, with impatient contempt. "They think she's perfect. But who are they? And what sort of judges of a young woman's training? The one an ex-army surgeon and the other a confirmed old bachelor who has spent all his life in the East India service! I grant that she has a winning way, but that's not due to her bringing up. It isn't natural for a girl to grow up of her own notion. She's read what she liked and formed her own ideas. She goes to both church and chapel, and I don't believe she cares for either. Though she's grown a young woman, she'd still rather go shrimp-fishing with old Peter Sayle, or boating with Cecil, or sit the way she used to with Thomas Batt, in the engine house, and listen to his Welsh tales, than study to fill her proper station in life. I tell you, it isn't natural. And you can't say she's

like other girls. She's too impulsive and undisciplined, and I'm afraid that harm will come of it."

Mrs. Chamberlayne was one of those women who will permit themselves to say, of those whom they love, what they would strongly resent in others; and as she spoke, the logic of her argument appealed even to herself, and there was real apprehension in her tone as she concluded.

"She's come to an age when other things are expected. She's had several good chances, if she'd only offered the slightest encouragement. Arthur Gordon should be spoken to, and I'm going to do it."

A bit of common, purple with heather; two fields enclosed by broad stone hedges covered with grass and trailing vines; a stretch of open wood, the prized remnant of a great forest; these and a well-kept park separated the Chamberlayne residence from the old stone house where Carissa Graham lived with her uncle.

It is true that she enjoyed unusual liberty, but the large, roomy house had proved a safe shelter. She loved the place, for it was associated with many happy memories. She loved it, too, because it was the birthplace of many daring, half-formed dreams of the future, and she had no knowledge that her free life within its sheltering walls seemed strange to any of the good housewives of the neighborhood, who were naturally interested in her welfare.

Her "masculine guardians," as Mrs. Chamberlayne called them, were three. Her uncle she respected and loved in spite of his abstraction and habitual air of cool reserve. Mr. Busby had at first frightened her by his roughness and puzzled her by his outspoken cyni-

cism, but she learned to recognize and prize the wise regard and true interest for her that struggled to expression through his choleric temperament and brusque manners. Dr. Brooks was the only one of the three who had ever really entered into her confidence. When she was a little girl he had teased her, and advised her, and later had expressed his admiration for her straightforward, truth-loving ways and her generous spirit of sympathy and helpfulness.

"So you think my poor miners are worthy of your tears, do you, Carissa? It is a sad story of their destitution and misery. What they will do this winter, with everything shut down, is more than I can tell."

"It's just wicked to throw them out of employment," she broke in fiercely, "and it's terrible to think of those awful bread riots. John Odgers was here this morning, and his face was so white and strained. He wanted uncle to use his influence in behalf of the men who have been arrested. He said it was hunger, their own hunger and the hunger of their wives and babes, that drove them to it. As I looked at his white face and saw how drawn it looked, I thought it terrible that men should be hungry and look for bread and find none."

"Well, dear, there'll be bread and boiled turnips, at least, for them after this," he said, with grim humor, "but there'll still be great suffering. You'll find the world a sad place, little one. That is," he added, with a bitter smile, "if you don't forget how to see and feel when you grow up and take your place in it."

"I shall not forget," she replied, with childlike earnestness. "It would be wicked. Oh, why is it that something cannot be done? I wish I were strong

and powerful and could teach those who live in fine houses and have so much, to think and plan for the poor and helpless."

During that winter, so trying to the miners of Cornwall, Carissa often went with the doctor on his round of visits to their destitute homes. She gave them of her sympathy and of her smiles, which often struggled through tears, and brought supplies that she had coaxed from the housekeeper or from Mr. Gordon and his friends.

Her visits came to be eagerly looked for, and many a quaint expression from the "quirky" miners attested their appreciation.

"She'd put a heart in a block o' stun and then make it burst with gratitude because of 'er pity," said one stalwart fellow, as he stood watching her breaking bread for his children.

As they were returning from one of these trips and she was feeling a vague sense of depression and dissatisfaction, Dr. Brooks suddenly broke the silence in a musing tone.

"Do you know, Carissa, you are growing to remind me of your father?"

She turned her face eagerly toward him and clasped her small hands tightly under the robe.

"You never knew him," he went on, reverently, "but he was one of the truest men that ever lived, and my best friend. I was surgeon in the same regiment where he was chaplain. He was naturally a great student, but the welfare of the boys was at his heart. We were on foreign service together when he died. It can truly be said of him, Carissa, that he gave himself for others. There was a great deal of sickness,

the men were homesick and their hearts were tender; I had little influence over him to lead him to spare himself when duty called, and he wore himself out."

The doctor paused a moment, there was a huskiness in his throat that he needed to clear away, and he knew that Carissa's tears were silently falling.

"You mustn't think of him, though, as sad and gloomy, or stern and unbending," he resumed, brightly. "He had a rare combination of buoyancy of spirit with deep and ready sympathy. That's why you are like him, Carissa. I can see him now—the life of the mess. He was as welcome among the gay young officers bent on a lark as at the cot-side of a rough private taking his last look round."

When work in the mines was resumed and comfort took the place of poverty in the homes of the miners, Carissa continued her visits.

One result of her intimate association with them was inevitable. She became impressed with the singular religious earnestness that permeated their lives and gave color to their conversation.

Mr. Gordon would doubtless have been surprised had he known under what instructors his niece was shaping her beliefs. He had furnished her with suitable governesses, and had been abundantly satisfied with the reports they gave him, but her real teachers were of a very different sort.

"A Cornishman is a man and not an echo," as Dr. Brooks expressed it, and Carissa possessed the temperament that is more deeply influenced by convictions than opinions.

Underneath all their crude and conflicting theories and incomplete, contradictory systems of belief there

was a mighty, inherent earnestness that appealed to her. These rough miners, often as uncouth and rugged as the rocks among which they worked, cherished beneath their soiled coats ideals far removed from the commonplace, and knew how to express them to her quick understanding. She saw in them a keen appreciation of what was genuine, and a hatred of what was false or for mere show. The majority were of the Wesleyan faith, not because it gave them a better intellectual grasp upon the problems of life and destiny, but because it made demands upon them, because it meant sacrifice and the doing of something for others.

It is not strange, then, that this girl, who loved the woods, and the sea, and the stars; who had been taught by them as well as by the primitive souls of this rude mining community, should find her absorbing interest carried outside the round of conventional existence, where it might be supposed to lie.

Mr. Gordon was entirely disqualified to recognize this fact or to appreciate it. He was conservative in his ideas, and had conceived certain well-ordered plans for the future of his niece. He was proud of his firmness, and easily influenced only along the line of his prejudices. But he was naturally indulgent where these were not concerned, and by no means inquisitive. He saw that Carissa was developing the graces of a rare womanhood, accomplished, generous-hearted, high-spirited, and with the promise of great beauty. This satisfied him, and he never doubted that when the time should come she would be thoroughly qualified to fill the place which his wealth and influence would be able to provide for her.

"It's time she was seeing the world a little," he said to Mr. Busby. "Mrs. Chamberlayne has persuaded me that I ought to take her to London, and, when we return, open the old house to the young people of the county."

"Humph!" ejaculated Busby, gruffly. "So the old cat thinks our little song bird should be caged, does she, and put on exhibition? Well, I don't. Let her alone. She's happy as she is."

"But I think Mrs. Chamberlayne is right," said Gordon, his features assuming an expression of firmness. "There's been no harm done by the free life she has led, but——"

"Harm! I should say not!" his visitor interrupted, with a display of temper which was by no means unusual. "By Gad, sir, if you let her alone she has in her the making of the finest woman in England. I don't know much about women, but, according to my notion, you don't improve them any by clipping their wings and teaching them to hop instead of fly."

Mr. Gordon smiled indulgently at his old friend's heat, but persisted with his point.

"I was going to say that there has been no harm done yet. I know she's a fine girl, and I am proud of her, but she ought to have the opportunity of mingling more with the people of her own kind. She sees no one now but young Paget from the rectory. He's a fine fellow and comes from a fine family—the Pagets of Netley. There are a few others, like the Tremaynes and the Penhearnes, but it isn't right; she should have more society, and I've made up my mind to see that she has it."

He spoke with an air of settled conviction, and pro-

ceeded to make disclosure of some of his projects for the future. Busby interjected a few uncomplimentary objections and vigorous words of remonstrance, but it was clearly for the sake of contradiction and not with the hope of changing his friend's intentions. At least Gordon chose to so receive them.

Finally Busby rose and reached for his stick.

"Well, you'll have your own way, I suppose," he exclaimed, with gruff emphasis, "but thank God, I believe she's beyond your spoiling, no matter how hard you try." With this parting shot he left the house and started across the fields.

The air was fragrant with the rich perfume of the flowers, and thousands of bees were buzzing about him in their tireless quest.

Suddenly he paused, and a broad smile chased the frown from his face. A picture of Carissa had come before him in all her sweet courage and pride of spirit.

"By Gad, sir, you may do what you please," he said, striking his stick upon the ground. "There's honey in the heart of that clover blossom, and the bees will have to buzz a long time before that store of sweets is rifled."

He chuckled audibly as he resumed his walk, and struck persistently with his cane at every bee that crossed the path which led to his house.

CHAPTER II

WHITMONDAY AT GWENNAP PIT

The year 1851 was drawing toward Whitmonday, and in the homes of the stalwart miners and hardy sailors of Cornwall, as well as in the public houses, the talk naturally turned to the great gathering to be held on that day at Gwennap Pit.

Preparations were forward in all the adjoining towns and villages, which would soon empty themselves and begin pouring along all the roads converging to this historic meeting place.

There was much of mundane interest in the observance of this annual religious festival, although the religious sentiment predominated. A great London preacher—the most prominent in the Wesleyan connection—had been secured for the occasion, and the majority of the people stood ready to listen, enjoy, and criticize.

It would prove delightful employment for a large class of these independent, opinionated Cornishmen, whose theological training smelled of the tallow dip, and was as deep and intricate as the levels in which they worked, to pass the sermon and the preacher through the crucible of their own individual judgment before final acceptance or rejection.

All the old men of Gwennap Parish, of Redruth, St. Day, and Newlyn would hasten their trembling limbs to reach the Pit in time to gather at the front. It would be a sore disappointment to any one of these "ancient singers" if he should fail to be on hand and

in his place, down by the two granite posts that served as a pulpit, in time to raise the open tune.

"Poor ould Bailey won't be there," remarked William Trethune, as he slowly looked around the cheery kitchen, where a few friends had gathered for an evening's gossip. "'Es dafter, Mary, sayes un's a gathering in 'es chuck. 'E's never missed before 'nd 'e's cut up a bit weth the sore disappointment."

As he concluded he turned his eyes inquiringly to where Caleb Broom had taken his seat in moody silence, but no reply was forthcoming save the discouraging one of a deepening frown.

"William, thaat's not all the trouble weth un," explained James Trewin, after a moment of oppressive silence. "'Es heart is broke—'nd un's took to 'es bed. 'Es dafter is an ongrateful huzzy."

"No, no!" exclaimed Caleb Broom, suddenly aroused, and a flush coming over his face; "her's not to blame, when she comed home from Redruth 'nd told me—," His voice broke, but he made an effort to control himself. It was a full minute before he succeeded.

The faces around him expressed nothing but interest and sympathy. James Trewin, who had gone to Caleb's home and had insisted on bringing him away, now put his hand protectingly on his shoulder. He made a motion to shake it off, but finally let it remain.

"I went ower to Redruth," he finally resumed, desperately but with an accent of doggedness, "'nd I heard un. I tell ye, 'e 'as a devil! Thomas Batt himself 's been deluded by 'es slippery tongue and smock, smooth, smilin' face. Whaat could a foolish gal do when she heard un?"

William Trethune had heard of a certain new preacher

and of his strange, outlandish doctrines, but he had not known of the defection of Thomas Batt, nor of the fact that his friend Bailey's daughter had been won over, during her recent visit to Redruth.

"D'ye say that Thomas—Thomas Batt is gone ower?" he demanded.

Young Broom had dropped his face in his hands and made no sign.

"'Un's a Welshman, William," explained Trewin, apologetically, "'nd as Caleb sayed, Mary's a foolish gal, but her'll come to herself 'nd be righted."

He pressed his hand reassuringly upon the shoulder that trembled beneath it.

"I heard un's comin' to the Pit to-morrow," said a fourth member of the group, glancing at the young man, "'nd maybe ye'll see un and hear un, too."

Again Caleb was aroused. He looked up quickly, and there was a menacing light in his eyes, while his whole face quivered.

"Ef 'e comes to the Pit, there'll be trouble," he cried fiercely, striking his fist on the table.

"Caleb," remonstrated Trethune, "ye wull remember the day and the place."

"Wait, Caleb," said Trewin, soothingly. He watched the young man by his side while the light slowly faded away from his eyes, giving place again to the look of sullen anger. Then he rose and faced the other two.

"The boy is right," he said, deliberately. "Ef un comes to the Pit, there *wull* be trouble. The men o' Newlyn warned un clear o' *their* houses. Shall us, men o' Gwennap, sit quiet? I tell 'e, we want no such preachin' 'nd twistin' o' the Word here."

"James Trewin, ye wouldn't encourage violence, would ye?" inquired Trethune, with astonishment.

"I'm not speakin o' violence," was the deliberate reply, "but ye'll surely not deny thaat a judicious beatin' makes a fine corrective where persuasion fails. Mark the word! we want none o' 'es tractin', and smooth talkin' and preachin' in this parish. Come, Caleb, us'll be goin'."

Whitmonday morning dawned bright and clear. The services would not begin till three o'clock, but all through the night the sound of voices and of passing feet might have been heard on the roads from St. Day and Newlyn. By midday fully twenty thousand people had been gathered within the enclosure of the fences.

The grass-grown steps or seats, running entirely round the excavation or depression, which gives the Pit its name, were already crowded. The group of patriarchal figures, made up of the "ancient singers," was assembled in a conspicuous position well to the fore. There was an expression of ecstatic, eager anticipation upon their faces which they vainly tried to becloud with an assumption of indifference.

The preacher of the day had not yet arrived; he would come presently, in company with the preacher in charge of the Wesleyan Society at Carharrack. A delicious sense of solemn novelty pervaded the assembly. The hum of voices was subdued. Newcomers entering the enclosure were impressed with a feeling of reverence, as though they were breathing the air of some holy place.

Among the late arrivals were some fashionable people from the towns, and representatives of the lead-

ing county families, who found in this gathering a unique and strangely interesting spectacle. These did not enter the Pit proper, but grouped themselves on the outskirts, sufficiently near, however, so that all could be seen and heard.

Squire Gordon and his niece, who had recently returned from their trip to London; Mr. Busby, buttoned up closely in a great coat and holding his stick firmly in his hand; Dr. Brooks, and others, including Mrs. Chamberlayne, from the parish of St. Day, were grouped together just beyond the low stone wall, to the right of the pulpit and opposite the old disused chapel.

Suddenly absolute silence took the place of the low murmuring of thousands of subdued voices. The ministers were in their places and the service had begun.

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise."

The leader announced these lines in a rich musical voice. This was the moment that the old men were waiting for. How eagerly they caught the words and lifted up the tune, only to find it borne away from them by the united voices of the multitude.

An instant of silence followed, during which Carissa caught a few clear, sweet notes of a skylark caroling high in air.

"The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace."

Again the spoken words followed by the eager, triumphant singing of the people.

As Carissa listened, a strange sense of standing on holy ground stole over her. There was worship in the

hearts of the singers, and she felt her spirit lifted up in unison with theirs.

Each pause was thrilling, and the reverently spoken words, followed by the equally reverent chant of the people, seemed to emphasize the thought until it penetrated deep into her consciousness.

> "Jesus! The name that charms our fears,
> That bids our sorrows cease."

It was not like singing, it was as the voice of many waters. There was in her ears the rhythmic beating of the waves, when the tide was rising against the rocks at Portreath.

The prayer that followed was simple, direct and fervent. It seemed to be the instinctive, untaught utterance, by a single voice, of all the pent-up aspirations and longings of a people conscious of the immediate presence of God.

As the prayer ended and the second hymn was announced, she became aware of a slight disturbance behind her.

Turning, she saw a young man struggling to make his way through the throng. An older man, whom she recognized as one of the miners whose house she had often visited, was seeking to restrain him.

The people about the two were staring in dumb wonderment; for disturbances at Gwennap Pit were exceedingly rare.

"Let go! I want near un," the young man finally said, roughly.

"Wait, Caleb, 'e won't get away; wait till arter the sermon."

A few bystanders now took a hand, and the young

man sullenly relinquished his effort. Carissa turned again to the service, but the charm was broken.

Mr. Busby spoke to her under his breath. "They've had preaching here nigh a hundred years, yet these same pious hymners will sack the towns and villages round about the next time the mines shut down."

She shook her head doubtfully at his words, and yet the thought would come—of what use was it all? She remembered that the Gospel had been preached for eighteen centuries, that John Wesley, who had been the first preacher at Gwennap Pit, had spoken of Cornwall as "the Eden of Methodism," and yet she remembered the terrible scenes during the bread riots, when men had been more like wild beasts than men. True, they were driven to it! But if religion was to have any transforming power, how was it that selfishness and greed and violence did still persist, lying in wait for an opportunity to burst forth in the lives and hearts of men?

She turned impatiently from these disturbing thoughts and sought to fasten her attention upon the sermon.

Mrs. Chamberlayne plucked her sleeve. "Mr. Paget has seen us," she whispered. "He's looking this way. He's only waiting your recognition to join us."

"Wait till after the sermon," she answered, indifferently. The words recalled the look of sullen rage on the face of the young miner, and she fell to speculating on his purpose. She was quite unconscious of the fact that she was looking about her till the sermon came to an end and the closing hymn was being announced.

As Carissa turned back toward the great singing

crowd, her glance was suddenly arrested. Standing a few paces from her was a stranger, whose whole aspect riveted her attention. He was taller than the people about him, and stood with his arms folded, somewhat conspicuously. There was a stern look upon his face that seemed to challenge the proceedings he had been witnessing. As she was looking, his arm was suddenly seized and a gruff voice demanded:

"Be ye the Mormon preacher from Redruth?"

The stranger gave a quiet answer in the affirmative.

"Then ye'd better get away fr'm here 'fore harm's done."

"How so?" He looked coolly into his challenger's face.

"There be men here from Newlyn and men from Portreath, some from Gwennap, too, who've promised ye a beatin'. I've warned ye, and ye'd better go quick."

The stranger glanced about him a little disdainfully, and caught Carissa's gaze. A smile came upon his lips as he looked straight into her startled eyes.

Suddenly she cried out and sprang forward; two or three men were upon him, striking him with their fists and with sticks. He seemed to make no resistance. Carissa sought to push her way among them, but it was useless. When they scattered and disappeared, she saw him lying at her feet, white and senseless.

"Come away, Carissa; this is no place for you," she heard her uncle saying, but she made no movement. She was gazing at his face, so strong and commanding even when stamped with the image of death.

Dr. Brooks was kneeling by the prostrate figure making an examination with practiced hand.

The people were gathered around in an awe-struck

circle. The greater gathering in the Pit was breaking up, unaware for the most part of the outrage enacted so near by.

It seemed an age to Carissa till Dr. Brooks looked up.

"He's pretty badly hurt, but he'll come round soon." Carissa was immensely relieved at his words, and drew back by her uncle's side.

Seeing Mr. Gordon, Dr. Brooks stepped up to him, and said: "I'm going to take him to Clifford's. It'll be handy there, and he'll need good care for a few days. Can I take your carriage?"

"Certainly," Gordon responded.

When Dr. Brooks returned, reporting his patient's recovery of consciousness, and the whole party was proceeding homeward, he said to Carissa: "He tells me that he is an American. He said that his name is Eaton Brand."

She made no reply. She was still strangely excited by the scene she had witnessed. The face of the stranger, the confident smile that he had turned toward her, the look she had read in his eyes even at the instant he was struck down, haunted her.

Mrs. Chamberlayne and Mr. Busby were making characteristic comments upon the service and the circumstances that had marked its conclusion, but at first she scarcely heard them.

"What surprises me is that he didn't try to defend himself," said Mrs. Chamberlayne. "He looked capable of doing it, from what I saw of him." Then turning to the doctor, she asked, inquisitively: "What is a Mormon, I wonder, and what has he done to provoke such an assault?"

"A Mormon, my dear Mrs. Chamberlayne," Dr. Brooks replied, in a tone of mockery, "is a very dangerous individual. The specimen under my care appears to be an especially rabid member of the species. It appears that he has made a few converts to his doctrines and has suffered for his temerity. We Christians do such things sometimes."

"Disordered religious fanatics of that kind are all alike," growled Busby. "By Gad, I'd like to see them finish each other up. The only trouble is there'd always be plenty of new ones to take their place."

Carissa knew the warm heart that beat under her old friend's rough exterior, but his words aroused her indignation.

"I think it is terrible," she exclaimed, with earnestness. "They might have killed him." Then her voice softened as she turned to Dr. Brooks—"Is there any danger, do you think?"

"No," he responded, "he's in good hands. He'll pull round in a few days, but," he added, in a mischievous whisper, "don't let your imagination run away with you. Why, you are trembling now! Remember, he's nothing but a poor preacher of an outlandish sect, even if he is a deuced handsome one."

CHAPTER III

MR. BRAND'S LODGINGS ARE CHANGED

The road from Squire Gordon's house to the town of St. Day led past Clifford Inn, a public house well patronized in former days by the mine workers of the district. Of late years it had lost much custom owing to the fact that the adjacent workings had been abandoned, and what was once a populous district was now comparatively deserted.

The proprietorship of the place had descended from father to son through several generations. The present incumbent, old Peter Clifford, had been much concerned at the failure of his revenues, and gladly welcomed the opportunity of receiving into his house an interesting stranger, about whom talk would be made and through whom custom might come, especially when he was assured by Dr. Brooks that his charges for housing and nursing would be fully met.

He was somewhat surprised, however, that the first call of inquiry should be made by a young woman, and he carried his immediately aroused suspicions to his wife.

"I don't like the looks o' un. She's ould Bailey's daughter. I told her she could not see un, and that it was a shame for a comely girl to come to a public house askin' for an outlander."

"Yer an ould fool," said his wife. "Where be her?"

"She's waitin' by the door, and sayes she'll not move from un till the doctor comes."

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Mother Clifford made her way, as briskly as was compatible with her weight and years, to the outer room and the open doorway where Mary Bailey was standing, a picture of distress, and struggling with emotions of mingled anxiety and embarrassment.

"What's yer trouble, Mary?" she asked, with good-natured compassion.

At sight of the familiar, motherly face, or at sound of the kindly-spoken words, Mary's struggles suddenly ended in a burst of weeping.

"I only heerd of it this morning," she sobbed, "and I could not wait. Tell me if he will surely get well."

"The danger is by, the doctor sayed so," the old woman assured her. "But Mary, my dear, 'e beant your sweetheart, be un?"

"No! No!" exclaimed Mary, her cheeks and neck flushing scarlet, and then, as though realizing for the first time how her action might be construed, she put her hands to her face and hurried away.

The course of events that finally resulted in furnishing a sensational subject for conversation in many a home of that region, might have been different had not Caleb Broom observed this hurried retreat and taken note of the unmistakable signs of her agitation, and had he not perversely applied them as fresh fuel to the fires of his unreasoning hatred.

It was several days before Mary Bailey found courage to go again and inquire concerning the welfare of one who had awakened a strange glow of enthusiasm in her heart, but through these days Caleb had kept watch, brooding over his sense of loss and gloomily pondering schemes of retrieval.

Had not Mary told him that she had determined to cast in her lot with this strange religion, and that she would have nothing of him, unless he would agree to leave everything behind him and accompany her across the seas to a new land? To his mind there was something darkly suspicious at the back of this sudden change in one who had been, until recently, perfectly content with the prospect of marrying him and settling down with the old folk. It was certainly this man's influence that had infatuated her. Whenever he thought of him he cursed his smooth tongue and his smooth handsome face, and regretted that the blows of the men of Newlyn, who had anticipated him in his purpose at Gwennap, had not been heavier and more effective.

On the occasion of Mary's second visit he was on the watch and marked the timidity of her coming and the happy buoyancy of her going. She had heard good news; the object of her interest had sat up a little while that morning, and was on the high road to perfect recovery.

The sight of her happiness was too much for Caleb; her appearance, and his jealous interpretation of it, drove him to determine on the immediate execution of what he had long been pondering. It would not be difficult to raise a crowd from among the loungers at Portreath, or from the tavern frequenters of Gwennap. This man should be driven out of the country, his handsome face should be spoiled, and he should be made to feel that this parish at least could be made too hot a place to hold him.

As Mary came past he swung into the road to meet her.

"So ye wull not gi' un up!" he demanded of her fiercely, though with a certain shame-faced sullenness.

She stopped abruptly and looked at him scornfully. The look went home, and he dropped his eyes before it.

"Mary," he pleaded, awkwardly, "what's come ower ye?"

"Faugh, you've been drinkin'," she exclaimed, in sudden disgust. "And ye askin' me to take up weth you! Un's well ended, so un es, 'nd as for him ye don't know what yer talkin' about."

She passed him swiftly, leaving him furious with anger. His first impulse was to shake his fist after the retreating figure, but, instead of that, he turned a scowling glance full of hatred toward the inn.

Dr. Brooks was just coming from his daily call upon his patient, and witnessed enough of the interview to be able to make a shrewd guess as to the meaning of the menacing look he intercepted.

"Where have I seen that fellow?" he thought, as he turned his horse toward Squire Gordon's.

Presently he remembered the struggling figure at Gwennap Pit before the sermon.

"That fellow certainly means mischief," he said to himself, looking back to where Caleb was still standing, "I wonder what can be back of it all besides religious intolerance?"

He thought of talking the matter over with Mr. Gordon, but, as he found on reaching the house that he was absent, he contented himself with giving his customary report to Carissa.

He noticed with a little surprise how eagerly she received it, and how her face lighted up at his news,

but he immediately remembered those characteristics that had so often won his unqualified approval in the past and he smiled as he said to himself:

"It's her way. It would be just the same if it were old Peter Clifford himself, or even his dog Rover."

During these days, however, there had been in Carissa's thoughts an element entirely new in her experience.

The scene of violence that she had witnessed and its accompanying circumstances had made a deep impression upon her mind. It had seemed to her a serious affair, and all her sympathies had been strangely aroused in behalf of the victim.

The slighting comments passed in her hearing seemed heartless and cruel. There was nothing in her nature that could sympathize with religious intolerance or hatred.

Her antecedents and the character of her early training determined her interpretation of the situation. In Carissa's room were two pictures: one of her mother, who died when she was a child, but whose memory she cherished with passionate fondness; it was faded and dim, but the face looked out at her wistfully, sweetly and lovingly. The other picture was of her father, whom she had never seen, but whom she had been taught to look upon as true, unselfish, and noble in every deed and impulse. Below these pictures was suspended a small case of books, containing a double row of volumes, forbidding in bulk and appearance, which she had nevertheless read over and over, and which she prized because they had belonged to her father.

From these books, historical, theological, and many

of them dealing with the religious controversies of the time, she had formed her conceptions of the world of Faith, and her own standard of truth and duty.

They had taught her to idealize the great religious leaders of the past, and had awakened a restless hunger in her heart to be identified in some way with some great and noble work, that should be altogether different from the formal, passionless routine of the conventional life about her.

It was this craving, only dimly understood by herself, that inclined her to think often and with real sympathy of the young stranger who had been assaulted in her presence.

It was not difficult to persuade herself that this man possessed noble characteristics. It was true that he seemed to be intensely hated, but it also appeared that antagonism had been aroused on account of religious convictions. She wondered what those convictions could be. She knew that men in every age had met martyrdom for the truth. She had also been impressed with the idea that those who suffered had usually championed the higher, purer, nobler cause. She, somehow, believed it to be so in this case, for she remembered his face, calm, even cool and scornful, stamped with the sort of bravery that inspired Arnold of Brescia, Savonarola, Stephen, and Paul.

She was not satisfied with what she had heard of him. She felt that there was much that was perhaps of absorbing interest behind the fragmentary information that had come to her knowledge, and her curiosity was strongly excited.

She was but a girl, her mind unformed in many ways, and herself "undisciplined," as Mrs. Chamberlayne

had expressed it; but she had the true woman's nature that sympathizes with unmerited misfortune, and that quickly assumes partisanship against injustice.

A tremor of indignation flashed the blood into her cheeks when Busby entered the room and bluntly said to Mr. Gordon: "Dr. Brooks had better have a care of that precious patient of his, and get him away from here, or he'll have his blood on his hands."

"Why? What's up?" asked Gordon.

"The whole unwashed rabble from Portreath is up, by Gad; some fellow, with a grudge to serve, has stirred 'em up. Thomas Batt was over this morning, as sick looking as a chicken with the pip, and begged me to interfere. The rascals vow that this young preacher must be shipped out of the country or they'll ride him out on a rail."

There was the lurking suspicion in his manner of a desire to chuckle, as he made this announcement, but, after a pause and a glance at Carissa, he added more gravely, "Shouldn't wonder if the mob would be over to-night. Is he able to be moved?"

"Brooks says that he is better, quite out of all danger, but that he ought to be kept quiet several days," answered Gordon.

"Got a pretty heavy dose of it, eh?"

"It was one of the most brutal things I ever witnessed," responded Gordon, warmly. "It looked for a time like a serious concussion. The fellows that did it should have been arrested."

"I don't suppose he has any friends that can take him away," said Busby. "Batt says there're only a few of his faith—that's what *he* called it—in this region, and they are poor and without influence."

"Can't you bring him here from the inn, uncle?" Carissa interposed, with a tremor in her voice. "The mob would not dare attack him, if he were your guest."

"I wouldn't do it," said Busby quickly, turning to the squire. "I don't know much about them, but those Mormons have a bad name, I'm told; don't take him into your house, I pray."

"Mr. Busby, that is cruel. I do not believe what they say," replied Carissa, with some warmth. "He is not a bad man no matter what his belief. Did you not see him when he stood there and let them strike? And it was not because he was afraid. I saw his face—" She turned quickly to her uncle, and said in a pleading tone, "It would be terrible if they should attack him now, he is so helpless and alone."

Mr. Gordon hesitated; finally, however, he turned to Busby, and said, "I really don't see why I shouldn't. Brooks says that he seems quite a gentlemanly chap, and it will only be for a few days. But there's altogether too much lawlessness in this neighborhood," he continued, squaring himself in his chair. "When a gentleman has to take a tramp-preacher into his own house to protect him from violence, it's time the magistrates did something."

Mr. Busby, for a wonder, made no reply. He was looking at Carissa as though he were seeing her for the first time, and was curiously studying her flushed face as though he expected to find the answer to some perplexing question that had suddenly arisen in his mind.

That evening about dusk, old Peter Clifford stood in the doorway of his inn and ruefully watched the carriage that was slowly conveying his interesting guest

to new quarters. He had remonstrated and had curiously inquired the reason for this sudden move, but his only satisfaction was in watching the receding carriage, and in counting over again the handful of silver pieces that Squire Gordon had put into his hand.

CHAPTER IV

THOMAS BATT'S TESTIMONY

Eaton Brand had been considerably surprised at the call he received, and, still more, at the courteous invitation to spend the few days necessary for his complete recovery at Mr. Gordon's house.

"It really is not necessary!" he said. Though at the same time expressing his appreciation of their kindness.

"If *some one* had not thought it necessary, we shouldn't have been here," interjected Mr. Busby, with impatience.

Brand was well used to accommodating himself to any circumstances, and, after an instant of further hesitation, he cordially accepted the invitation.

Carissa caught merely a glimpse of them as they entered the hall and proceeded to the room that had been assigned to Brand, but that was sufficient to reawaken all her feelings of sympathy.

Brand was very pale and appeared to be much exhausted, although he was making a strong effort to walk with steady steps; his lips were set firmly together, and his features expressed quiet dignity in spite of his evident suffering. Across the right temple was a discolored line extending from the dark hair to the eyebrow. As he saw Carissa in passing, standing at one side of the wide hall where the lamp-light fell upon her upturned face and searching eyes, he evidently recalled the fact that he had seen her before,

for he looked again quickly, and with a flash and a smile as of recognition.

Carissa did not wait for her uncle and Mr. Busby to descend. She had done all that she could do to insure the comfort and quiet of their guest, and now, in spite of her feeling of sympathetic anxiety, there was a strange glow of happiness in her heart. She did not care to analyze it, but she felt that she needed space for it to expand.

The cool of the garden, after a warm day and after the exciting thoughts called forth by so much that was unusual in her life, seemed irresistibly attractive. She threw on a light wrap, and stepped out into the starlight.

There was a touch of pride in the remembered rôle she had played. She dimly felt that Providence had given her the opportunity of enlisting herself on the side of persecuted right against aggressive wrong and injustice. She desired to play this part out to the end; she felt that it suited her, at least it had brought a new, a delightful sense of satisfaction to her mind.

Suddenly she remembered the words of Mr. Busby. The cowardly ruffians, who would not hesitate to make an attack upon a sick and defenceless man, might come to the inn that night. It was improbable that they had heard of his removal. A daring impulse came to her. Clifford's inn was not far, it was only about three-quarters of a mile from the park gates. If they should come, she would like to witness their disappointment; at least, the trip could do no harm, and she was in the mood for something that promised adventure.

Without further thought, she lightly crossed the

park, and hurried along the ash-lined lane to the high-road.

Down the road she sped, fearless of discovery or interruption, until she knew that she must have covered at least one-half the distance.

At the point where an old road branched off leading to the gravel pits, she paused a moment, to refasten a loosened tie and to recover her breath.

There was a slight salt mist in the air borne from the sea. The silence of the fields, the drift of the wind, the far reaching, trembling light of the stars were all pregnant with the mystery of the night, in which her soul delighted.

Suddenly she stood upright, alert and listening, with a quick touch of apprehension. She could hear footsteps approaching on the road before her, as of a man walking rapidly. The next instant she could distinguish his form.

"Hello, what's that," he exclaimed in a startled tone, as he stopped abruptly at sight of her.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a clear, firm voice.

"Why, it's a woman!" she heard him say in a low tone of relief, as he moved a step or two in her direction. "My name is Thomas Batt," he added in reply to her challenge, "and if you live anywhere in these parts you know you've nothing to fear."

Her apprehension was gone immediately, and she laughed softly to herself as he approached.

"I am Miss Graham, Mr. Batt," she finally announced. "Do you wonder what I am doing on the road at such an hour?"

"Miss Carissa!" he exclaimed in utter astonishment.

"You are the maddest girl in St. Day! What *are* you doing here, frightening an old man out of his wits with the idea that he was seeing a ghost?"

"I was going down to the inn," she replied, suddenly sobered at the thought of her errand.

"Going to the inn!" he repeated. "I've just come from there, and was going to your uncle's to thank him for giving shelter to Mr. Brand."

"You know him and are his friend?" she exclaimed, remembering that it was he who had warned Mr. Busby and finding the current of her thoughts suddenly changed.

"I was baptized by him four weeks ago come Sunday," he replied, looking at her with a new interest. "But what was your errand at the inn? I will go back with you."

"Are they coming, the cowards that you told Mr. Busby about?" she asked, scarcely knowing how to explain her intentions.

"No, and you may well call them cowards!" he answered. "They've got wind of his going, besides I've lodged complaint against them to restrain them to keep the peace."

"I'll go back to the house with you," said Carissa quietly, turning about and beginning to retrace her steps by his side. "But tell me," she urged after a moment of thought, "why do they hate him so?"

"Why is any man that tells the truth and shames the devil, hated in this world?" answered the sturdy Welshman bitterly.

"Shall I tell you how I came to believe and to be baptized?" he asked after a little reflection. "Or wouldn't the story interest you?"

"Indeed it would interest me," she answered, slipping her hand into the folds of his rough coat-sleeve, to assure him of her attention.

"I've always been a searcher after truth, you know that, Miss Carissa," he began. "I have told you in the past some of the thoughts that have come to me, and I knew by the light that used to shine upon your eager little face from the old furnace door, that you understood me, small though you were."

He paused and looked down at her as though to note how she had grown since then. If she could have seen his face distinctly, she might have noticed the mist that had gathered in his eyes at the recollection.

"But I didn't understand myself, after all," he resumed with a sigh. "You know I joined the Wesleyans years ago; then when Billy Bray came along and preached with such a beautiful simplicity and show of clear mother-wit on his rough Cornish tongue, I joined the Bryanites. But I kept a-thinking and a-thinking—a man must think, I suppose, or the Almighty would ha' made him without the apparatus—and there was always something lacking, something that just eluded the grip of my understanding."

He paused again and his mind appeared to be wandering amid the old intricate questions and speculations.

"But that is all changed now," he said, with an air of assurance. "When I met Mr. Brand, at Redruth, he brought letters from my brothers and sisters from the old home in Wales. They had all been re-baptized and were going to join the gathering of the Saints in the New World. They wrote for me to go and hear him preach. I went; the old doubts and questionings

are gone; they disappeared like the mist and the fog before the coming of the sun. Miss Carissa, a new light has dawned on my understanding; formerly I was as a blind man following blind leaders, but the rest of my days, please God, shall be spent in making known the truth."

Carissa was thrilled by her old friend's earnestness. True, she did not understand the nature of the change he tried to describe, but she believed in his sincerity as she believed in her own.

Then, too, she gladly received his testimony, for it fitted perfectly into her previously formed impressions and confirmed them.

"I am glad you have told me these things," she said simply, as they turned into the gate of her uncle's place.

"You're a grown woman, now," he said a little wistfully. "The old days, when I used to talk so freely, and you used to listen so eagerly, are gone never to return. Perhaps though, you'll let me put it all before you some day. I mean the new light that's come to me; or better yet," his face brightened at the thought, "perhaps you'll let *him* return your kindness in giving him a shelter when he needed it, by telling you himself of the gospel he preaches. '

They were approaching the door, and he bent forward a little that he might better read the expression of her face. She removed her hand from his arm and looked away from him, and he drew a sigh of disappointment.

"He will not be here long, though," he concluded; "while I shall stay and work among my old mates—even if they do say I'm a traitor and a turncoat, and shut the doors of their houses upon me."

There was a light burning in the squire's study, and Carissa knew that Mr. Busby had gone. Tapping lightly upon the door and opening it to introduce her old friend, she said good-night, and sought her own room, glad to be alone with the new thoughts and impressions that had come to her.

CHAPTER V

MR. BRAND DECLARES HIS MISSION

Mrs. Chamberlayne was, very properly, shocked when she heard that Squire Gordon had received this strange preacher, from no one knew where, as a guest in his house.

"It's just like his folly," she declared emphatically. "He's no more fit to bring up a girl properly and to furnish her with associates than,—" she paused for a suitable comparison before she concluded triumphantly, "than Mr. Busby himself. Just to think of it! She knows no more of the world or of the proper distinctions in society than a baby—and now Arthur Gordon's gone and brought this handsome, clever-speaking preacher into his house, where she can't help but see him and listen to him every day for goodness knows how long. It's perfectly scandalous, and you may be downright sure no good will come of it."

In spite of this good lady's expression of dark misgiving, however, there did not seem to be any immediate change, at least of very great moment, upon the surface of the life at Squire Gordon's.

Gordon came and went much as usual. Busby did not make his appearance for several days, but it was understood that he was confined to his chair by a severe attack of his old enemy, the gout. At first Dr. Brooks came regularly every day, but in a short time his visits were made less frequently.

As for Carissa, it may be that Dr. Brooks sometimes

imagined she was becoming more serious and less talkative, but Mr. Gordon observed no change in her at all. True, the thought came to him once or twice, as he saw the deep light in her eyes and the wonderful play of emotion upon her expressive face, that she was maturing rapidly, and would certainly develop as great beauty some day as had characterized her mother; but he did not connect this observation of his with any awakened susceptibility on her part, to the presence of their interesting guest. Such an idea would have found great difficulty in forcing an entrance into his mind.

He was very proud of his niece and had never doubted that she would grow to womanhood a credit to all the traditions of his family.

He had been somewhat disappointed that she had taken no more interest in the glimpse of London life he had afforded her. She had seemed to be a mere interested spectator of all the scenes of gaiety to which he had introduced her, although she was not wanting in a certain zest and enjoyment while playing the rôle. But he had charged her failure to inexperience, and on his return, had promised himself that she should see more of the society to which she rightly belonged. Now, as often as he observed how rapidly her womanly charms were ripening, and how fit she was becoming to take her place anywhere with credit as his niece, and as the feminine representative of the family, that promise was recalled to him.

Brand had begun, little by little, as his returning strength permitted, to mingle in the life of the place, and he did not attempt to conceal the charm that he found in it.

He was surprised and delighted to discover almost immediately, that this beautiful girl, whose face had attracted him from the first, was inclined to listen to the story of his mission.

His host was not so responsive, although he listened courteously, and often surprised him with a shrewd rejoinder that taxed his ability as a controversialist.

"I have found this region full of unusual interest," said Brand one morning, glancing appreciatively at Carissa's bright face, but speaking to Mr. Gordon.

"It is true the people have not received me as readily here as in some places, but men who mingle with their fellows on such a mission as mine cannot always count on a courteous reception."

There was no bitterness in his tone as he made this explanation. It was simply the statement of a fact. Perhaps it contained a subtle appeal to the sympathy that seemed so ready.

"What is your mission?" asked Carissa, thinking of the testimony of Thomas Batt, and impulsively yielding to her desire to know something definite.

"My mission is to proclaim the truth of primitive Christianity," he answered with a grave smile. "Does it seem strange to you that this should be unwelcome in a land dotted with churches and chapels and swarming with clergymen and preachers? And yet in so-called Christian England and America we have encountered incredible opposition and sometimes even a hearing has been denied us."

Gordon looked at his guest with an air of superior understanding.

"My dear sir, that is the claim advanced by every new Christian sect for centuries past. There's always

something new in the matter of religion," he added, resignedly. "I suppose it's due to the growing restlessness of the world. It's hardly worth while to oppose a new faith. Like other fashions, it will soon be set aside."

He spoke in a tone of opposition which was merely an expression of inbred conservatism. But Carissa observed the effect upon Brand's face and was interested.

"But, underneath this restlessness and change, there is deep hunger for what is genuine, is there not?" she asked in a tone of serious inquiry. "Surely there must be something besides fashion in religion or our deepest needs can never be satisfied!"

Mr. Gordon looked at her in surprise. "Tut, tut, child," he said, in light rebuke. "What do you know about this? Of course, that is genuine which is historic and established and has stood the test of time. It's only what is new and strange that is of the nature of mere fashion."

"Pardon me," said Brand, courteously, "faith has succeeded faith through all these centuries; that is true, but each new form has proved its inability to meet the needs of men and to bring the world into touch with God. The growing restlessness that you speak of, is abundant evidence of this fact. It is part of our belief that the old church became hopelessly corrupt, because it forsook the truth centuries ago. The reformers of each age have failed because they did not go back far enough. They sought to graft a new shoot on a rotten tree. The only way of restoration was by a new creation. Does it seem unreasonable to you that in the fullness of time of prophecy,

such a church should be re-established by the personal authority of Christ Himself?"

Brand had begun by addressing Mr. Gordon, but the look of inquiry and understanding in Carissa's eyes had proved the stronger magnet. His thought was not interrupted but stimulated by his deliberate admiration. Her face mirrored every transition of feeling. He felt that his mission, the object of contempt to so many, was clothed with new dignity by her attitude.

She was too much absorbed to experience any troublesome self-consciousness that would cause her to drop her eyes before him, and when he ceased she answered with a touch of sadness.

"Since I have read in my father's books of how deeply men thought in the past and how intense were their spiritual struggles, all that I have known of religious service has seemed stately and beautiful, but so elusive and shadowy. Sometimes I have wondered where I should go if a real need should overtake me."

"My child, what are you saying?" said Gordon, impatiently. "There is too much hysterics in some men's religion." And then seeing the quick mist gathering in her eyes, he added more considerately, "A well ordered life has its own compensations, and you will find your father's religion quite sufficient if you ever need it."

"Was your father a clergyman and of the Established Church?" Brand asked.

"Yes. He was a chaplain in the army. I do not remember him, but he has recorded many of his own perplexities upon the margins of his books, which I have read and cherished," she answered wistfully.

"Good men of every age, who have thought deeply and inquired diligently for the truth, have been perplexed by the inconsistencies they have met," responded Brand, gently. "If the way to truth had been by research, if the light of knowledge were given as the reward of faithfulness in the old paths, or of enterprise in marking out new ones, the world would not have remained in the darkness of error and uncertainty. No! God has reserved the light until these days, when, according to His gracious purpose, He has made it known in a new and glorious dispensation."

Gordon was not especially pleased with the turn of the conversation. He might have been seriously disturbed if he had carefully noted its effect upon Carissa. He had known little or nothing about her reading or the real character of her inner life. He had never looked into the books she prized so highly, nor speculated concerning their contents or the influence they might exert. He had been content to see her growing to womanhood in what he considered a perfectly normal manner, cultivating acquaintance with the life of the neighborhood, carefree and happy, with, of course, a proper reverence for all respectable ordinances of religion, and observing the proprieties of her station in life. It would have seemed a misfortune to him and incredible that she should form strong schismatic religious opinions. He was now somewhat surprised that the subject should interest her, and, still more, to hear her confession that she had thought for herself on these matters and was inclined to shape her own conclusions.

"I can understand the spirit that is unsatisfied with conventional religious services and a passive life,"

continued Brand, after a moment of thought. "Life is too precious a thing to be wasted upon trivialities. There is a vast hunger in the world that is clamoring for satisfaction. The instincts of humanity must be met; and, for the one who sees these things, it would be cowardly and selfish to sit back with folded hands in the enjoyment of ease and luxury. Our mission is to arouse the selfish, to awaken the blind to an open vision of the world's need and to offer, to every aspiring soul, that satisfying service in the world which the spirit of the Most High has made ready for him in these last days."

Carissa could almost believe that the speaker read her thought and interpreted her deepest wishes. She was in perfect harmony with him in all that he said.

"And yet the world is so slow to hear!" he continued, "so dull and sluggish to understand! Men despise the truth that would lift them from the sordidness of their lives. They spurn the hand that would lead them from penury and filth to a clean, wholesome, happy life in the land God has given for an inheritance."

"Is it not because they do not understand?" said Carissa, obeying the impulse to speak a sympathetic word. "It takes time and strength to shake off inherited prejudice."

"That is true," he said, looking up with a sudden expression of conscious fellowship. "Our great prophet, to whom God committed the keys of the new and everlasting covenant, predicted the difficulties as well as the ultimate triumph that were before the chosen people. In vision he beheld the literal fulfillment of the promise of the coming of all nations to

the mountain of the Lord's house that should be established in the tops of the mountains; and this vision shall never fail."

"Who is this prophet that you speak of so reverently?" asked Carissa.

"His mantle has fallen upon another," he answered. "He met his death at the hands of an angry mob; but he was not called to martyrdom until he had re-established the church upon a sure foundation. He was but a mere boy when the truth came to him. You might consider the story of his life in the light of the most unreal romance, but—" he paused, and a look of awe as at the remembrance of something sacred, came into his face,—"I have had witness of its truth."

She did not ask what that witness was, but she felt that it had been conclusive, at least to him. Indeed, she had no chance to ask, for Mr. Gordon here interposed.

"Come, Mr. Brand," he said, breaking in upon the silence and his guest's abstraction. "If we are to take a look about the place before luncheon we must lose no time."

Carissa remained where they left her, her mind busy in reconstructing all the impressions of the last few days. She had been convinced of Brand's absolute sincerity, and that he believed his cause worth battling for. He had not attempted to entertain her with small talk; from the first he had spoken of his work boldly, convincingly, and with proud loyalty. Sometimes he almost seemed to have forgotten her—so absorbed had he been in setting forth the truth that he held. Long after he had left her she continued to feel the force of his personality, and to let her mind follow along the lines of thought he had opened.

CHAPTER VI

THE COURSE OF EVENTS

It did not take long for Mr. Brand to find a strong personal interest creeping into his relations with Carissa.

As Mrs. Chamberlayne had predicted, they found abundant opportunity for conversation, and he usually turned it with great skill to the hopes and the plans of his people. Brand was sincerely devoted to his work, and, with his temperament and ideals, was not likely to neglect an opportunity of making a convert, wherever possible, to his system of belief.

At first, his conversation with Carissa was shaped by his training as a controversial preacher, but later he began, skillfully and almost unconsciously, to adapt himself to her thought and to play upon her sensibilities with the art of a master.

He was a man of eager passions, and had been strongly attracted to her from the first interview. Later, he studied the charm of her manner, and was both flattered and inspired by her close attention.

His mission to England had lasted several years, and was about to terminate. He was looking forward to active participation in the ambitious plans of his people, and knew that he would be expected, in performance of one of his first duties, to create a household of his own.

During his missionary travels, his fancy had been occasionally aroused. But his stay in any one place

had been brief, and his exacting duties had been such as to leave him little room to consult his inclination.

Squire Gordon was serenely unconscious of any possibility of danger to his niece that might be lurking in the long interviews that she held with their guest. He had received Brand generously, had treated him courteously, and had begun to like him, though usually bored by the style of his conversation. He joined them occasionally, however, and admitted that "when he was off his hobby," as he expressed it, he could be quite a companionable and agreeable fellow. He recognized this man's ability as a clever talker, and thought he would make a good election agent to bring voters to the polls. He felt, in a measure, the magnetic force of his strong personality, but could not understand how his remarkable religious theories could make any lasting impression upon a well-balanced mind, and it certainly would have seemed to him unreasonable that Carissa was likely to be seriously influenced by this chance visitor, on so brief an acquaintance.

It was, nevertheless, true that her interest was growing steadily day by day, and, as she entered more fully into the life that he had lived and into the plans for the future that he laid before her, her own past seemed barren and empty, and her own future, as it appeared mapped out before her, seemed strangely uninviting and fruitless.

Matters had thus been progressing for nearly a week, and Brand had fully recovered his strength, though he still lingered on as a guest in this hospitable home, when Dr. Brooks found Carissa snugly ensconced in a favorite nook at one corner of the tennis ground.

To his partial eyes, no more attractive picture could be imagined than she presented; a dainty figure, seated comfortably upon a rustic seat, in the shade of an arbor, and deeply absorbed in an old well-worn pamphlet which she held in her hands.

He somehow felt a vague sense of relief at finding her alone. The day before, he had discovered Brand at her side in this same spot, and talking earnestly; as a result he had carried away a disagreeable impression, which had troubled him most unreasonably ever since, and which had led him to drive around that way again as soon as his morning calls were made.

"What have you there, Carissa, that's so interesting?" he called gaily, as she failed to look up at his approach.

As she lifted her eyes to his, he saw that they were moist with unshed tears.

"It is the story of his people that Mr. Brand has given me to read," she answered, turning the title page toward him.

The uneasy impression which he had carried overnight, and which had been banished for a moment, returned more strongly than ever at the veiled confession of her words and manner.

"Let me see it," he said, reaching out his hand to take it.

Something in his tone induced her to parley with him.

"Will you give it back?" she asked, withdrawing it from his reach, and challenging him with pretty defiance. "I haven't finished it yet."

"Oh yes, I suppose you'll have your own way," he declared, covering his real impatience with a tone of

raillery that was familiar to her. "You have been wretchedly spoiled, Carissa."

"By whom, pray tell?"

"By all of us—but let me see that paper. Come, I'll give it back."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes, honor bright."

It was entitled, "The Mormons, A Discourse Delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850, by Colonel Thomas L. Kane."

As he turned the pages he found that it was a thrilling and pathetic portrayal of the sorrows and wrongs of a persecuted people; driven from their homes, wandering in the wilderness, sustained by their faith in the promises of God, and unified by the courage and zeal of self-sacrificing leaders.

The story opened with a traveler's description of his visit to the deserted temple-city of the Mormons, soon after their expulsion and exile at the hands of a brutal mob. It pictured the distress, homesickness and bewilderment of this exiled people, and followed them onward, over plains and mountains, through hardships and privations, in the face of incredible obstacles, till they finally entered the land God had promised them as an inheritance. It represented them as a God-fearing, truth-loving, devoted people, against whom the whole world was arrayed in jealous hatred and active hostility.

As he finally closed the book he saw that Carissa was scanning his face eagerly.

"A very thrilling romance, I should judge," he commented, dryly, as he handed it back to her. "But"

— considerable indignation crept into his tone as he thought of Brand, and speculated on his purpose,— "if it should be put forth as a serious contribution to the history of our day, it could have only a mischievous tendency."

"Why do you say that?" she asked in a hurt tone, while a spot of red crept into her cheek.

"Because it would be rank poison," he asserted, vigorously; then, controlling himself with an effort, he continued, with deliberate emphasis, "You must learn, my dear, that the worst kind of a lie is the kind that cloaks an evil with a false appeal to sympathy or puts a glamour upon ugly things."

"But what makes you think this does that?" she persisted.

"Carissa, listen to me—I don't know what purpose this man has in putting that thing into your hands. But, remember, we are not living in the dark ages, and wherever you find a man or a cause hated and distrusted by a large number of people, you may be very sure there is some good reason at the back of it."

"You are cruelly unjust," she exclaimed, in an injured tone and yet with a lingering appeal in her face and manner. "You told me you knew nothing about these people, and yet you condemn them on the ground of mere generalities and in the face of this testimony in their behalf."

He was surprised and distressed at her attitude, and felt that perhaps he had gone too far in view of the little he could urge to substantiate his position. He could not recede from it, however.

"Come, my dear," he said, in a tone of remonstrance, "We are not going to quarrel, are we, for the first

time in our lives too, and over a pathetic little story, written by some unknown sentimentalist, and that has somehow happened to take your fancy?"

The answer that he received dismayed him more than anything which had gone before; for her self-control suddenly gave way, and she burst into tears.

"Bless me," he exclaimed, shocked and grieved, and with a troubled sense of self-reproach, "What have I done?"

He sat down beside her and drew her hands from her face.

"Forgive me," he said, capitulating immediately and without thought of the terms. "I'm a bluff, teasing old donkey, and not worthy of your confidence——"

"No, no!" she protested, ashamed of her weakness and struggling against it—"Don't say that!"

"What is it then?" he asked, turning her face gently toward him.

He was startled when he saw, behind her tears, the light of an intense earnestness shining in her eyes as she said, falteringly:

"It seems so terrible that everyone should be against him."

When Dr. Brooks had succeeded in making his peace, and left her, he went directly to Mr. Gordon.

"Well, what do you make of him, by this time?" he asked.

"Whom do you mean, Brand?"

"Yes; he has been here for some time now, and is as strong and well as he ever was."

"Why, he seems to be a very pleasant sort of a fellow," Gordon answered easily. "I have persuaded him to stay a few days longer."

"The deuce you have!" the doctor ejaculated, forcibly. "See here, Squire, that girl of ours,—I am sure you will admit that I am as fond of her as you are,—has conceived a most unaccountable interest both in him and 'his cause,' as she calls it."

"What do you mean?" asked Gordon, in amazement.

Brooks described the scene that had just occurred, and gave his own interpretation of it.

"Hang it, man! You are mistaken!" said Gordon, when he had finished, "the thing is impossible."

"I trust you are right," said the doctor, after a short silence, "but I rather doubt it. You will, I hope, send him away as soon as possible, and in the meanwhile don't trust her with him! We know nothing about him, you know."

"It's utterly impossible," Gordon repeated to himself, after his friend's departure. "But it will be well to be watchful, nevertheless."

He suddenly remembered that he had consented to drive his guest and Carissa over to Portreath, where Brand had an engagement to preach on the following night.

"She did urge the matter rather strongly," he reflected. "And she's talked with him by the hour. But Brooks is certainly wrong. It cannot be possible that she should become interested in such a man as he is—or in the absurd theories he is constantly airing." He repeated these assurances to himself as often as the question returned, but in spite of this fact he was evidently much more disturbed than he cared to admit.

On leaving Squire Gordon's, Dr. Brooks suddenly

recalled the scene he had witnessed in front of Clifford's Inn.

"Perhaps something can be made of that!" he said to himself, and turning his horse down the St. Day road, he drove rapidly and without stopping past the inn and the old town, until he came to a group of cottages not far from Vogue Hill cuttings, which were occupied exclusively by miners' families. He halted at one of these and, without leaving his trap, called through the open door.

Immediately a young woman stepped to the doorway.

"Come here a moment, Mary, I want to speak to you."

Although the day was warm she caught up a shawl, and throwing it over her head, stepped to his side.

"Who was that young man I saw you talking with down near Clifford's the other morning?" he asked without preface. "You know when I mean."

She appeared somewhat surprised, but answered readily enough.

"Caleb Broom, sir."

"You called several times, I believe, to inquire about the young preacher who was hurt and who was staying there, didn't you?"

She dropped her eyes in sudden embarrassment, and held the shawl a little closer about her face.

"Come—you're an honest girl, aren't you?" the doctor said, impatiently. "If so, there's nothing to be ashamed of!"

"I bean't ashamed!" she suddenly declared, meeting the doctor's shrewd gaze squarely, "but folks be

talkin', and what they've sayed es cruel." Her eyes filled with tears, but she did not drop them again. "I heard un preach ower to Redruth, 'nd he spoke what opened mine eyes to the truth, 'nd I wull be baptized in the faith no matter what they say."

"Is that all you have ever had to do with him?" he persisted, not ungently. "Come, Mary, I'll be your friend, no matter what has happened."

"That *es* all!" she declared emphatically, her dark eyes flashing the honest indignation she felt.

Dr. Brooks was convinced, though it must be acknowledged that he confessed the fact to himself with a certain degree of disappointment.

"There, there, Mary," he said, soothingly. "I believe what you say; you're a good girl. But think of your old father, he'll take it hard if you leave the chapel where he took you when you were a baby."

"I do think o' un—'nd I want Mr. Brand to come and talk weth un, too."

"Perhaps he will when he is strong enough. Can you tell me, Mary, where I can see Caleb?"

"Ye'll likely find un at Trewin's," she answered with quickly assumed indifference. "I seen un together this morning."

From Caleb, Dr. Brooks could gain nothing, except the sullen admission that he hated the new preacher, but that he had abandoned all further idea of vengeance.

"Thomas Batt brung complaint against un 'nd they bound un ower t' keep the peace," exclaimed Trewin, indicating the young man at his side. "But ye'd better tell un that there's men a plenty aside from us as

won't stand un's preachin' 'nd tracktin' 'nd smooth talkin' here."

"They're a set of dumb, obstinate, savage brutes," said Dr. Brooks to himself, exasperated into the utterance of a gross injustice, as he drove away little wiser than when he came.

CHAPTER VII

A VEILED COURTSHIP

Eaton Brand was not ignorant of the impression he had made, nor blind to its advantages. He had neither feared nor shunned the task of thorough analysis, both of the situation and of his own desires. He knew there were tremendous obstacles in his way, but he had been accustomed to meeting obstacles all his life, and he had learned in the school of experience to have confidence in himself and in his own resources.

His habit of religious thought also reinforced his inclination. It was for this, he thought, that his steps had been guided hither and that the fury of his enemies had been permitted to burst upon him. Providence had also been preparing this confiding girl, who possessed such genius for enthusiasm, to receive a message that would otherwise have been hopelessly strange to her.

During dinner he noticed that his host seemed strangely irritable, and that he invariably interrupted every approach to the usual topic of conversation. He also observed that a cloud as of sorrow or of self-questioning had descended to obscure Carissa's usually bright spirits. He cast about him to find the reason for this change, though, to his mind, her pensive, tremulous thoughtfulness revealed a new charm that touched him deeply.

The days were passing. He must soon take his departure. If his cherished wishes should be sus-

pected, every long established influence of her life would become arrayed against him—and the very opportunities which had thus far favored him and upon which he counted, would be gone.

He must speak soon, and plainly. No matter what the risk, he must not delay much longer in putting the matter to the test.

What had he to build upon? Her sympathy for him and for his people. Her restlessness and desire for a place in the real work of the world, and that unknown quantity—whatever of personal regard and interest he had been able to inspire.

When the two men rose from the table, Brand went to the terrace, where they usually spent the long summer evenings, but Carissa was not there, and he felt a pang of sudden disappointment. The next moment he heard Mr. Gordon approaching down the hall, and wishing to be alone, he stepped down from the terrace and crossed the lawn into the park.

Near the entrance was a broad stone seat, sheltered by trees, and commanding a view of the rough bleak country between Gwennap and St. Day.

Here he found Carissa, and his face cleared of its shadow as she looked up with a smile of welcome at his approach.

"I have been looking for you," he said in a way that invited her confidence. "I have not seen you since morning. These golden days are precious to me. I prize them, for they must pass away so soon."

"I know," she said a little sadly, turning her eyes away from him.

"I have lingered longer now, than I should, perhaps," he went on. "But you have come into my life

strangely, and I have wanted to make myself known to you, and my work."

He hesitated a moment, but she made no sign, and he continued. "I have felt the charm of the life you live, and know that the story of my people, and their hopes, must have sounded strangely to you, who have been reared in this quiet atmosphere."

"It has sounded strangely," she confessed, yielding to her native instinct for straightforward utterance, "and all that suffering seems so unnecessary. I did not know that men were so cruel."

"How could you know?" he answered compassionately. "Your life has been sheltered; circumstances have put you outside the realm where men battle and struggle against adverse conditions, and where vindictive passions of hatred and violence are given free rein. You have never felt the tide of life, desperately surging on in the darkness, where men are blindly fighting for the next thing that seems desirable, and trampling those who would introduce the light of God's message. Yet the spirit of Christ would lead us to throw ourselves against the current as He did, and be swept away, if need be, by the torrent of their bitter animosity."

He knew that he had arrested and was holding her attention; more than that, he was forcing her conviction. His voice was rich in quality, and under perfect control; the rugged lines of his face, in spite of its slight pallor, spoke of strength and of the energy of conviction. His glance was fearless and magnetic; and the vivid mark still upon his temple brought before her the scene of violence where he had been the strangely unresisting victim.

"There have been many brave battles in defense of what men believed to be the truth," he continued, "but the greatest struggle of the ages is before us. Our prophet was commanded to set up the visible kingdom of God upon earth, and was clothed with authority to rule in the name of Christ. The result has been the breaking forth of a storm of persecution as bitter as in the days of the early church."

Carissa had never heard any one speak as he spoke. There had never been any hint of apology for introducing a subject of conversation which had always been politely avoided by her uncle and his friends. And it certainly is not strange that his bold and enthusiastic championship of a cause, which others despised, should command her thorough respect and reinforce her feeling of personal interest.

Suddenly he turned again to her and said in a low tone, "During these days I have spoken to you very freely about my work. Do you think it presumptuous that I believed you would not only understand it, but also appreciate it, and perhaps—love it?"

She was confused by the abrupt transition, and something in his tone called the blood quickly to her cheeks.

"Have you not felt that there was a place, somewhere in the world, waiting for you?" he insisted, "and some work that you alone could do?"

As he studied her face, he felt his pulse beat a little quicker. In his experience, he had learned that he could safely count on a certain restlessness and dissatisfaction with present spiritual attainments in persons of ardent temperament. Carissa had never been fully in sympathy with the religious services to which

she had been accustomed. She had confessed the fact sadly, but so far the habit of a lifetime had held her to what was familiar. Would he be able to lead her to break through this habit? Presently she looked up and he saw that her face was full of trouble.

"What can I do?" she asked, appealingly. "I do not want my life to be stifled in idle contentment, and I *have* dreamed that I had a work to do in the world if I only knew the way."

He leaned toward her impulsively, while a strange light came into his eyes.

"I know that the traditions of your world are all opposed to your desire," he said, in a controlled voice. "But, could you not brave these traditions? Tell me, would you dare to form convictions that would alienate you from your kind? Would you have the strength to act on those convictions, once formed?"

She was bewildered by the directness of his low-voiced questions, and yet was intensely moved. He saw it, and, turning away from her, he fixed his eyes on the ground, while he began plucking to pieces a bit of trailing vine, which clambered profusely over the low railing.

"From earliest boyhood, I have been made to feel the attitude of the world to the cause I love," he began, sadly. "I have not spared myself, and I have never regretted the toil. I have never married, because, well,—my whole soul has been absorbed in the work. I have preached in city streets and country lanes, sometimes to thousands, sometimes to groups of two and three. I have faced anger, criticism, ridicule, and contempt. Sometimes the way

has seemed lonely, and the world hopelessly set against the truth. At such times confidence in my message alone has sustained me;—again the way has opened marvelously, and thousands have believed; villages have been transformed and whole districts have been aroused."

He suddenly looked and saw the bright tears of sympathy in her eyes.

"But it has been glorious!" he went on with a smile of triumph. "Glorious in spite of the difficulties. It was very trying at first, to be laid aside during these weeks, doubly important because they marked the close of my mission; but I am beginning to see that God's hand was in it."

His voice dropped, and a note of something more than reverence thrilled through the reverent form of speech.

"It was His way of leading me to this place, and —to you." Perhaps no other words could have met her mood so perfectly, or have so firmly rooted her convictions of his truth and sincerity.

"May I tell you what an inspiration you have been to me?" he urged, meeting her glance fully and casting away all reserve. "Your sympathy and your ready understanding have been very sweet after so many years of toil and hardship in an openly hostile world."

She understood him, and for an instant met his gaze confidently, but then—the thought came of how much was involved, her eyes became troubled, and she looked away.

"Do you understand me?" he asked, in a tone of gentle insistence.

"I have been glad to hear you," she answered, hesi-

tatingly, while the color returned quickly to her face. Suddenly she turned to him bravely, and continued, "You have opened a new world to me, but I do not understand it. It seems impossible that men should be so bitter against teachings that inspire only noble thoughts and ideals that are so worthy."

"Do the ideals that I have presented to you seem worthy?" he leaned forward, and, as he spoke, was intently studying the expression of her face. "Do they seem worthy in comparison with those with which you have been familiar? Are they worthy of a life's devotion? And of sincere advocacy, even at the cost of sacrifice?"

It was a moment of conflict, she felt an impulse to confess her convictions without reserve, no matter what it might involve, but something held her back. This strong personal appeal had shaken her, and she felt the need of steadying herself. Perceiving this, his manner changed. An expression of discouragement swept over him, but he was still alert to catch each change in the mood of his listener.

"I have not been granted time to present these things before you," he said, wearily. "Your sympathy has been very generous, but forgive me! I have permitted myself to indulge in a dream of unreality, it may be. There are so many things that must hold you to this life."

It was a subtle appeal to her awakened spirit of discontent. Was she willing to return to her old life of indecision? All the thoughts that she had been cherishing during the past few days returned in force to hasten her inclination. Nevertheless, she felt that something which she was yet unwilling to meet, was

lying at the back of the decision she was called upon to make, and her spirit faltered.

She was about to express her fear, but he stopped her.

"Do not answer to-night!" he said, quickly interpreting her hesitation, and speaking in a quick, low tone—"There is nothing more that I can urge, save—that I love you! Carissa, Carissa—let me call you by that name at least this once. Remember, as you think of this to-night, that all my hopes are centered upon your decision."

He laid his hand for a single instant upon hers—and she felt the thrill of its trembling pressure, then he quickly turned from her side and walked away among the trees.

For a long time she remained quietly in the same position, scarcely thinking, but with a terrible sense of loneliness in her heart.

Finally she heard her uncle calling, and shivered a little as she rose to meet him. She had not noticed that the sun had long since gone down, or that it was growing dark.

"Where have you been, Carissa, and where is Mr. Brand?" he asked, bluntly.

"He started out for a walk some time ago," she answered, "and I have been sitting on the old stone seat."

They walked on in silence until they reached the house. When they entered the hall, Mr. Gordon said, irritably, "I shall be glad when he sees fit to take his departure. He is becoming more tiresome every day with his absurd airs and theories."

Carissa looked up in something like astonishment, wondering what could have happened.

"I have been thinking about our trip that we planned to Portreath," he went on, "and the more I think of it, the less I like it."

"But we have promised to go," she remonstrated, "and you know how much I want to hear him."

"I know we have promised, and I suppose we shall have to do it," he replied, with a degree of petulance. "But it will appear very singular that we should constitute ourselves this man's protector on his preaching tours, besides—" he stopped a moment, irresolutely, and then plunged desperately into the warning he had intended to give, "Look here, Carissa, I hope that what I am going to say isn't necessary, but anyway I want you to remember that Mr. Brand and his people have no place whatever in your life."

The words, contemptuous and chilling though they sounded, were not spoken unkindly, but they came like a shock after the scene through which she had passed. She had no words to reply, but as she turned away with a feeling of alienation in her heart, it forced her to face the issue squarely, and certainly hastened her resolution.

CHAPTER VIII

MR. BUSBY ASKS A FEW QUESTIONS—A MORMON SERVICE

From the first, old Mr. Busby had been sorely troubled at the thought of the presence of this stranger in the same house with his favorite. In spite of his gruff manners, he had a heart of great tenderness for her, and had watched the development of her character from girlhood with great secret satisfaction and delight.

Now, however, as he thought of her, of the circumstances in which she was placed, and of the interest she had manifested, he realized that the very characteristics which had delighted him in the past, might become the source of considerable mischief.

"She's too deuced romantic in her notions," he said to himself in careless contradiction of every other opinion that he had ever entertained. "And there's no telling what infernal doctrines he'll teach her if he gets a chance."

Reports of the rise and progress of this singular sect had been current in England for some time, but neither Gordon, nor Busby, had taken the trouble to inform themselves concerning it.

Occasional newspaper articles, usually highly sensational and condemnatory, had come under their notice; at one time two missionaries had made a quiet house to house canvass of the district, and a few meetings had been held, but no one had attended

except some of the servants and a few working people from the villages; Busby had not considered the matter worthy of more than passing notice, until the beginning of that chain of unfortunate circumstances which led Mr. Gordon to receive one of these people into his house as a guest.

As soon as his attack of the gout had subsided sufficiently to permit his getting around again with the aid of his stick, Busby determined to go over to Squire Gordon's and satisfy himself that his fears were groundless.

On the way he met Dr. Brooks, who drew rein and looked back at the house he was leaving, a little anxiously.

"You haven't been over for several days?" he inquired as Busby stopped by the side of the trap.

A grumbled malediction upon his affliction was the sufficient answer.

"I'm afraid a great mistake has been made," the doctor continued, anxiously.

"I'm sure of that!" interrupted Busby, with considerable energy.

"He seems to have established a very strong influence over her," the doctor went on, regretfully. "I tried to remonstrate yesterday, but it was of no use."

"Why doesn't Gordon get rid of the fellow?" Busby demanded.

"He will, I suppose, now that the mischief has been done, and her mind has been thoroughly poisoned," was the bitter answer. "He seems to think, though, that no great harm has been done."

Busby needed no further explanation, but with a

heartfelt curse upon his old friend's stupidity, made his way as rapidly as possible to the house.

He found Mr. Gordon and his niece, with their guest, seated on the stone terrace. Gordon was evidently uncomfortable and ill at ease. Carissa's face wore a peculiar expression of defiant interest, and her eyes were sparkling with intense feeling; as Busby approached, she rose to meet him and conducted him to a large rustic chair, well cushioned and comfortable.

"Mr. Brand is telling us how wonderfully the church is prospering in spite of hatred and hostility," she explained eagerly, and almost immediately turned her eyes to the young apostle.

Gordon glanced apologetically at his friend, who was heated from his walk and frowning.

"If I may be permitted to interrupt," Busby said, brusquely, "I would like to ask a question."

"Certainly, sir." Brand turned his clear, penetrating eyes upon him and smiled courteously. He expected that the question would be hostile, but he was used to controversy.

"I have heard that you believe in a golden Bible, translated by the aid of a peep-stone. Is that true?" He spoke sneeringly; the situation as it appeared to him was intolerable and needed clearing. He had picked up certain vague points on the subject, and proposed to use them to the best of his ability. .

"Something like that," answered Brand, calmly. "Only the 'golden Bible' is a record of the early inhabitants of America, and the 'peep-stone' was the Urim and Thummim of the Lord Almighty. They were both revealed to the prophet Joseph by an angel messenger and in fulfillment of the Scriptures."

Busby was exasperated at Brand's coolness and his air of assurance, and his own face became purple.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Lord Almighty had anything to do with the insane imaginings of an epileptic money-digger?"

"Mr. Busby!" exclaimed Carissa, horrified at his rude violence.

There was a strange look of fierce indignation in her eyes. Mr. Gordon also appeared a little uneasy at his friend's uncompromising methods, though he could not repress a comical look of approval at the attack.

"Let *me* reply," said Brand, quietly, and then turning to his questioner with an expression of sternness upon his face, he continued:

"You ask concerning God's agency in this work. First, the time was ripe for divine interference. The nations of the earth had become unutterably corrupt. The salt of Christianity had lost its savor. The church had become paganized—had lost its pristine glory and beauty. From the time when a wicked and apostate church began to persecute the saints of the Most High, killed the prophets of God and drove the priesthood from the earth, there was no one left to administer the ordinances of the Gospel. No prophets, no apostles, no gifts of the Holy Ghost, no one to act as God's mouthpiece to the children of men."

He paused a moment and glanced at Carissa, who was regarding him with deep attention.

"Because this was true," he continued impressively, "the iniquity of the world was great. The church itself had become Babylon, the scarlet woman the mother of harlots; for after she became drunk with the

blood of the saints, she became the mother of a legion of children, the so-called Christian sects, with their strife and divisions. Look around you and observe the discord and contention that prevail.

"But a restoration was promised. John the revelator looked forward to the day when the dispensation of the fullness of times should be ushered in. 'I saw,' said John, 'another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come.' "

Brand's face was luminous, his voice was thrilling. His auditors could not help but feel the spell of his magnetism. He lowered his voice reverently.

"That vision has been fulfilled; the Gospel has been restored; God has set up His kingdom upon earth, nevermore to be thrown down, and we are its messengers."

Mr. Busby had his eyes fixed upon Carissa, whose face was confident and glowing. He felt that perhaps he had made a mistake to provoke a discussion, and that some diversion must be made.

"But was not your prophet, Joseph Smith, shot as an impostor?" he demanded, harshly.

"True," replied Brand, sadly, "but was not Jesus Christ crucified for the same reason?"

"Come, come," interposed Gordon, hastily. "We have discussed this subject long enough. I abominate these religious controversies."

"One more question," persisted Busby. "They say that your church practices polygamy. Is that true?"

Carissa glanced quickly at their guest. His face seemed to pale and then to flush slightly as though stung by the scorn of the speaker.

"The report is false," he said abruptly, and then as he caught the expression upon Carissa's face, he added calmly, "the slander originated with an apostate by the name of Bennett, who charged that the church believed in the doctrine of spiritual wives. I have with me a clipping from one of our papers, 'The Times and Seasons,' November, 1844, which fully answers your question." He took the paper from his wallet and read, " 'The law of the land and the rules of the church do not allow one man to have *more than one* wife alive at once, but if any man's wife die he has a right to marry another and to be sealed to both for eternity, to the living and the dead. This is *all the spiritual wife system that was ever tolerated in the church.*'

"That disposes of the question, I believe," he said, rising. "Men have opposed the truth with all their ingenuity. I suppose that this will always be the case. When other methods fail they resort to slander and persecution, social ostracism and violence, but God will guard His own message and bring it forth glorious in spite of His enemies. And now if you will pardon me, I will seek a little rest; I find that I have not fully recovered my strength."

As he entered the house, Carissa quietly stepped from the terrace and took her way to the old stone seat where she seated herself and seemed lost in thought, looking off over the irregular, broken and picturesque parkland.

The old friends remained on the terrace silent and constrained.

Finally Busby broke the silence with an oath. "You had better get rid of that fellow as quick as you can. In my opinion, you were a fool for ever taking him in," he said, and walked away.

Gordon was sorry to see him depart, but he would not call him back; he wanted his advice, but he would not ask it; he was perplexed at the indication of strong self-willed purpose on the part of his niece; and he feared that the mischief he would guard against had already been wrought.

There was a feeling of constraint resting upon the party, that started after supper on the drive to Portreath. Carissa seemed to be the least depressed and talked brightly of the people and related quaint legends of the old houses that they passed.

She grew silent, however, as they approached their destination; the gathering gloom seemed more oppressive as they left the open country for the village streets.

"Down this way," said Brand, indicating a side street, with a wave of his hand.

A motley crew of men and boys drew back as the carriage stopped.

"Golly, but he's a holy swell!" cried a voice from among them.

"Stow that, can't you see Squire Gordon's weth un?" said a lounger from the water-side, who slouched forward and touched his cap respectfully.

Brand paid no attention, but seeing Carissa coming forward on her uncle's arm, he went forward into the place of meeting.

The "hall" was a dreary-looking place. An old barn, long since abandoned, had been resurrected from a state of almost hopeless decay, and was lighted with

candles and spluttering oil lamps. A rude contrivance at one side of the low shed served as a pulpit, and unsmoothed planks supported by boxes were provided as seats for the people. The floor was of dirt, beaten bare in spots and scooped in little hollows where the rain had driven through the unthatched roof. A number of people, subdued and orderly but unmistakably of the lower classes, were seated quietly in the front rows. The crowd outside closed in upon the entrance and stood awkwardly staring as at the performance of some show. Occasionally a small boy would be propelled forward by a push from behind, and would clumsily scramble back under cover of the slow laughter of the rest.

"I am glad we came after all," thought Gordon, as they seated themselves uncomfortably on one of the rickety seats. "This ought to dispel any romantic notions she may have formed."

Carissa was nervously conscious of all the sordid conditions about her, even while she was watching Brand as he made his way to the front. She saw him now in a new light as he stopped and spoke in low tones to the people, smiling familiarly and kindly and evidently leaving an individual word of promise and good cheer as he passed.

Just as he reached the front and turned about, some one started a hymn in a rough coarse voice, and one by one the others took up the strain; it was not music, it sounded too harshly. She could not understand the words because of the burr on the tongues of the singers, but before it was ended, it affected her strangely. Earnestness was there if culture was lacking; together with faith and enthusiasm. As the last tones died

away, a voice was lifted in prayer and every head was bowed. In prayer, as in song, Carissa felt that there was present, beneath the coarseness of the utterance and uncouthness of the language, a quality that redeemed it all and made it infinitely more appealing to her than all the melodious intonations of priestly utterance that she had ever heard.

A local elder seemed to be in charge of the meeting, and as he rose to introduce the speaker, Gordon turned to Carissa and said, contemptuously:

"It's Anthony Sneed, the biggest scoundrel in these parts. He was Squire William's steward until they discovered his rascality and sent him off. Your whim has brought us into pretty company, my dear."

His words jarred upon Carissa. She made no reply, however, for Brand was now speaking. He carefully adapted his words to the comprehension of his listeners, spoke sympathetically of their trials, encouraged them to steadfastness, exhorted them to patience and endurance, set forth the rewards of perfect obedience, and reminded them that the great leaders of the church were thinking for them, planning for them, and would know of their faithfulness and fidelity. He urged them to live soberly, to work industriously, to save all that was possible from their wages and to prepare to leave the country, where they had known hardship and penury, and to gather to that inheritance that awaited them in the promised land.

It was not strange that these people, most of them living cramped lives of unremitting toil, with no hope of a future change for the better, should listen to him hungrily and should catch a portion of his outspoken enthusiasm.

Presently his glance fell full upon Carissa, and his theme changed almost abruptly. He began to sketch the outline of a great movement. He spoke of the need of the world, groping about in the darkness, for some guiding ray of light. He declared that the churches of Christendom were of pagan origin, and described the great falling away in the days of Constantine, when pagan rites were introduced within the sacred precincts of Christ's altars, the truth forgotten, the genuine ordinances of Christianity neglected or corrupted and the people deprived of any possible knowledge of the truth, because the Bible was hidden from them and its text tampered with in the monastic seclusion of the dark ages.

At first his speech was deliberate and his tone low and measured, but gradually he grew rapid and vehement and his enthusiasm was *felt* by his listeners, while his voice dominated all within the enclosure.

"The so-called Christian centuries since the days of the early church seem to me woefully pathetic. Centuries when the Gospel was hidden and its fruits non-existent; when force was exercised to compel people to submit to man-made dogmas; centuries of the convent and the cloister, of the rack and the thumb-screw, of fire-brand and sword, of heartache and despair; when hypocrites taught for hire and divined for money! No wonder that the truth perished from the earth and God withdrew His communication from those who wrested it only to their own destruction.

"The world has seen many reformers who recognized the apostasy into which the church had fallen, and testified against it. But none of them were

divinely commissioned to make restoration, none spoke with the authority of the prophets and apostles of old, and the result is seen in the multitude of warring, conflicting sects, who accuse each other of error while blindly pursuing their own instincts instead of the voice of God. The darkness of the dark ages is resting on the minds of men to-day, but we are the divinely commissioned heralds of the dawn. The last days are upon us, and God has spoken. The heavens have opened and the keys of a new dispensation have been committed to men.

"These are the last days. It was just thirty-one years ago when the Gospel was restored, and a prophet was raised up who would establish Christ's visible kingdom upon earth. What a glorious mission! To him was given authority to issue a call for the gathering of His people to Zion. The call has gone forth! The people are coming! Coming! The time is at hand when the nations of earth shall hearken to the voice of the Most High through His servants. Will *you* heed the call? *You who* have felt the truth of the message?"

He paused abruptly. His burning glance, turned full upon her, drove the question home to Carissa's quivering heart. He seemed to forget the people before him, and she forgot them. Her lips moved, but she could not speak. She knew what her answer would be.

"There will be difficulties before you. Will you heed them?" he was speaking again with a strange cadence of tenderness in his voice.

"Old ties will be hard to sever. Will you heed the call? New scenes, new faces await you. Will deci-

sion never fail, and courage never falter? Think well and choose, for the call is for *you.*"

As he finally ceased speaking, Carissa dropped her face in her hands and felt the hot tears trickling through her fingers. She was aroused by Mr. Gordon, who seized her arm roughly.

"Carissa, what do you mean by this nonsense? Are you sniveling at a vulgar melodrama? God bless me, I'm ashamed of you."

Immediately she straightened up, and her face hardened against him.

"That's better," he said coldly, but during the ride home he accused himself bitterly again and again.

"Busby was right. I was a fool for ever taking him in, and have been a worse fool for letting this cursed mischief go on."

CHAPTER IX

CARISSA ACTS ON HER CONVICTIONS

"May I receive your answer this morning?" Brand pleaded.

He had risen at an unusually early hour, and had found Carissa in her flower garden, with gardening apron on and clippers and trowel in her hands.

Since the evening before, he had not doubted what her answer would be. In that moment, when he spoke directly to her from the improvised pulpit of that dismal place of worship, made glorious and sacred, however, by her presence, he read unerringly the response that her heart gave to his impassioned plea.

Now, as he realized to what he was calling her, a sense of reverence and of solemnity stole over him. He would cherish this love that he knew had been given to him and would guard from every touch of unhappiness the life that he prayed might be intrusted to his keeping.

As Carissa turned to meet him, she saw the light that had come over his features at this illuminating moment when noble and high purpose was strong within him, and without a single shadow upon her perfect confidence she reached out her hands to him.

"Carissa, Carissa, I love you with all my heart," he

murmured passionately, as he held her in a long close embrace.

She had no thought for the immediate future. This first love of her life was strong, true, satisfying. It left no room for regret or questioning, but the mind of Brand soon turned to the conditions they must consider. It would be an hour before the breakfast bell would be sounded, but there was much still to be put before her. He realized that there was a battle still to be fought before he could look upon his happiness as assured, and he needed to prepare her mind for what was inevitable.

"Come, dearest," he said presently, leading her gently to the low window seat and taking his place by her side. "There are some things we must speak about. Have you thought of the difficulties that will be thrown in your way? Mr. Gordon, your uncle, how will he look upon it?"

At the question her face became troubled in spite of her happiness, and her lip quivered. She reached out her hand appealingly.

"I have thought of that," she confessed. "And he has been so good to me."

"Darling, is your love equal to the tests that may be put upon it?" He caught her hand and held it firmly while he looked with passionate eagerness into her eyes. "Let me ask you again, Carissa, are you quite willing to brave all the traditions of your life? To face the certain displeasure of your uncle and the disapproval of all your friends? Are you quite ready to leave this beautiful home and all that it promises of ease and comfort, and to cast in your lot with one who loves you wholly, but who will be compelled to take

you into unaccustomed scenes of action and toil? Are you willing to adopt his faith, share his life and be counted among his people?"

The time of her hesitation was past; true love never falters at the call to sacrifice. Every word that he spoke drew her closer to him. Even her half awakened regret, at the thought of leaving all that was familiar, was lost in the enthusiasm he knew so well how to invoke.

"I will choose you before all the world," she said, in blind devotion to the call her heart had heard, and yielding herself again to his embrace.

"Darling," he murmured in passionate sincerity, "God will reward you for the sacrifice you are making, and may His anger fall upon me if I ever forget it."

At this time there was no question with him but that her love, so freely given, would stand supreme in all his life.

"Carissa," he began again in a low tone after a moment of silence, "I want you to know that there is no room for doubt of you in my heart, but you must understand our position. We must start to-day for London. There we will be married. Will you trust me? Believe me there is no other way."

She was startled at his words, and a deep flush mounted to her cheeks, but he went on steadily:

"I will speak to your uncle this morning; I will tell him of our love, but, dearest, do not deceive yourself with false hopes. He will reject me utterly. Do you not know that he has other plans for you? He will seek to hold you to the life he has mapped out for you. Have you not seen his utter lack of sympathy with the cause of God that I represent? After I have spoken,

it will be impossible for me to remain in this house, where so great happiness has come to me; or to see you, even for one moment; darling, it is torture to say these things and to feel how true they are, but you must understand and be prepared. For the first time I feel the bitterness and hardness of my position, now that I am asking you to share it. I shall be compelled to go, but I cannot leave you, Carissa; come what may, you must go with me. We will soon sail for America, and our new home will be among the chosen people of God. Sweetheart, this is one of the tests of your faith and your love; you must not falter; can I trust you?"

She was pained and bewildered as she gazed at his pleading face, and listened to his urgent, passionate words. She knew that her uncle would be angered; she remembered his irritation and his reproof uttered in a tone of cold contempt the night before, but she had not considered that her decision, once made, must be acted upon so suddenly. There was no wavering in her confidence as a result of this demand made upon it, but her lips were forming a gentle remonstrance and plea for patience, when her uncle suddenly entered the garden.

Mr. Gordon had passed a troubled night. His attention, once aroused, had been keen enough to take in something of the significance of the situation. The more he thought about it, the more exasperated he had become at Carissa's unheard of folly, and the more bitterly he blamed himself for his blindness. He did not believe, however, that it was more than a passing romantic interest that she had conceived for this man and his theories, but it was an exceedingly unpleasant

revelation that she was capable of anything so absurd. It angered him that the warnings of both Brooks and Busby should be justified. He could not, however, get away from the evidence of his own senses, and, after much inward debate, had come to the conclusion to take the advice given and dismiss his guest, without ceremony if necessary, before the day was over.

As he made his way to the garden, where he expected to find Carissa, he was thinking these things over in that state of irritation, peculiar to a self-opinionated, easy-going man, who has been suddenly surprised by an unexpected difficulty in his way.

When he saw them together in a very lover-like attitude, he was terribly startled; the full significance of what might be involved flashed over him. His irritation gave place to a great anger.

"Mr. Brand," he said, in a constrained tone, "I may have been at fault in permitting you the liberty that you have enjoyed in this place," he glanced involuntarily at Carissa, and then back again at Brand's attentive face. "Pardon me if I am unjust, but I need your assurance that you have not taken advantage of that liberty and of my blindness."

"Uncle Arthur!" exclaimed Carissa, in a tone of consternation, but Gordon interrupted her, saying:

"Be silent, Carissa! I am speaking to Mr. Brand. I await your answer, sir."

Brand's face was white and rigid, but his bearing was that of one who had no apologies to make.

"I intended to speak with you this morning, Mr. Gordon," he said with perfect courtesy, "to confess, in fact, the daring hope that has come to me. If you will listen to me I will speak to you now."

Gordon was furious; this man's attitude, his very air of courtesy and assumption of dignity, while preferring so preposterous a request, impressed him as a premeditated insult. That Carissa should stand by and listen with evident sympathy and full understanding, made the situation unendurable.

Said the squire, "Mr. Brand, will you have the goodness to—to leave this place? Your belongings will follow you to the inn. You can have nothing to say. Nothing that I should care to listen to!"

Without either hurry or hesitation, and without a word of protest or of explanation, Brand stepped to the wicket; turning, he gave a searching look into Carissa's eyes, and in another moment was gone.

Left to themselves, Gordon experienced a feeling of relief, but he immediately faced his niece and demanded:

"Carissa, what does this mean? What has happened to you? I have been blind, indeed, not to notice your infatuation for this smooth-tongued adventurer."

"You are unjust and cruel," she exclaimed, indignantly. Her voice was tremulous, but a spirit of outraged womanly dignity looked from her eyes. "He is a true man, and you have insulted him. He was your guest, and asked to speak to you, and you have driven him unheard, from your doors."

"You are acting ridiculously, child," he exclaimed, exasperated anew by her absurd attitude and foolish defense. "You do not know him except as a man that gets into difficulties. What devil influenced me ever to have anything to do with him,—to open my house to him!"

He turned away from her, and began pacing the garden walk.

She watched him in painful suspense. She wanted to appeal to him, but he gave her no opportunity. She wanted to make him understand that her life's happiness was involved. There was no wavering in her purpose. All that had gone before had simply intensified her feeling of love and loyalty; but she felt that she could not leave him in anger. Finally, she could endure it no longer.

"Uncle, uncle, why are you so cruel and unjust?' she cried piteously. "You have never been like this before! Why will you not see him as he is?"

He stopped abruptly, and looked upon her sternly, as he said: "Carissa, how far has this foolishness gone? Tell me plainly! What was the meaning of your agitation last night, and of the scene I have witnessed this morning?"

She remembered the words that Brand had spoken to her, and the meaning look he gave her as he left the garden. The recollection steadied her and gave her strength.

"I love him, uncle," she said, meeting his gaze bravely, "and—I have promised to be his wife."

She thought for a moment that he would strike her. She had never dreamed that his face could express such a passion of contempt and anger.

"Child, go to your room!" he said, with concentrated scorn and bitterness. "We are well rid of this man, who has known how to use his opportunities so well."

"Won't you listen to me, Uncle Arthur?" she pleaded. "Believe me I am not ungrateful. I have

always loved you. I have always obeyed you. Forgive me if I have done wrong. But surely every woman must make her choice some day, and I have chosen. I do not know how it has come about, and it breaks my heart that you are so terribly angered. Will you not forgive me?"

He was shocked at the white look on her face, and was not unmoved by her plea. He stood for a while as though stunned, while sorrow and incredulity struggled with the feeling of anger in his heart, and then he motioned her away from him.

"Leave me and go to your room! You do not know what you say or do! I will never believe that you—with the blood of the Gordons in your veins, whom I have watched from girlhood—would cast yourself at the feet of a vagrant street preacher."

She attempted another remonstrance, but he refused to listen, and she finally made her way with a feeling of hopelessness to her room. She did not stop to consider what she should do. The step that she was about to take seemed terrible to her. But this place where she had spent so many care-free days was no longer home to her. Though blinded by the tears that *would* fall, she began gathering together a few of her special treasures, praying God to forgive her if she were doing wrong in obeying the imperative impulses of her heart, and asking Him to guide her in the future to which she was blindly committing herself.

The squire followed Carissa into the house, and rang the bell for the maid.

"Mr. Brand has gone back to Clifford's," he said. "Have John collect his things together and take them to him"

He looked at the untasted breakfast dishes. "You may clear the table," he said. "Miss Graham is not well this morning, and I am going over to breakfast with Mr. Busby."

He related nothing of the occurrences of the morning to his old friend, save the fact of Brand's departure.

"You are well rid of him," commented Busby, shortly. "How is Carissa?"

"She is not feeling very well," said Gordon, and then after a pause, announced energetically, "I am more determined than ever to end her life of seclusion. She must see more of the social life of this neighborhood, and I am going to open up the old house now for a round of festivities."

This time Busby made no objection, though he wondered, grumblingly, at the singular perversity of human nature.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Gordon returned to his home. He experienced a little dread at the thought of meeting Carissa. He was afraid he had shown too much feeling and been a trifle too imperative during the scene of the morning. He was disappointed, however, not to find her in the lower rooms.

"I wonder if she has been all day in her room," he thought, and blamed himself anew for his harshness.

He rang the bell.

"Tell Miss Graham that I wish her to come down into the library, please."

Presently, the maid returned, breathless, with strange tidings.

"Please, sir, mistress is not there. The pictures of her father and mother are gone, and her room is in disorder!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Gordon.

"She went out this morning,—just after you left," she continued, in explanation. "I thought it strange, because she hadn't had any breakfast, and she—O, sir, I hope nothing has happened!"

Gordon waited to hear no more. He hurried from the room and climbed the stairs; with feverish haste he opened the door, the room looked strangely disordered for one so orderly as was Carissa. He turned to the corner where had hung the portraits of her father and mother; they were indeed gone. The reality of it all burst upon him—he dropped into the chair by the window, buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

In the meanwhile Brand and his future wife were well on their way to London. It was not hard for him to quiet her scruples or to soothe her sorrow. He had won a complete mastery over her mind, and led her skilfully to look forward to the new life that was before them, which he painted in glowing colors, and with that mingling of passionate tenderness and religious fervor which seemed to belong to his nature.

A few weeks later, on the eve of their departure for America, Carissa wrote to her uncle, announcing her marriage, telling of her perfect happiness, begging his forgiveness, and enclosing many loving messages to the friends of her girlhood; but she never knew how it was received, for Mr. Gordon after reading it through his tears, put it away in the old family Bible among the records of births, marriages and deaths, and never replied to it or opened his lips on the subject till the day of his death.

CHAPTER X

AMBITIOUS PROJECTS

Eaton Brand felt that his success in winning Carissa as his wife formed a fitting climax to his four years of missionary effort in England, and he was exultant. She suited him perfectly, he thought.

The long dreamy days on shipboard brought a sense of never-ending delight. Her gentle earnestness, sincerity and never-failing sympathy—her trust in him, her eagerness to learn, her enthusiasm and hope for the future all made their appeal to him. He was aware that he had never portrayed more eloquently the sorrows and struggles of his people, and that he had never so thoroughly idealized their aims and projects as at this time when he felt the sweet compulsion of her perfect confidence and answered the loving expectation of her glowing face.

Brand was a skilled missionary. He was not an educated man, in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, but he had received a remarkably effective training. Since the expulsion from Nauvoo, in 1846, he had not been in personal touch with the mass of his people. But he was strong in the faith—hard fighting in its behalf had made him strong.

The Mormon priesthood is wise enough to realize that actual service is the best theological training. The young men of Mormonism become most firmly attached to the cause by being pushed out early to do

battle for it in the face of opposition, and their resources are developed by forcing them to trust to themselves.

Eaton Brand had traveled for years "without purse or scrip." In obedience to the rules of the church he was obliged to win his way to the homes of the people for food and shelter, and his powers of diplomacy had been trained by necessity.

If challenged, he never denied that he was a Mormon, but he never announced the fact rashly. He preferred to be known as an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ, and made much of the fact that he was not a "hireling preacher." On his first visit he would ask the names of the churches of the community, and when the list was complete would express his surprise that none bore the name of Christ Himself.

"Yet why should they be called by His name?" he would ask in vigorous attack.

"They do not administer His ordinances, nor exhibit the gifts of the Spirit, nor claim the same officers as did the true church of Christ!"

With this for a foundation, he would urge the claims of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and through long experience he had become singularly adroit and successful.

With a proposition that must be defended at all hazards and against all comers, it becomes necessary to gather together an array of facts, arguments and illustrations that shall be able to stand the test of criticism. By this process he had become an able defender of the peculiar doctrines of his people.

He read church history for facts that would prove the apostasy of Christendom, and the Bible for pas-

sages that would lend support to the peculiarities of his system. He studied church periodicals and the published works of Mormon church-writers, and sifted them with great judgment for points that would have weight in a controversy.

It was a cardinal principle with him, as with all other missionaries of his faith, never to introduce the "further mysteries," peculiarly characteristic of the revelations of Joseph Smith, until a secure foundation had been laid in unquestioning faith in "first principles."

With all this, his great personal magnetism, his natural eloquence and the sternness with which he could repel accusations against his people made him a valuable man to the cause.

He was thoroughly respected by his fellow-workers, but had been thrown into slight contact with them, and had become what he was, more by friction with those opposed to him than by fellowship with those holding similar views.

There had been no friction in his intercourse with Carissa. Her readiness to hear him, and her eagerness to believe, had confirmed the impression made by her beauty and had satisfied him.

On their arrival in New York, Brand's first duty was to report to the church headquarters. The elder in charge was somewhat past middle-age, clean-shaven, thin-lipped, strong-featured. He had united with the church through the influence of Brigham Young.

Brand had never seen him, but had heard him spoken of as one of the rising men; unlike the majority of his associates, he made no pretensions to oratorical ability. His style was sharp and cutting. He was a

keen observer of human nature, and seldom made a mistake in assigning a man to his particular task.

Elder Willard greeted Mr. Brand cordially, and congratulated him on the success of his mission.

"Your report is very good," he said with an approving look at Brand. "You've done well over there, but I'm glad you are to work on this side for a while."

"I am always at the service of the church," Brand responded. "I have never sought to evade responsibility, or to shirk duty. But I hope to start for the west in the spring."

Willard seemed to be considering the matter a moment, then asked rather abruptly:

"You've married recently, haven't you, and brought your wife over with you?"

"Yes; and I want her to be 'sealed' to me as soon as possible," Brand answered, thinking of the endowment ceremonies at Salt Lake City.

"True," assented Elder Willard, while a faint smile flitted across his thin lips. "Who is she if I may ask?"

"She is the daughter of an English clergyman who served for a number of years as chaplain in the army. Her father and mother are both dead."

"Is she educated?"

"Yes, and she has read a great deal, and is alert and enthusiastic."

"How long have you known her?"

"Only a few weeks."

"Was she alone and unprotected?"

"No." Brand was irritated, but he controlled himself, and continued:

"She was under the guardianship of a well-to do English gentleman, her mother's brother. Her home

was in Cornwall, and her uncle is a man of great influence in the county."

"Well!" exclaimed Elder Willard in deliberate surprise, and regarding Brand fixedly. "It will be a change for her. I hope you'll not find her difficult."

"What do you mean?" asked Brand, indignantly.

"My dear brother, I am not prompted by any desire to intrude, or to give you annoyance. You doubtless understand her nature better than I do. But you have never been to Salt Lake, have you?"

"I've been on a mission for seven years, four of them in England."

"You must have been very young when you were first commissioned?"

"I was just sixteen," Brand answered.

"Brother Brand," Elder Willard began smoothly, "aside from other considerations, it will be well for you to remain for a time in the east, on account of your wife. You know there are few women of her class that have joined the emigration. The conditions out there aren't perfect yet. You'd find interest enough and could adjust yourself to the demands of a rough, pioneer life. Of course, there are good women there, too, but they've got used to it, and their faith is sound enough. How about your wife? Do you think she'd fit the life right away?"

Brand was silent. There was force in the suggestion. A dim recollection of turbulent scenes in the life at old Nauvoo came to him. He thought of those who had been converted under his ministry. There was something chilling in Willard's cold smile and quiet words. But he thought of Carissa's enthusiasm, and adaptability and he finally said a little defiantly:

"She is a very sincere believer."

"I don't question it," Elder Willard replied, with a peculiar accent. "But what does she *know?*"

As he asked this question, he leaned forward and looked meaningly at Brand who flushed slightly, but made no reply.

"I surmised as much," Willard continued dryly. "It could not well be otherwise."

He turned to his desk as though dismissing the subject and extracted an official looking document, which he handed to Brand.

"You may read it if you like. It contains the instructions of the First Presidency—you'll see that you are assigned to work here."

Brand read the order, and laid it down upon the table without comment. He was still thinking of Carissa, and of the fact that she would share his disappointment. He was also more troubled than he was willing to admit by the view that had been so unceremoniously opened to him.

"I think you will find the work that is before us this winter sufficiently interesting," Elder Willard suggested dryly.

"That is not it," remonstrated Brand, smarting under the implied reproach.

"My dear brother," Elder Willard interrupted, "I understand your feelings, and they are quite natural, but ours is a work that requires all manner of sacrifices. I will not ask you if you think it is worth it. Your record speaks for itself. During the past you have been in touch with one phase of the work, while we have had other problems to deal with." For a moment he seemed to be lost in retrospection, while

his face gathered an expression of stern resolve. "Many forces have been engaged. Sometimes they have seemed to be in conflict. But—what is the result? Working together, we have been gathering the materials and laying the foundations of a kingdom that will soon startle the world by its virility and strength, as well as by its power to enforce its claims."

The last words were spoken with a sudden, startling accession of energy; the speaker seemed himself to realize it, and that he had been moved unduly, for he deliberately moderated his tone and resumed with an assumption of coolness:

"This is not new to you; it has been the theme of your preaching. The gathering of the Saints means the organization of the kingdom of God, religiously and politically; that kingdom is now actually organized, though the inhabitants of the earth do not know it. It is organized to take effect in the due time of the Lord and in the manner that shall please Him. We belong to the holy priesthood; and the priesthood is the only legitimate government of God whether in the heavens or on earth. This, too, you have believed whether you have been commissioned to proclaim it openly or not."

He looked at Brand, as though challenging his ambition.

"Brother Brand, do you see our position?"

He stepped quickly to where a large map of the United States was tacked upon the opposite wall, and placed the point of his pencil upon a flaming red cross far to the westward.

"This is the promised land. Here is Zion, the new Jerusalem; yonder is the Sea of Galilee; this is the River

Jordan, flowing into the great Dead Sea of salt; around about are the everlasting hills, a rocky wall of protection from all our foes. Here is where we shall become a great nation, the last of all the mighty nations and the greatest, for from Zion shall go forth the decrees of the Lord Almighty to all nations, tongues and kindred in these last days."

He returned to his seat. Brand was thrilled with the unquestioned earnestness that pervaded the quietly spoken words. They expressed the thought that had been dominant with him for many years.

"True," he said, solemnly. "For so the Lord has spoken."

"Brother Brand, the work must be hastened. There are thousands of believers scattered through the eastern and southern states. The duty of gathering themselves to the Lord's appointed place must be preached with greater diligence. We have a vast country that must be occupied." He rose and stood again by the map.

"See, it extends from the Rocky Mountains to the sea. Our settlements are pushing southward along the Jordan Valley and to the west. The colony here at San Bernardino is growing wonderfully and is already beginning to swarm. But this entire domain must be occupied in the name of the Lord of Hosts. It must be done quickly. Shall the will of the Lord be thwarted through our sluggishness?"

Brand noticed a spot of red growing on his right cheek, his words betrayed a certain air of excitement.

"This land is *ours*. But the federal government claims it, by right of treaty with Mexico. The discovery of gold in California has attracted a vast num-

ber of adventurers who will dispute our title; also emigration has begun on the part of the Gentiles, and, if we would hold our own, the people must gather, and gather quickly."

"But is not Congress being petitioned to recognize the right and authority of the State of Deseret?" Brand interrupted.

"Yes; but it's useless. They have already denied our petition, and federal officers are being appointed to rule over us. True, President Young is recognized as governor, but they will seek to remove him on the first pretext; the jurisdiction of our courts is refused recognition at Washington; and corrupt men from Washington are being sent out to stir up strife and to spy out our doings."

Much of this was news to Brand, and he sat in silence reviewing the situation.

"But, thank God, our people can be trusted," Elder Willard continued. "The President of the United States and Congress will yet find out that the crook of Brother Brigham's little finger is more powerful with the people than federal enactments, the decisions of courts of justice, or than the threatenings of military force."

"But the government at Washington is not contemplating armed interference!" exclaimed Brand, aghast at the suggestion.

"The pretense is the safety of travelers and the protection of property," Willard replied bitterly. "It's all a pretense, of course. But our enemies have never forgotten their vindictive hatred of our people. Have you forgotten? Have we not, from the beginning, been subject to every violence and outrage? Were

we not driven from Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois? Was not our prophet, Joseph, compelled to fight his enemies during the whole course of his life, until he was finally martyred through their hellish malignity? Were we not driven from our peaceful homes at the point of the bayonet and compelled to seek our fortunes in the great wilderness lying to the westward? Was not your own father murdered in defense of the temple city, Nauvoo? Do not forget that this nation has not experienced a change of heart toward the Saints of God."

Brand was thoroughly aroused. He realized that there was a sterner battle before them than any they had yet waged. He reached forward and took Elder Willard by the hand.

"The commands of the church were sufficient, but now my heart is with you, and I stay gladly."

"Thank you," replied Willard. "I have not doubted you. Your loyalty is well known. But now there is another thing. I have never been quite in harmony with the policy of evasions and denials that has been followed all these years."

Brand flushed a little, but returned his look steadily.

"We have declared to the world our faith in the prophet Joseph," Willard continued. "We have announced that he was commissioned to uncover some startling truths. We have not preached these truths openly. We have reserved them to be cautiously unfolded to our converts, only after they have become thoroughly established and committed. The plan has worked well in the past, I admit, but I believe the time is ripe for the adoption of a bolder policy. Advices from Salt Lake indicate that President Young is coming

to the same opinion. My impression is that we will soon be ordered to make known the whole counsel of God."

Brand was considerably startled. He thought back over his past missionary experiences. A flashing picture of Carissa came before him. His instincts and acquired habits of thought forced a remonstrance.

"But will not such a course rob us of all chance of gaining a hearing? And will not the abrupt change in policy cause many who are not fully grounded, to turn back again?"

"It will probably be a year or more before the change is inaugurated," Elder Willard replied. "But it *must* come *soon.*"

There was a quiet smile of sarcasm upon his lips that Brand could not immediately interpret. As he sought to force his understanding, there came to his mind certain esoteric teachings of the great prophet that had been whispered about in old Nauvoo, and certain arguments by which these teachings had been reinforced. He recalled that these teachings had been the basis of repeated charges against the prophet Joseph's character. So fierce had been the storm of opposition aroused, that the missionaries had been instructed to give them emphatic denial. Surely these were not the things that were to be given out! It was incredible, that, after all these years, the veil of secrecy and denial was to be removed concerning *this* matter that would create such unfailing prejudice everywhere. He again thought of Carissa, and by an effort of will dismissed the sinister suggestion. He had been in the habit of closing his eyes to certain things in the conduct of the leaders of his people and this habit helped him.

Elder Willard had been studying him closely during this brief mental debate, and now spoke with an air of carelessness.

"You say that some who have been won under the old preaching may turn back. If true, it is simply an additional reason for hastening the gathering to a place where they can assimilate the doctrines of the church more quickly. When they have once crossed the mountains, they will not turn back."

Again that smile of quiet amusement came upon his thin lips, but passed as quickly.

"After all," he continued, "I think you are mistaken in your fears of a general apostasy. Those who have been won thus far are not from among those who will make nice distinctions in points of theology. They will take the Bible as it is expounded to them, and will turn to the Book of Mormon and the Doctrines and Covenants for further enlightenment."

Brand smiled appreciatively.

"That is probably true as far as the majority is concerned," he said, "but are we now to change the character of our preaching?"

"No, not yet! I have no instructions. But you must set forth with all your power the divine authority of the prophet Joseph and of the holy priesthood, for a foundation for what is coming; urge also the immediate gathering to Zion of all those who would escape the curse that is about to be hurled upon a rebellious and disbelieving world. The fight is on, Brother Brand, and we must be ready. Great things are being done yonder in Zion, and the hearts of all men will soon warn them of the impending judgments of the Lord."

"I shall be ready," Brand answered firmly.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST PRINCIPLES

The home of the Brands, in New York, was originally a farm of considerable extent, surrounding a large, substantial but unpretentious stone house looking toward the Hudson. It had been encroached upon, however, by the growth of the city, until, in 1852, it looked strangely out of place, with its aspect of staid, old-fashioned respectability and seclusion, in the midst of the modern dwellings and business houses that were rapidly hemming it in on every side. The original acres of field and fruit orchard had disappeared, even during the lifetime of old Charlton Brand, Eaton's father. Now the old house stood as a bit of anachronism on a narrow back street, while the space to the north and south, as well as between it and the river, was filled with evidence of the throbbing life of a city, that already was taking its place as one of the great commercial and distributing centers of the world.

To this house, still quaintly old-fashioned in its interior arrangements and furnishings, Eaton Brand brought his wife. Carissa received what she afterward learned was a characteristic greeting from Mr. Brand's mother, affectionate but impersonal, warm but devoid of fuss or curiosity.

"You are welcome, dearie. You must be tired. We have expected you, and are glad you have come."

Her arrival made no change in domestic arrangements. She was evidently expected to fill the cozy nook that had long been prepared for her in this quiet home. She had a curious feeling that if she had come several years earlier or later, or if she had been an entirely different person, it would have made no difference.

Old Mrs. Brand was quiet, uninterested in anything outside her home, but possessed the rare touch of a genuine housekeeper, that imparted a delightful air of snug homeliness to her surroundings.

Carissa was charmed, although she had an indefinable sense of self-effacement. She found that she had no duties to perform, and that the long hours of the day were at her free disposal.

"You must be happy here," Brand said to her, tenderly. "This will be our home for a few months. I may be absent part of the time, but it will be a delight to think of coming back to you."

She tried to conceal the disappointment that she felt because they were not going west at once.

"Will it be long?" she asked, wistfully. "And what am I to do, dear, while you are away? You will not want me to be idle."

He smiled upon her indulgently. "And so you must do your share! Is that it? But are you quite ready, dearest? You must play the part of pupil a little longer, I think. Do you quite realize that these people would look at you coldly? Ply you with hard questions? Even assail you with abuse? No, dearest, I cannot run the risk for you."

"Very well, darling; you know best," she said, with a brave smile. But her spirit was touched with sad-

ness. Somehow, her instinct told her that her spiritual health ran along lines of activity.

One day she received a caller, a trim little woman with a round, resolute face, dark eyes and an air of quiet decision.

"I am the wife of the Methodist minister, Mr. Allen. Our church is just around the corner. We heard of your arrival, and I called to invite you to our services."

"It is very good of you," Carissa replied, hesitatingly, "and I am sure you mean your invitation kindly, but my husband is an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I ——"

"Are you really Mormons, then?" interrupted her visitor, with a look of pitying surprise. "The rumor has gone all over the neighborhood, but I didn't believe it. Last night Mr. Allen and I walked past, and when I saw you under the trees, I said that it couldn't be true."

Carissa flushed.

"Why should it not be true?" she answered, with a certain reserve.

"Why? You don't look like a Mormon. Nor does your husband, and I can't believe it yet."

"We are called Mormons," began Carissa. "But——"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen, and looked as though she were wondering how she could close the interview. "Of course if I had believed it——"

"You would not have called?" said Carissa, quietly. "I am sorry. Sorry for you."

"Why is it that we Mormons meet with such hatred and persecution? My husband is now on a preaching tour in a so-called Christian community, and I do not

know whether he is being mobbed or not, or whether he will return to me bearing the marks of violence. Is not the spirit of Christ lacking where such things can be?"

There was a ring of sincerity in her speech that won her visitor's heart. Mrs. Allen impulsively stepped forward and extended her hand.

"My dear, I'm sure you are a good woman, no matter what they say about your people. I don't like to have your doctrines preached, because I believe them harmful, but I don't believe in persecution, and I do believe in Christian charity. Can I come and see you sometimes?"

Carissa was finding this woman's gentleness harder to face than opposition would have been. She felt how imperfectly she was equipped for missionary effort. Suddenly she remembered:

"I wish you would come," she answered, frankly. "But bring your husband, and come when Mr. Brand is at home. I think you do not understand us, and I want him to explain."

Mrs. Allen hesitated a moment, but the invitation of Carissa's confident face was irresistible, her curiosity was aroused, and she finally broke into a little laugh.

"Yes, we will come. But will you not be afraid when two men get into controversy on a religious topic?"

"Oh, no," replied Carissa, quite seriously. "Besides, we women shall be there, ready with the oil of charity for troubled waters."

"You, dear, sweet young thing. You are no more meant for a missionary than for a kangaroo. Yes, we'll come. Good-day." And Mrs. Allen trotted

out of the room, while Carissa did not know whether to laugh or cry.

When Brand returned she told him of the visit.

"So you are inviting conflict, are you?" he said, playfully. "But such a meeting can have no good result. Our bitterest opponents are the clergy. They are dependent for their living on pushing their own churches, and are very jealous of the inroads we make upon their flocks."

"But Mrs. Allen will understand," interrupted Carissa. "She seems so good and kind and gentle. She said that she did not believe in persecution. Perhaps she has never had the truth explained to her."

"If they come, dearest, believe me I will not avoid the issue. But do not expect too much. It is seldom that a sectarian minister has a mind at all hospitable to the truth."

It was several evenings later when Mr. and Mrs. Allen called. As the two gentlemen shook hands, Mr. Allen laughingly remarked:

"It seems that these ladies have arranged for a controversy, but really, sir, I do not come seeking one. I am but slightly familiar with your beliefs, and the checkered history of your people. I come only because my wife has insisted. I will confess to strong prejudices, and I am not sure that anything you might say will remove them."

"Your statement is certainly a frank one," said Brand. He was studying his visitor carefully, and felt that the only result to be aimed at was to come off victor in the eyes of Carissa.

"I seldom attempt to remove deep-seated prejudice. I haven't the time," he added calmly.

"But, Mr. Brand," said Mrs. Allen, "we want to hear a statement of what you preach. There are so many rumors, you know."

"I do not think you will be startled," he said, smiling, "and it pleases me that you do not seek the information from our enemies. We preach faith, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and obedience to all the ordinances of the Gospel."

"That certainly sounds very harmless," remarked Mr. Allen, dryly. "You speak of faith, but what must a man believe, according to your doctrine?"

"All of divine truth that has been revealed, all that is being revealed, and all that shall yet be revealed," quoted Mr. Brand, sententiously.

"Your answer allows considerable latitude for individual judgment, Mr. Brand, and I understand that your definition of the 'ordinances of the gospel' includes some very strange observances, utterly unknown to the Christian world. For example, do you not believe in a new Bible, called the Book of Mormon, and in certain revelations claimed to be received by Joseph Smith, that contradict the teachings of the New Testament?"

"We claim, sir, that the ancient scriptures of the Nephites and the revelations received by Joseph the Seer do not contradict the Bible, but only serve to clarify its teachings and consequently to increase its authority."

"In what respect?" queried his visitor, lifting his eyebrows.

"In the matter of administering the ordinances of

God, with reference also to the constitution of the church and the authority of the holy priesthood and many other things that pertain to life and salvation."

"That subject would form matter for endless controversy, I fear, Mr. Brand," commented his visitor. "But, pardon the personal allusion, you are a man of ability and education, and your wife is a woman of intelligence and refinement; it seems strange that you should believe in such an absurd thing as this pretended new revelation and should be the followers of a fanatical impostor."

Mr. Allen was somewhat heated, and spoke impulsively. Carissa flushed angrily, and turned her eyes to her husband.

"So might a Jew have spoken to a Christian in the days of Paul," he answered, readily.

"How so?"

"The Jew continued to revere the law of Jehovah when it had become a mere letter. He cherished the traditions of Abraham, Moses, Elijah and the prophets, though he had modified them to suit the conditions of his day; he was convicted of apostasy and required to accept a new revelation of truth. In retaliation he charged the Christians with being followers of a fanatical impostor, and persecuted them with religious zeal."

"I am afraid, sir, that the parallel cannot be established."

"Let us see. Look at the picture of the Jewish community of that time, and see how perfectly it fits the Christian community of to-day.

"The ancient glory of the Hebrew people had departed, the voice of revelation was silent, the

prophets had ceased to prophesy, the power to perform miracles had been taken away, God had withdrawn Himself from the church, and religious forms were no longer vitalized by the presence of the supernatural. There were still many rabbis, profoundly learned, who enunciated well-worn dogmas, adorning them with all that was lofty in thought, sublime in language, and fascinating in imagination; they possessed beautiful synagogues and elaborate forms of worship; they practiced extensive charities, published commentaries and renderings and interpretations, some fanciful and frivolous, some profound and erudite; but they were broken by sectarian strife; and because the spirit of God had departed, and they were dependent upon human leadership, they knew not where to turn to find the true way. You are familiar with the seven sects of the Pharisees, three or four of Essenes, Sadducees, and others too numerous to mention; and this is but a feeble picture of the Christianity of to-day, a hundredfold more sectarian and jarring than were the Jews at the time of our Lord."

Mr. Allen was unprepared to refute this historic parallel. He contented himself with saying, courteously:

"I grant you that the church of Christ is divided into many denominations, but in each the vital truth of Christianity still resides."

"The vital truth of God has been and ever will be this: that an open channel of communication exists between Him and His church on earth," Brand asserted. "When that is closed, old revelations become antedated, obscured and perverted. For seventeen centuries men have been trusting to their own devices; the

Gospel of Christ submitted to receive a veneer of paganism, and was lost to men in the process."

"But the church has had its reformers who tore off this veneer," protested Mr. Allen.

"Yes, like the reformers of the Hebrew people, but there has soon been substitution of some new man-made contrivance. Without the open vision of God the church cannot be trusted to guard its own treasure. He whom you contemptuously style a fanatical impostor, had this open vision. He received constant revelation of the divine will, and by it guided the newly established church."

"But people affirm that Joseph Smith was of unbalanced mind, unscrupulous, clever and daring, but evil in his character and life."

"Pious men who prayed often and fasted frequently affirmed that Jesus and His followers were foul impostors, vile Sabbath breakers, gluttons, wine-bibbers, treasonable persons not fit to live. Do you judge Jesus by the testimony of His enemies? No, you judge His character and His works by the testimony of friends. Pursue the same judgment toward Joseph Smith, and the issue is triumph."

"You speak well, Mr. Brand, but let me ask you,—did your prophet teach the doctrine of the plurality of wives? Do your people secretly practice polygamy? It has been so charged by public men who claim to know, and who have reiterated the charge again and again."

Brand hesitated, as if in weariness at the repeated necessity of repelling false and malicious accusations. He rose from his seat. Carissa watched him with love, while admiration and confidence beamed from

her eyes. She had heard him reply to this charge before.

He turned to the table on which lay the Book of Doctrines and Covenants.

"It is true that we have been accused of actions the most indelicate and disgusting," he said. "I have not the patience to deny them. Here is a work published by us and containing our articles of faith."

He turned to a certain page and handed the open book to his visitor, who took it and read aloud:

" 'Inasmuch as this church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe, that one man should have *one* wife, and one woman *but one* husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.'

"That seems clear enough," said Mr. Allen, after reading the dubious words, and not observing their ambiguous meaning. "But how comes it that the charge is made so often? Until Joseph Smith began to gather his people about him, and form settlements, and develop his own peculiar ideas of social life, the word 'polygamy' was as little used as the word 'polyandry,' but now it is in everyone's mouth in connection with the 'Latter Day Saints,' as you are called."

"It is a long story, sir," answered Mr. Brand, promptly, with considerable stiffness in his manner. "And it is a story not very creditable to our opponents. When we defeat them in argument, their malice resorts to slander; they build up on every idle, whispered word of malcontents and perjured apostates. They have driven us from city to city, and now that we have found a secure resting place on the tops of the

mountains, they seek to poison the minds of those whom we would reach, by circulating the vilest calumnies concerning us. But it shall not be for long," he concluded, with startling emphasis. "The time is at hand when God shall open the vials of wrath against these lying deceivers, and when the truth that has been committed to us shall shine forth gloriously."

Mr. Allen was silenced completely by this bold denial, but, as they took their departure a little later, he said to his wife: "That man is dangerous because of his plausibility and boldness, as well as on account of his theories. But I am sorry for his wife, she seems to believe everything he says."

When the Allens had gone, Brand continued to pace the floor uneasily. Suddenly he picked up the book that he had handed to his visitor, and read again the words slowly and carefully.

"What is troubling you, dear?" said Carissa, coming to him and placing her hand lovingly on his arm.

"Nothing at all," he answered, closing the book and turning to her with an appearance of frankness. "I am just growing a little weary of staying on here in the east; of having to meet continually this hostility, this bitter criticism."

"You are tired, dear," she said, gently and soothingly. "I shall insist upon your taking some rest. You must give up some of these preaching tours."

But he shook his head, and an expression that was almost fierce came into his face.

"No, the battle is on, and I will not be found wanting. I was wrong to yield to depression even for a moment. But it is good to feel your tender sympathy, and to know that *you* can never be shaken."

He held her away from him and studied her face questioningly, then drew her into his arms and held her close.

A few days later, when Brand was absent, Mrs. Allen called and handed Carissa a copy of the Book of Mormon.

"Mr. Allen has marked this book for you. He wants you to promise to read the passages underscored and the comments he has made. Will you do it?"

Carissa hesitated, she wondered what could be his object.

"It is the first edition of the book that you claim came from God. Surely you are not unwilling to read and judge for yourself?" her visitor urged.

"I will read it," said Carissa, gravely, although there was an element of distrust in her heart.

Brand had already taught her to regard this book as of equal authority with the Bible, but she had never read it, except when he was present to explain its meaning.

Now, as she set herself to the task, a sense of wrong-doing oppressed her; for on the margins everywhere she found terse pencilings, calling attention to the crudities, extravagances, absurdities and contradictions that everywhere abounded.

In spite of herself the thought began to take shape that this book was simply a clumsy imitation of the Bible, verbose and stupid, composed by one whose irreverence was only equaled by his ignorance and conceit.

Her own reading had been sufficiently good for her to recognize the absurd inconsistencies and inaccuracies that were brought to her notice.

She was pained and shocked at the startling contrast between the short, incisive, pertinent sentences of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels, and the labored, clumsy and vapid utterances attributed to Him in the book she was reading.

"And behold, this is the thing which I will give unto you for a sign, for verily I say unto you, that when these things which I declare unto you and which I shall declare unto you hereafter of myself, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, which shall be given unto you of the Father, shall be made known unto the Gentiles, that they may know concerning this people, who are a remnant of the house of Jacob, and concerning this my people, who shall be scattered by them; verily, verily I say unto you, when these things shall be made known unto them of the Father, and shall come forth of the Father, from them unto you, for it is wisdom in the Father that they should be established in this land, and be set up as a free people by the power of the Father, that these things might come forth from them unto a remnant of your seed, that the covenant of the Father may be fulfilled which he has covenanted with his people, O house of Israel; therefore, when these works, and the works which shall be wrought among you hereafter, shall come forth from the Gentiles unto your seed, which shall dwindle in unbelief because of iniquity; for thus it behooveth the Father that it should come forth from the Gentiles, that he may show forth his power unto the Gentiles, for this cause, that the Gentiles, if they will not harden their hearts, that they may repent and come unto me, and be baptized in my name, and know of the true points of my doctrine, that they may be numbered

among my people, O house of Israel; and when these things come to pass, that thy seed shall begin to know these things, it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced, unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel."

"And Jesus again showed himself unto them, for they were praying unto the Father, in his name; and Jesus came and stood in the midst of them and saith unto them, what will ye that I shall give unto you? And they said unto him, Lord, we will that thou wouldst tell us the name whereby we shall call this church; for there are disputations among the people concerning this matter. And the Lord said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, why is it the people should murmur and dispute because of this thing? have they not read the scriptures, which say ye must take upon you the name of Christ, which is my name? for by this name shall ye be called at the last day; and whoso taketh upon him my name, and endureth to the end, the same shall be saved at the last day; therefore whatsoever ye shall do, ye shall do it in my name; therefore ye shall call the church in my name; and ye shall call upon the Father in my name, that he will bless the church for my sake; and how be it my church, save it be called in my name? for if a church be called in Moses' name, then it be Moses' church; or if it be called in the name of a man, then it be the church of a man; but if it be called in my name, then it is my church, if it so be that they are built upon my gospel. Verily, I say unto you, that ye are built upon my gospel; therefore ye shall call

whatsoever things ye do in my name; therefore if ye call upon the Father, for the church, if it be in my name, the Father will hear you; and if it so be that the church is built upon my gospel, then will the Father show forth his own works in it; but if it be not built upon my gospel, and is built upon the works of men, or upon the works of the devil, verily I say unto you, they have joy in their works for a season, and by and by the end cometh and they are hewn down and cast into the fire, from whence there is no return; for their works do follow them, for it is because of their works that they are hewn down, therefore remember the things that I have told you."

For a long time she read, as one bound by her promise, finding her attention continually called to examples of execrable grammar and ridiculous composition.

"Yea, if my days could have been in them days," she read, "but, behold, I am consigned that these are my days."

"And they having been waxed strong in battle, that they might not be destroyed."

"Even until they had arriven to the land of Middoni."

"Now when Ammon and his brethren saw this work of destruction among those who they so dearly beloved, and among those who had so dearly beloved them."

"He went forth among the people, waving the rent of his garment in the air, that all might see the writing which he had wrote upon the rent."

These were a few of the gems of inspiration which she read, and she found them distinctly amusing.

But, of a sudden, her mental attitude flashed upon her, and she flung the book from her. It fell upon the floor—her Holy Book! With a half articulate cry, she rose, picked it up, and put it reverently on the table. This, then, was the net spread for her by her enemies. And she had fallen into it—disloyally, presumptuously, wickedly, had fallen into it! Her conscience smote her. Not until evening came, and she had told it all to her husband, and had heard his soothing words, was she comforted.

"Dearest, it is God's Word brought to us in the language of ignorant men who lived and suffered ages ago. Your friends are false friends who would poison your peace. We will read these books together, and you will find them full of inspiration for pure thinking and noble living."

When Mrs. Allen called again, Carissa denied herself to her visitor, and returned the book that had been, in her eyes, so terribly perverted by a sacrilegious touch.

CHAPTER XII

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Brand's intercourse with Elder Willard during the long winter months was not without its influence on his character. It served as a wholesome balance against his tendency to yield too fully to Carissa's point of view. After a day spent in the bracing companionship of this clear-headed, keen-witted exponent of practical Mormonism, he marveled at himself that he had made no greater headway in modifying the ideal conceptions that he had unwittingly implanted in her mind by invoking the picture of primitive Christianity. Her idea of primitive Christianity had proved very different from his own. She assented to much that he set before her, but the tenacity with which she clung to her preconceived ideas of the essential spirit of Christianity prevented her from grasping its real significance. Yet how could he undeceive her? Once or twice he attempted to brutally shatter her paganized dreams of a spiritual kingdom by reading to her from Apostle Pratt's essays on "The Kingdom of God," and "Absurdities of Immaterialism," but her startled look of incredulity and her immediate protest of rejection warned him that such forceful presentation of the doctrine he held was, as yet, premature.

"Her mind is not logically constructed," he thought. "It is rather a channel for the outward play of feelings and emotions."

And he tried to be content with simply leading her sympathies into association with the plans and struggles of her adopted people.

"There will probably never be any real necessity for her to acquire a rational grasp upon our system of theology," he would assure himself, though this assurance trembled somewhat as he recalled his first interview with Elder Willard.

During these winter months the gospel of "The Gathering" and of "The Authority of the Holy Priesthood" was preached with great diligence.

Under instructions received through Elder Willard, the missionaries of New York and vicinity went forth as a unit and remarkable success attended their labors. They met with bitter opposition, they were denounced by the pulpit and arraigned before the bar of public opinion by the press. Angry mobs often rose against them, but nothing could check their aggressive, proselyting spirit. Two by two they would canvass a village or city, going from house to house, leaving tracts, holding private conversations and preaching wherever they had opportunity.

The majority of their converts were among the women, and the men were often further exasperated into acts of violence by feeling that underhand methods were being used.

If persecution and lively hatred could have killed a religious movement, Mormonism would not have survived its early experience. But persecution often proved its most valuable ally. Where mobs arose to disturb the meetings and to drive out the Elders, they had learned that the awakened interest and the certain reaction would afford them their opportunity; as

they preached *openly* nothing offensive, and boldly denied the truth of all charges brought against them, it was not strange that many conversions should follow.

In these campaigns Brand did not spare himself. At times he was absent for weeks, and when he returned he spoke of long itineraries, of the excitement of the country people over the new doctrines, of opposition from the different sects, and of occasional bursts of religious enthusiam that resulted in many new accessions but more often of rejection, hatred, scoffing and threatened violence.

On one occasion Carissa was startled into a vivid recollection of the first time he had entered the hallway in her old home in England, as she saw, on his return from one of these tours, a dark discoloration over the left temple that brought out in striking relief the pallor of the clean shaven lower portion of the face.

"What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed in quick nervous alarm.

"Nothing, dearest — not now — it is simply the mark of a blow—it stunned me a little at the time, but I spoke as well as ever in the evening. That was several days ago."

Even as he spoke a heavy frown gathered upon his brow.

"I have said it is nothing. But is it nothing? I am safe it is true, but our brethren everywhere are being subjected to horrible indignities," he continued bitterly. "For the present we must endure, but the day is coming when the Lord of Hosts will commission us to give battle in His name and then, woe to those that have scorned, ridiculed, lied against, denounced

and rejected the message which we bear. Those who have poured abuse like a flood upon the heads of the innocent shall themselves be utterly confounded and overthrown."

Carissa had never seen him in so dark a mood, and she sat silent with a certain fear at her heart as he related with intense feeling the stories that had come to him of atrocities perpetrated against the Saints.

Presently, however, he spoke of the increasing numbers of those who were gathering to the standard of the church.

"They have been hardened by persecution," he said, shaking off his depression, "and their power is increasing with marvelous rapidity. Soon our persecutors themselves shall sue for mercy. Carissa, there are thousands that have wended their way across the plains this season, alone, and there are many thousands more who are coming. We can afford to endure for a time, for the day of ultimate triumph is not far distant."

From this time her thoughts followed him with anxiety, and she spent many hours in prayer that God would guide and protect him.

On more than one occasion Brand had been pursued by a jeering crowd almost to the neighborhood of his own home, but had shaken them off and had said nothing of the circumstance.

One beautiful evening in September over a year since their departure from England, Carissa walked out to meet her husband whose return she momently expected. She was feeling languid and strangely depressed. She had been thinking of the old home, not regretfully, but with a subtle tugging at the heart-

strings that affected her as a premonition of coming trouble. She thought she had noticed an unexplained anxiety throwing its shadows of late over the calm serenity of her husband's countenance—and now, over against the thoughts of the old, happy, care-free life, she saw her love for him stand out in bold relief as the one thing that had come to make up her existence.

"If anything should happen to him!" Her heart stood still at the thought.

The bright fabric that she had woven in the inner chamber of her consciousness was all centered about him. What she had called her religious faith was, after all, faith in him. Her absorbing interest in this people that she had never seen was because they were his people and because he had awakened it by his magician's touch.

Suddenly she heard the sound of shouting, and turning the corner of the street before her she witnessed a disorderly rabble of men and boys. The figure in advance, now turning and speaking as with remonstrance, his hand lifted in protest, now advancing with dignified determination to heed not their jeering and to disregard their threats of violence, she recognized as her husband.

It is doubtful if the crowd intended serious mischief. They were probably animated by the ruffianly, hunting instinct that considers every marked and despised man the object of legitimate sport and pursuit—the same instinct that tags a rabble of unwashed urchins at the heels of a sot, whose senses have been befuddled with drink and who has afforded a vent for the badgering impulses of their incipient brutality. In this case the excitement was intensified, because their

victim was well clad, in full possession of his faculties, able to understand to the full their goading taunts, and yet equally outside the pale of human sympathy and respect. They had learned by experience that pursuit could be conducted with impunity, as the only means he had ever employed in self-defense had been remonstrance or the misunderstood courage of silence.

Carissa did not realize this, and if she had, her indignation would have been none the less intense. She remembered when he had been struck down before her eyes, and the repeated threats of violence that had been made against him. She thought of the cowardly treatment in another state that the prophet Joseph had received and she rushed impetuously forward as if to protect him with her life. As Brand looked up and saw her, the predominant expression upon his face was of sad astonishment.

"Here, dearest, this is no place for you. Stay there a moment and never fear." He lifted her into the sheltered enclosure of a fence corner and then turned upon the crowd.

"And now, you cowards, get out of here. Move, I say, or there'll soon be work for surgeons of this ward in plenty."

He rushed forward, seized the foremost and largest of his pursuers, wrested the stick from his hand and deftly tripped him so that he fell heavily to the ground.

"And now get up, you fool, and follow the rest of those cowards home," he contemptuously kicked the hulking figure before him and pointed to the melting crowd.

"You see, Carissa, they're nothing but cowards after

all. I would have dismissed the escort long before this had I dreamed that you were near, to be frightened."

It was long before the color came back to Carissa's face. She panted with trepidation as she walked—she was forced to lean heavily on his arm and he was compelled to almost carry her up the steps into the hall and into her own room. She smiled at his words of reassurance, but it was a wan smile and full of pain, though loving and admiring.

That night a hasty summons was despatched for nurse and physician, the night-lamp burned till morning, and, just as day was breaking, a tiny cry from the sick room announced that a new life had come into the world.

"A healthy boy and full of vitality. He has suffered no harm from the shock." The doctor buttoned his great coat about him and smiled with professional satisfaction as he spoke.

"And she?"

"She is doing splendidly. Let her have all the rest she can get. Nurse knows what to do. I'll look in again after breakfast."

CHAPTER XIII

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

A few weeks after the birth of his son, Brand was sitting with Carissa and talking of the future. He had been able to spend much of his time with her during these weeks. Elder Willard was making a tour of the southern states, the New York headquarters had been closed, and missionary activity had been suspended, until further orders should come from Salt Lake City.

Brand had enjoyed this respite and the opportunity of being at home with his wife and boy.

"He is a child of faith, we will call him Moroni," he said with a fond look at the little fellow sleeping the sweet sleep of infancy, and an admiring glance at the proud, slightly-flushed face of his wife.

"Moroni the angel messenger, associated with the first call of the prophet Joseph, and the one who pointed out the ancient records deposited in the sacred hill Cumorah."

"It is a beautiful name," said Carissa. "Beautiful, because of its hallowed associations. When I think of his future I am anxious that even his unconscious childhood should be guarded. Do you think we shall soon be permitted to cast in our lot with the Lord's own people?"

How sweet was her attitude of motherly care and solicitude as she stooped toward the cradle, and daintily tucked in the covers with a caressing touch!

A shadow passed across Brand's features, and yet he would have been at a loss to explain its presence, or the hesitation of his words.

"I hope so, yes, and yet—Carissa, did I tell you that one of my father's old friends, whom I knew when a boy, has just come from Salt Lake? I shall want you to know him, I am to meet him to-day."

"Will you bring him to the house with you? It will be a rare pleasure to talk with him," she replied. "I have seen so few of your people, you know, and no one who could tell us about our future home."

"As I remember him," Brand continued, evading her question, "he was rugged, and somewhat uncultivated in speech, but true and loyal. Of late years he has gained considerable prominence in the church. He intimated in his letter that he had a message for me."

He could read in her eyes the hope that she entertained concerning the character of this message, and he felt that come what might his wishes were in harmony with hers.

He had spoken so often and so glowingly of the great enterprises that were being carried forward yonder in Zion, that his own soul had been fired anew with an eager desire to have part in them. He did not minimize the difficulties, he longed to grapple with them, and he had begun to persuade himself that Carissa's faith would be able to endure any experience. He sometimes accused himself of disloyalty that he had ever questioned it.

Carissa's personality from the first had stimulated the best portion of his thought, and whenever he yielded to the charm of her presence, he almost unconsciously shifted his ground, and spiritualized his own

belief in the materialistic dogmas of his creed. It would seem that the enthusiasm of her pure mind gave a passing illumination to the points of faith he urged upon her, and supplied a subtle coloring of its own to his natural flow of eloquence.

"I have to meet the Elders to-morrow, in the city, and hear the news from Zion. If the word is, March! it will be good news, won't it, sweet?"

"Ah, husband mine, wouldn't it be joyful!" exclaimed Carissa.

The messenger from Zion, whom Brand met next day in the city, was a gaunt, tall man, with bearded face, small sharp eyes, and a look of shrewdness on his features that were weather-beaten from constant exposure.

"Well, Brother Brand, you look pretty slick. I guess your labors for the Lord have been agreein' with you. You fellows on the missions have the easiest end of the load, and don't you forget it," he remarked, with rough cordiality.

"How are you, Brother Heber, it is years since I saw you," said Brand, as they shook hands in a warm greeting. "I have heard great things about you and the work."

"Yes, we've been building considerable," said Heber, drawling his words in true Yankee fashion. "At first it was hold your gun in one hand and build with the other. The Lamanites were overly inquisitive for a time, but we've taught 'em a few lessons, and several of their chiefs have been converted by Brother Brigham. A little corn and a few pellets of lead done the business. Yes, the valley has filled up and we have begun to overflow into the country around."

"And the temple?"

"The ground is there—ten acres of it. It will be consecrated in February. We need to get more money in hand for materials, before the corner stone can be laid. But it's coming. Doesn't the Lord say, 'The wealth of the world is mine,' and you may be sure we'll get our share of it." A look of shrewdness passed over his hard features. "But the people must be urged to pay up. Brother Brigham has given orders that you shall be relieved of your post here, and take personal charge of one of the first parties coming through next season."

A sigh of pleasure escaped Brand's lips. "I shall be glad. I have long coveted the opportunity."

Then as he thought of Carissa, "Who will take my place? How early ought the start to be made?'

"Well, you'll have plenty of time to close up everything this winter, and start for winter quarters in the spring," responded his visitor. "You'll want to stock up big. There's no use in takin' cash out there. Cattle and mules, farming tools and seed, with your wagons, will come mighty handy, and it wouldn't be bad to load up with general merchandise. There's a lot to be done, but you can be ready to take charge of one of the parties at the Missouri and get started up the Platte by the first of July. I'll relieve you here and give you pointers."

"Yes, there's much to be done." For a moment his mind seized the situation vividly.

"And the people there, already in Zion—are they contented and happy? How do they adjust themselves to the new conditions?" Brand asked.

"Well, there's no neighbors to quarrel with as at

Nauvoo. You know the kind of people that have come; they've mostly passed through your hands for a year or so back. They're pretty apt to be submissive and do as they're told. That's the one thing that pleases Brother Brigham. They have plenty to do, but they don't lack merry-makin's, dancin's and such. Brother Brigham encourages all this, for it keeps 'em light-hearted."

"And the services—are they soul-inspiring?"

"The what?"

"The services of worship."

"Oh, the services! Why, they're red-hot! There aren't as many revelations as in the old days, but Brother Brigham hits straight from the shoulder, and the rest of us chip in when it's necessary. There's plenty of religion to the square inch out there, and don't you forget it."

He chuckled; and Eaton Brand felt a momentary disgust, but he thought, "It's the frontier way. Heber always was an outspoken fellow."

"Say, Brand, I suppose you know they're about to let the cat out of the bag, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't mean to tell me you don't know? Didn't you see the brethren that went over to England and France, to instruct the Elders?"

"No. I have been confined to the house for the last few weeks."

"Oh, yes! I heard something about it; quite a tidy wench, they say. Some of them told Brother Brigham and he said, 'It's not right for Brother Brand to keep her in seclusion. We must bring him to the territory and have him show her off.'"

"My wife has been ill. She has just presented me with a son." Fatherly pride, and the old feeling of brotherliness for the rough character before him, subdued the irritation caused by his words.

"That's right. I'm glad to hear it! The more the merrier, and I tell you if every woman does her duty and the emigration keeps on increasing, we'll have population enough in a few years, out our way, to force the recognition of the State of Deseret.

"That brings me back," he went on. "Didn't you know they were going to announce that revelation on 'celestial marriage'?"

"What do you mean?" Brand exclaimed. "Is that to be revived? It cannot be! It must not! I have been disowning it for seven years."

He had risen in his excitement and now towered over his visitor, his fist resting heavily on the table. "I have heard rumors, but I have not believed them."

"They're true enough. Don't exercise your sensibilities in the matter. It's all right enough. It's the Lord's will for replenishing the earth. He will have a peculiar people, zealous of all good works. At any rate the matter has been decided. Commissioners have gone to Europe. Orson Pratt has gone to Washington. They are to prepare the minds of men to receive the word of the Lord."

"But isn't it suicidal? What is the necessity?"

Brand dropped back into his seat, and began nervously plucking at the wood-work. He had been aware of the secret teachings of Mormonism concerning polygamy, and knew that these teachings alone shielded the conduct of many of the leaders from the charge of criminality. But he had been told that it

was not for the world to know these things, and his conscience had early been trained to make bold public denials. For years he had deliberately closed his ears to every intimation that the practice of polygamy was on the increase, and that it must soon become a recognized principle of their faith. He thought of Carissa, and wondered and doubted.

"You see, it's this way," Heber replied, "the facts have become too notorious. The habit of denyin' the truth, even when the Lord says so, is a leetle corruptin' to the morals. At this coming conference the announcement will be made. It'll be all right; a few will turn back, because they love the fair speakin' of the ungodly, but others will come. You'll find it will prove a drawin' card, and don't you forget it."

"If it had never been concealed! But now!"

"Oh, it's all right. The Lord's hand is in it all. We are now off by ourselves, where it will bother nobody; and it wouldn't have done to have kept it secret any longer. Think of Brother Taylor denying it up and down at Boulogne, and provin' it wasn't true from the 'Doctrines and Covenants,' and him with five wives in Salt Lake City!" The argument was certainly unanswerable.

Heber studied the face of the young man before him. There was evidently a debate going on that he did not fully understand. He did not know that Brand was looking at the matter in the light that would shine from Carissa's clear and uninstructed eyes. There came as a relief the thought of the ascendency that he exercised over her.

"I can gradually unfold to her the principles involved," he thought. "There'll be abundant oppor-

tunity on the long journey. She will learn to tolerate it in others. I will assure her that she need never fear for herself."

He understood her well enough to know that nothing could ever induce her to become, personally, a part of such a system. But he did not despair of bringing her to see the beauty and utility of the abstract theory, so long as it was illustrated only in the lives of others.

"Well, I suppose it was inevitable that it should come," he finally assented. "I suppose we might as well make a full front of it, but it will raise a furious storm. It is a pity that it was ever concealed, or that there was ever anything that needed to be concealed."

"You forget that you're setting yourself against the will of the Lord. Be careful, brother."

"True, I do forget, but I was commanded to forget. The habit of denouncing the thing, as I have done by express instructions for these years, is not easily to be broken," he said bitterly.

"Well, the habit had better be snapped off short before you reach Brother Brigham," said the other, and added kindly, "you'll soon get used to it. As for that storm you speak of, there's nothing like a storm to make the chickens run for shelter. Mark my words, it'll be followed by a bigger emigration to Zion than we've yet known. They'll come from Europe and from the States, too, and all the quicker when the places where they've been comfortable become too hot for 'em. I must go down to Washington in a few days and lend a hand to Brother Pratt. There's considerable work on hand. You've got the

biggest heft of what I had to say. I'll run out to the old place some day, when I get back."

"You will be welcome, Brother Heber, but—" he hesitated. The shrewd face of Heber lighted up as with a sudden understanding.

"I see. There's a little complexity down there, is there? You don't want anything said about all this, you think you can ravel it out best alone. Well, perhaps that's so. Just be firm; caution's all right, but firmness'll do the business. Don't you be afraid of my spoiling the job. The Lord be with you, brother."

After his departure, Eaton Brand considered: "No, nothing must be said until after the journey has begun. There will be abundant opportunity during those long weeks. I wonder how she will receive it. But she must be made to know that it is the will of the Lord. I will put it to her gently, but firmly, and she will accept it."

When he reached home that evening, he cried out:

"Carissa, we're going, we're going. In the spring we are to start for Zion."

"Oh, how glad I am!" and she threw herself into his arms. "I have longed for the time to come, I have prayed for it."

"Yes, dearest, it has been hard to wait."

"And I am so glad for Moroni. Come and see him."

And they stood looking at the young monkey, who was smiling in his sleep like an angel. The mother's heart throbbed quickly. She would be happy now, and her son would grow to a noble manhood, cherishing the fine ideals of his people.

As soon as Brand was alone, his thought reverted to the news that he had received through Heber.

The revelation on celestial marriage was to be given to the world. That revelation was a divine authorization of polygamy. It is true that he had known for a long time that this was a system believed in and practiced in secret by the leaders of the church. But now, it was to be proclaimed openly, as the social system of the people among whom they were to live! As this fact came home to him, he paced up and down in his study restlessly. For himself, he would not have minded it, but as he thought of his wife, he exclaimed, bitterly:

"It's a beastly business."

Presently, he seated himself in his chair and set the matter squarely before himself.

He had denied this thing in the past. This fact put him in an unpleasant situation! But he had denied it in obedience to the express commands of the church. His conscience did not accuse him of wrong doing, for he was fully persuaded of the unquestionable authority of the holy priesthood. Obedience to that authority was the first requisite of moral conduct.

"Preach nothing but the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," commanded the twelve apostles of this Latter Day Church, "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance toward God, baptism in the name of Jesus for the remission of sins, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, the resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment. Leave the further mysteries of the kingdom till God shall tell you to preach them, which is not now."

This was the commission under which he had

worked. It had been his duty, not only to conceal these further mysteries, but also, if need were, to deny their existence.

The voice of the prophet had spoken with no uncertain sound:

"I say unto you, hold your peace until I shall see fit to make all things known unto the world concerning this matter."

"And now I say unto you, *keep these things from going abroad into the world*, until it is expedient in me."

"But a *commandment* I give unto you that they shall not *boast* themselves of these things, neither speak of them before the world, for these things are given unto *you* for *your profit* and *your salvation.*"

These commandments had been his rule of action. He did not now question their righteousness. He remembered some who had disobeyed and who had brought evil upon the church, by making confession of the actual teachings and practices of the Saints prematurely; and he felt that just punishment had been meted to them when they were cut off, without mercy, and given over to the buffetings of Satan as treasonable apostates. He set all this before his mind, and acquitted himself of blame; but this justification did not remove the unpleasantness. It would prove unfortunate, indeed, unless he could bring Carissa to look at the matter from his point of view.

The thought came not to join the emigration westward, at least for a time. But he knew this would be construed as disobedience. Suddenly he startled himself with the question: "Am I sitting in judgment upon the representatives of God?"

The warning of Heber sounded in his ears: "Be careful, brother!"

Was he to permit his private interests to divert him from the path of duty? After all, would a temporizing policy help him? And then, too, had he been strong all these years to fail now?

The great West was calling to him. His heart was in the mighty enterprises that were being carried forward. His interests were all enlisted in the future of his people. The controlling ambition of his life was associated with their career and destiny. As he strained his mental vision upon the future, the strength of his desire came to influence his judgment. Carissa would yet learn to look upon all this from his standpoint. Why was he indulging his apprehensions? She had always listened to him; she had proved herself teachable.

"Yes, but this is different," he said.

He was compelled to acknowledge that there would be no eagerness on her part to adopt the further mysteries of the faith. For a moment, he felt that this fact was in keeping with all that had been so powerful in her attraction for him, but he put away the thought with impatience. He must be guarded with her, that he knew. There was really nothing in her mind as yet, upon which such a revelation could rest. He must build patiently and securely, that was all. He realized to the full the gravity of the situation, but as he sat there, confidence, born of his sanguine temperament, began to return.

"I will be firm, but gentle," he thought, "and surely the long winter evenings still before us, and the protracted journey overland, will afford abundant opportunities."

His meditations were interrupted. A light tap sounded upon the door, and Carissa entered.

"May I come in, dear?"

Her face was flushed; her eyes were sparkling. She had been indulging in delightful anticipations.

"Are you busy, dear? I want to talk with you. It seems too good to be true."

He smiled upon her lovingly.

"Are you so anxious, then, to leave this cozy nest, where we have been so happy?"

There was tenderness in his words.

She took a low seat by his side.

"It is true; we have been happy here, but—" she hesitated a moment before she added, "I have spent so many anxious hours, dearest, when you have been away. It is hard to feel that the world is so bitter in its hatred."

"Your loving heart has exaggerated all that, my wife."

"Then, too," she continued, "I have never thought of this as our permanent home. It is only a stopping-place on our way to that great country of God."

"That is true," he said steadily, but with a trace of compassion softening his tone, "but, dearest, you must not look for dazzling external conditions. The glory of our people is in their docility and obedience. They have been terribly tested. They have suffered every privation, but the eye of faith has always seen the hand of God. They have endured hunger and cold; have lived in tents and wagons and rude temporary shelters, constructed of logs and mud. Some have murmured and waxed disobedient against the voice of the holy priesthood and have been cut off. Even

now there are discordant elements that need a hand as strong and firm as that of Moses or Joshua to control them."

"Yes, I suppose it must be so," she said, sadly.

"You see, Carissa," he continued, tenderly, "the consciences of all these people have been trained by man-made traditions, and have been subjected to the test of laws enacted by the ungodly. The result is that they have learned to put their own standards of right and honor and morality against the revealed will of God. The revelations of Joseph Smith are not to be subjected to this test, and those who attempt it are not of the true faith."

"His teachings always harmonized with the teachings of Christ, did they not?" she asked, innocently.

"Certainly," he replied, with a trace of impatience, "but you must not think of him as a mere commentator. He was endowed with the open vision of God. He spoke as one having authority. He did not hesitate to declare: 'I know more than all the world put together, and the Holy Ghost comprehends more than all the world, and I will associate with it.' "

Carissa was startled. The words seemed so vulgarly self-assertive. She felt a momentary shock of repugnance. Brand observed it, and continued firmly, but gently:

"That sounds like a presumptuous claim, I know, but he needed to assert his authority, in order to break through the barriers of men's unbelief. Our President, Brigham Young, declared, and his words express a solemn truth, Carissa: 'Every soul that confesseth that Joseph Smith was a prophet, that he lived and died a prophet, and that the Book of Mormon is true,

is of Christ, and every soul that does not do this is of Antichrist.' "

There was a certain sternness about Brand's manner that was new to her. She did not dare to confess, even to herself, the sudden feeling of apprehension that had seized her, but he saw it in her eyes. For a moment he feared that he had gone too far or too quickly. His manner instantly changed. He went to her, bent over her and kissed her lovingly on the lips.

"Joseph Smith, dearest, was a true servant of God, a true disciple of Christ, but he had a necessary message for this age: To prepare the way for Christ's second coming. We have our part in a great work, and through obedience, you will find that the testimony of your own heart will become a precious possession."

His tone was one of deep sincerity. She was comforted and reassured, as she always was, by his words, but a consciousness of her ignorance, and of her lack of spiritual insight began to oppress her.

"I seem so slow in learning," she said, as she nestled toward him.

"Never mind, dear. The realm of truth is very wide. No man can explore it all. It is only necessary for us to grasp firmly certain principles, and then yield ourselves to the guidance of Him who knoweth all things, and the end from the beginning, and who speaks through His servants."

They were silent. As he put his arm about her and held her closely, his thoughts turned to Heber and his rough utterances. How would she adjust herself to these people? He had never been in Salt Lake City,

and knew nothing of their life, but he thought of scenes in old Nauvoo—Joseph Smith on horseback, holding a review of the Nauvoo legion, surrounded by thousands of admiring people, greeted everywhere with reverential respect; again, preaching to vast multitudes of attentive listeners, never hesitating, always speaking with authority and clinching his utterances with a "thus sayeth the Lord."

"Surely this man was a true prophet," he thought. "God has prospered marvelously this movement, that had so small a beginning, and that has encountered such furious opposition."

He looked down into Carissa's face, that was now untroubled and contented.

"She will believe," he thought, but he felt a strange yearning of compassion for her. "There will be much that will repel her. She will have many a hard battle, but she will accept it and believe."

CHAPTER XIV

A GLIMPSE OF WINTER QUARTERS

In 1853 there were few points that colonists found more difficult to reach than the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The bulk of the emigration from Europe was by way of New Orleans, thence, three thousand miles up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, to Council Bluffs, and across a wilderness of plains and mountains to the final destination.

Such a journey was not without its privations and hardships, and was often attended with serious difficulty and danger. A long sea voyage in emigrant ships, crowded to their utmost capacity with men, women and children, denied every semblance of luxury, and with no comforts except of their own devising; then a tedious journey in river steamers still more cramped and comfortless. It is no wonder that a long respite at Winter Quarters was often necessary, before the weary but hopeful people could enter upon their long pilgrimage through the wilderness to the promised land.

This year there were thousands who left their homes and occupations in the Old World, and, totally ignorant of the conditions confronting them, committed themselves to the care of the Elders and undertook the journey.

On July 17, 1852, had been published, in the "Millennial Star," the seventh general epistle of the twelve apostles at Salt Lake City.

"Finally, brethren, fear God; work righteousness and come home speedily. Prepare against another season to come by tens of thousands; and think not that your way is going to be opened to come in chariots, feasting on the fat of the lands. We have been willing to live on bread and water, and many times very little bread, too, for years, that we might search out and plant the Saints in a goodly land. This we have accomplished through the blessing of our Heavenly Father; and we now invite you to a feast of fat things, to a land that will supply all of your wants with reasonable labor; therefore, let all who can, procure a bit of bread, and one garment on their back; be assured there is plenty of water, and pure by the way, and doubt no longer, but come next year to the place of gathering, and even in flocks, as doves fly to their windows before a storm."

And come they did, with their families: laborers, farmers, joiners, shoe-makers, rope-makers, watch-makers, weavers, tailors, masons, butchers, bakers, painters, potters, dyers, iron-moulders, glass-cutters, nail-makers, basket-makers, sawyers, gun-makers, saddlers, miners, smiths, and ship-wrights, from every country of northern Europe; with every style of equipment; all in eager expectation of a new life under more favorable conditions, and many fired by a religious zeal that had been fanned to fanatical enthusiasm.

Nor was the storm lacking to hasten them. For, as the programme of the leaders was unfolded, and Polygamy began to be recognized as an accepted tenet of the new faith, persecution, that in many places had begun to slumber, was awakened afresh, and raged hard and furious.

"Heber was right," said Brand to himself, as reports came in of the great numbers who were gathering. "The Lord will have a peculiar people. Intolerance and hatred are His instruments for compacting the people together and for hardening their hearts to undertake and endure."

For him, the winter months were crowded with labor. He disposed of his property, purchased outfits, and adjusted all his personal affairs, in preparation for the great change.

Affairs of the church had also engaged him. Heber had desired his presence at every consultation of the elders. Pamphlets were prepared; tracts were distributed; personal interviews were held; the city was districted for house to house visitation; meetings were held on the public squares, in hired halls and in private residences.

Several times they faced the fury of an angry mob. Their work attracted attention, they were denounced from the pulpit and lampooned in the press. They took advantage of the public interest, and preached their faith with consummate tact, a bold front, and the earnestness of unfaltering conviction. It is not strange that there were those who came to believe that a cause so zealously advocated, at the expense of ease and comfort, and in the teeth of bitter hostility, must be worthy of serious investigation. Many of the working classes of the people believed their teaching, and were encouraged to look forward to the time when they should enter upon their portion of the inheritance of the people of God.

His experiences this winter, and his frequent contact with Heber, whose shrewd sense never failed him,

removed the last vestige of apprehension from the mind of Eaton Brand, and confirmed him even more strongly in the dogmas of his faith. But to Carissa he did not broach the subject that was absorbing his thoughts. He felt himself fortified for the discussion that must come, but he adhered to his original resolution to wait.

She had never been more contented, although at times she was a bit troubled by his preoccupation, but the days passed quickly; her hands were fully employed; her thoughts were busy weaving the web of the future with bright colors and glowing fancies, even as her fingers were busy stitching warm garments for her boy, and her heart, when hungry, fed itself with the rich stores of her maternal affection.

It was in early May when the start was made. At Chicago they were fitted out with wagons; some loaded with freight suitable to the needs of colonists, and others fitted up with some regard to comfort, containing sleeping and kitchen accommodations for the entire party. The teamsters were converts from the eastern states, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of securing conveyance for themselves and families by means of this employment. As they passed through the State of Iowa, purchases were made of additional horses, mules, milch-cows, and sheep, as well as grain and provisions, so that as they drew near the Missouri River, their train presented an imposing and almost patriarchal appearance. From this point they bade good-bye to civilization, and, with the reinforcements that were added by way of New Orleans, turned their faces to the wilderness.

The outfitting camp, near Winter Quarters, pre-

sented a vivid picture, strange and thrilling to those accustomed only to quiet scenes and pleasing landscapes. It was full of absorbing interest to Carissa.

"What these poor people have endured and suffered!" she said, as she walked among them a few days after their arrival.

"Yes, and they've got a lot more to go through, too, before they reach the goal; and yet their past life has been such that almost any change is for the better."

They approached a group gathered merrily about a wagon that had evidently made the trip overland and returned, and that was now receiving certain needed repairs.

"This beats sitting all day cross-legged on a bench, eh, Jock?"

"Is that you, Maggie? It hasn't tamed you much that I can see."

A stooping, dirty, perspiring figure looked up with a sheepish grin at the buxom, full-faced girl who had accosted him, and who, with arms spread broadly, was giving a grotesque caricature of a bandy-legged tailor, grimacing hideously at his task of coat-binding. The girl's costume was coarse but neat, her hands were roughened with manual labor, but her face was pleasing in its saucy boldness and unmistakable good nature. She was evidently in full enjoyment of the novelty and freedom of her situation. She was accompanied by two or three others, who showed none of the pinched look usually associated with close confinement on ship-board and short rations.

To complete the group, though standing a little to one side, was a tall, gaunt woman of middle age, with a shawl drawn around her head, the national costume

of Swedish women of the lower classes. A thin-faced babe in her arms was nursing spasmodically at the flabby, carelessly exposed breast. There was something touching in her attitude as she stood there careless of the merriment, looking out with dull, weary eyes upon the desolate stretch of waste land to the westward.

At a distance several women were calling to each other, over their wash-tubs. A clothes-line was bright with many-colored garments, and several children were seen tugging with all their strength as they carried heavy pails of water from the spring.

Hard by stood a group of Elders, who had just emerged from the doorway of a rudely constructed log cabin, and were talking and gesticulating as though discussing matters of moment.

Horses saddled and bridled stood near; wagons were in process of loading. Beyond, herds of cattle were finding short pickings, and were kept in order by boys mounted on nimble-footed ponies.

Several men were engaged in the occupation of cleaning their guns and preparing them for use, while a nondescript group of idlers, who had evidently been acquainted with a variety of occupations, were being instructed in the use of this carnal but necessary weapon of defense.

Two men, brothers, tall, straight-limbed, clear-eyed, with the ruddy Saxon skin and hair, each with a short, curly, sandy beard, and an expression of animal innocence on their faces, were looking toward the group of girls first mentioned, and were talking together in low tones, with an occasional chuckle of amusement.

"Oh, but it's good to leave those nasty, cramped ship's quarters behind us," suddenly exclaimed Maggie, ceasing her pantomime, and stretching her arms upward in a gesture of relief. For the moment she seemed the very personification of this entire movement, from the cribbed narrowness of a meager unsatisfied existence in the densely crowded purlieus of Old World cities, or factory villages, out into the broad, free, untrammelled life of the great West.

The woman, with her nursing baby still tugging at her lean breast, turned her glance wearily upon the group, and then with an apathetic air of mournful patience, moved listlessly away to the spot where her husband had heaped together their assortment of bundles and had bidden her wait.

Eaton Brand had caught with delight the suggested symbolism of the girl's spontaneous gesture. He turned to convey the thought to his wife. He saw her following with sympathetic eyes the figure of the woman who seemed so hopeless of finding anything in life worth living for. Brand kept silent.

"You'll find yourself cramped enough in this old box, before the next three months are over."

The voice came from under the wagon, and was broken by the sound of hammering as the man went on with his work.

"That's where you fool yourself. I'm going to walk every step of the way. Aren't we, girls? Elder Carson says that the men and the women, too, that are strong enough will have to walk. You don't catch me doubling up my legs on top of a hen-coop, when I've got a chance to stretch 'em."

Brand approached the wagon.

SHE SEEMED THE VERY PERSONIFICATION OF THIS ENTIRE MOVEMENT.

"Well, brother—?" He paused, inquiringly.

"My name is John Quibble, sir." The workman ceased his hammering, and sank back upon his haunches.

The girls laughed and looked at the newcomer, unawed by his dignity and show of command, although they drew back a little for him to approach, and then glanced with more curiosity at the fittingly attired beautiful woman by his side.

"Thank you—and my name is Eaton Brand. You are to go out with my company, I believe. Shall you have everything in readiness, Brother Quibble? You know we have set the time of starting for to-morrow morning."

"Oh, we're all ready now. There was just a little tinkering on this cross-bar here. I'm new to this sort of business, and don't know much about this kind of tool," and he pointed with his hammer to a large bruise on his thumb.

"Give him a goose and a pair of shears and he's all right," spoke up Maggie. "Aren't you, Jock?" and the girls tittered teasingly.

He grinned up at them, and then said, "But we'll have everything on to-night, and be ready at the word."

"All right, Brother Quibble. I'll put you in charge of this wagon. Do these girls go in your party?"

"I guess they might as well. We've all come from Manchester together. That one's name's Maggie Morey. Her father and mother are along with two young ones. Those other two are Lizzie and Carrie Cassady. Their brother is over there talking with Elder Carson." He pointed awkwardly with his bruised thumb.

"That's good. Your party is very nearly made up. You need one more, though. Every wagon must take ten persons, you know."

"Oh, I didn't mention the old man. He ain't much good, a little weak in the spine; but I couldn't leave him behind. He's my father, you know, and I had to bring him or he'd a died." He spoke apologetically and with a whimsical plaintiveness. "He can't do anything, but he don't weigh much, and we can stow him away comfortably. He's set an awful store on comin' out to Zion."

"That's right," said Brand, turning away. "Always look out for your old father, he looked out for you when you were helpless. I trust you to see that everything is in readiness. Come, Carissa," and with a pleasant nod backward, he continued his round of inspection.

"That class will make the best colonists," he said. "It's all new to them, and they'll bungle things at first, but they have hardiness and good nature, and they'll get on."

"Did you notice that poor woman with her half-starved baby?" Carissa asked.

"Yes, dearest, there are many like that. But the joy of living will return."

"Will she go with our company? I should like to talk to her."

"No, I think not. They have nothing. They will have to be fitted out, when the emigrant-fund money comes."

"Let us take her with us. Put her husband in charge of one of the wagons. Let her ride with the other women. Can't we do it?"

"Dearest, your sympathies would destroy all discipline. There are many others in the same sad case."

"But I feel I should like to do it. Her face will haunt me, I think, if we leave her behind."

Their glances met, and Brand laughed, as he said, "You are the best girl in the world, Carissa. You shall have your own way."

CHAPTER XV

THE START OVERLAND

Carissa thought that the crossing of the Missouri River would perhaps open up a new world of adventure. They had entered the land of the Pottawatomies, tribes of Indians who had their hunting grounds along the valley of the Elkhorn and Platte Rivers, and who were bold, murderous thieves. She had heard stories of their attacks and had seen the careful inspection of fire-arms and ammunition that took place at the outfitting camp.

But so far the worst enemies encountered were great swarms of huge, voracious mosquitoes. They settled not only upon the folk but also upon the cattle, who became restive. Nor was it strange that, with inexperienced drivers, many of whom had never seen an ox-goad before in their lives, and who were slow in being initiated into the mysteries of "geeing" and "hawing," they were soon entangled in almost hopeless confusion.

On the first day, Quibble, or "Brother Jock," as he had been dubbed by Maggie, became so confused by the necessity of fighting the intolerable pests that he advanced too far in front of his "lead oxen" and, with frantic flourishing of his arms, so frightened them that they swerved violently from the path. They were in an awkward bit of road, where the ground sloped sharply

from the track. A shrill scream eased Carissa to look that way, and she beheld the cumbrous wagon slowly toppling over.

Brand, who was not far distant, superintending affairs from horse-back, hurried to the scene. He succeeded in averting the stampede of the cattle, but was too late to save the falling wagon.

There was no one in the wagon at the time, except Jock's father, and the poor old man, who was quite too feeble to help himself, went down with the crash, and was fatally crushed.

It was pitiful to hear the groaning of the wounded man, and to witness the horror and frantic grief of poor Jock.

Maggie had been the first to tear aside the wagon covering, lift the weight of boxes, and vainly attempt to soothe back life into the broken body.

"Quick, get some water and spirits if you can find any. Stand back all of you. Oh, Mr. Brand, I am afraid he is dying. Help us to lift him out of this, and see if there is any hope."

Their hands met in the performance of this humane task. Maggie looked up into his face, the solemn awe, with which we all regard the snapping of life's thread, stealing the mischief from her eyes and robbing her cheeks of the freshness of their bloom.

After the wagon was righted, the long train started onward; and that night a grave was dug, and the solemn service of the dead made the wilderness seem still more mysterious and terrible to the imagination.

That night Carissa was glad to feel the strong arms of her husband about her, as she said:

"How unutterably sad to die so horribly in this awful waste land and to make one's grave where it must be left behind by all we love."

"Yes. I'm thinking there will soon be no need for any one to lose their way in this wilderness. We shall mark it with the graves of our dear, dead people," said Brand, with some emotion.

On the third day, which was Saturday, they reached the Elkhorn. Several wheels were broken. So the wagons were lightened of their loads and temporarily supported by means of heavy timbers, and when camp was made, on the east side of the river, two or three wheelwrights were set to work making repairs. The cattle, under a strong guard, were driven to an excellent pasturage, and the camp was set in order.

It made a striking scene as the night fell upon the landscape, and camp-fires were lighted, and the people began to gather themselves in groups and sing the songs of Zion.

Without question, no great migratory movement of which we have any record, was ever more picturesque or possessed more purely romantic elements. Here were camped men, women, and children, thousands of miles from home, hundreds of miles from their destination, cut adrift from every past association, obeying the call of leaders whom they had never seen, inexperienced to meet the emergencies which would confront them, aware that they were thrusting themselves through an inhospitable region overrun by a savage, hostile and cunning race, and yet lifting their hearts in praise and their voices in song, making a night's tabernacle in the wilderness, with a sense of security under heaven's protection, that was sublime.

Look upon these people as we may, despise them as we may for their ignorant credulity, we must at least believe in the sincerity that found expression in unchecked devotion and confident hymns of praise, in the midst of appalling dangers and discomforts grievous to be borne.

Whatever character their faith assumed after they committed themselves to the moulding touch of the temple priesthood, here in the wilderness, it was simple, childlike, free from austerities, spontaneous, uncorrupted and beautiful. It was strong enough and deep enough to be perfectly natural. It mixed itself up fearlessly with the spirit of adventure and enterprise, and gave to the common transactions of everyday life an aspect of liveliness and color.

The Sabbath was remembered quietly, if not rigidly. They had camped, as they had marched, in strict order. Each party of ten had pitched its own tents. Each company of 100 had selected those who were to guard and tend the cattle, and perform the necessary labor for security and repose. The entire camp was under Brand's supervision, but he received valuable suggestions from Elder Carson, who had made the journey several times before.

"It's a mistake to shoe those draught cattle at the start. It would be better to wait and shoe them at the first show of lameness. The shoes are cumbersome and awkward, and many of the oxen would not need them till they reach the rocky divide," said Carson.

"Which is better, iron or leather?" inquired Brand.

"I think gutta-percha would prove the best material. I wanted to try it this season. At a few moments' notice it could be softened and moulded

about the critter's foot. It could be left there until the hoof had grown and recovered its hardness, and then easily removed. There'd be no need to throw them, or lift them from their legs, to put it on, either."

"Why did you want us all to get goggles, at Kanesville, old man?" said Brand, laughing.

"I guess you'll know without any telling, when we strike the Platte and the hot winds. Dust and sunshine, with some sand thrown in, make a pretty good mixture for the eyes, if you want 'em blinded," remarked Carson, dryly.

"Is there much danger from the Indians?" Brand asked.

"Not if you keep a sharp lookout. If they think there is a chance for them, they will trail you day and night for weeks, in hope of a surprise; but they are cowardly devils, and have learned that our people are always ready. Be vigilant and don't let small parties stray away."

They were returning from an inspection of the cattle, and were near the camp when a group of girls appeared, laughing gaily, swinging their arms, and approaching a cluster of low trees by the water's edge. Foremost among them was Maggie. She carried herself with a free, careless swing, which matched well with her merry humor and unpretending good nature. Brand liked to look at her, liked to talk to her. She attracted him, and the attraction was not exactly spiritual.

"Good morning, Maggie," he said. "Have you seen Brother Quibble? You must hearten him up a bit. The poor fellow feels his misfortune deeply."

"He'll get over it in a day or two. It ain't that he set such store by the old man, but he feels that it was his fault. He says he can never drive the team again," answered Maggie, flushing slightly.

"Nonsense, it wasn't his fault. They're all green at the business. It will at least teach him not to play wind-mill again in front of his oxen. I'll talk with him. Where are you girls going? You must not stray far from the camp, you know."

They laughed at each other embarrassedly.

"There's no harm in going over to those bushes, is there? We want a bath, and they are quite sheltered." Maggie pointed to the little thicket.

"Oh, that's all right," broke in Carson. "Shall I stand guard and see that no one interrupts the performance?"

Maggie tossed her head disdainfully, and saying, "Come on, girls," disappeared among the low trees.

"They're fine strapping wenches," said Carson, as they proceeded toward the camp. "They'll be snapped up mighty quick when they reach the valley. Shouldn't wonder if Brother Brigham looked them over a bit. One's enough for me, though, until I can afford it better."

He spoke as lightly as though he were engaged in bringing a drove of heifers to a hungry market. His words and tone grated on Brand's sensibilities. He suddenly became unpleasantly conscious that he had made little or no progress in preparing Carissa's mind for the terrible truth that awaited her.

"The beginning of apostasy is in the refusal to recognize the authority of the holy priesthood," he said to her that evening, after leading up to the point,

deftly. "And this refusal has always been followed by blind disobedience and the withdrawal of God's spirit."

He found a ready assent to this abstract proposition. Poor Carissa had never found her heart inclined to mutiny. It was held too securely in the sweet and firm grasp of a satisfying love.

"The time may come, dearest, when you will try to evade the application of this teaching," he continued, looking at her seriously. "The Lord's ways are inscrutable, He does not always command in accordance with our preconceived notions. Would you obey, if He wished you to renounce the thing you hold most precious in life?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a doubtful tone.

"Nothing, dearest," he said, lightly, "nothing that you hold precious is in danger. With you it has been a joy to sever every tie, and to face hardship and danger that your lot may be cast with God's people. I wonder would you have obeyed as readily, if the command had caused an intolerable wrench of the heart-strings?"

She was silent. Her eyes sought his face, and then wandered to the little bed where her boy lay in slumber, a smile upon his face, his bare dimpled arm stretched upward and encircling his beautiful flax-crowned head.

She was looking upon her world, and wondering what any world could mean to her without their sweet companionship. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"God would not be so cruel. If He were, I am afraid it is in my heart to disobey Him."

He was alarmed at her agitation.

"Hush, dearest," he said, "I was wrong to disturb you with foolish suppositions. Dismiss these fancies. God is not cruel. Sometimes we do not understand His ways; but never doubt, never question for a moment that His will is concerned in working out for us a weight of happiness greater than we have ever dreamed."

As she smiled again in restored confidence, and said how foolish she was to give way to idle fears, he left her, and slowly made the rounds of the camp where they had halted for the night.

"She will accept it, but it will sadden her. It may cast a shadow upon her faith that I shall be powerless to remove. She will wonder why I have given the fact such firm and constant denial. Can I make the case clear to her, when her heart begins to accuse me of lack of faith and sincerity? Yet it must be done. Good God, what a situation!"

Thereafter he seized every opportunity to set before her the absolute authority of the church, whose dictum was final in every question of right and wrong; whose decisions were the utterance of divine wisdom and must command unquestioning obedience. He showed her that the current morality of a God-rejecting world furnished no standard by which the Saints of God would be judged. All this with infinite tact, patience, and magnetic eloquence; and yet with what disappointing results.

Carissa listened, perplexed sometimes, but rarely questioning.

She lost somewhat of her gaiety in the stress of new ideas, and, when left in the slow toiling wagon alone with Mother Brand and Moroni, might be seen

looking out over the endless roll of prairie, with a wistful look in her beautiful eyes.

Brand did not realize that he was building up in her mind a dread of the church, so all-powerful, and of the God, who spoke through the church with such grim, unswerving authority; nor did he see that the character of her faith was undergoing a subtle change.

One night there came suddenly before her a vision of the sweet, heather-scented fields of Cornwall, the delightful shelter of the old ash trees in picturesque groupings, where she had wandered in the care-free days of girlhood, the old home with all its peaceful happy associations, the old faces long loved and now, alas, almost forgotten.

The abruptness of the vision, its vividness, startled her as with a flash of lightning.

Something seemed to be calling the old Carissa to awaken. She harkened—the night wind whistled through the rude canvas covering of the wagon where she had been sleeping. There was heard the barking of a few thievish camp-followers, the grumbling tones of the teamster out in the darkness bidding them "begone"—the restless stirring of the cattle momentarily startled and lumbering to their feet. All these had become familiar night noises but they seemed strange to her.

She tried to piece together again the fragments of her vision. A strange feeling of homesickness came over her; the sense of loneliness as of a child that had wandered far from home and finds itself in alien surroundings, possessed her; and then she suddenly remembered—that this was her life, and that she was happy in it.

She drew back the flap of the curtain and looked out. All was still! How far away the stars appeared! How mysteriously melancholy the deep impenetrable shadows of the night! The regular sound of gentle breathing at her side completely recalled her—she turned toward the little form snuggling against her, buried her face in his soft, warm hair and sobbing gently, she scarcely knew why, fell into a deep refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER XVI

BITS OF COLOR BY THE WAY

The crossing of the Elkhorn, which was undertaken on Monday morning, proved no light task. A ferry-boat, large enough to transport two wagons at a time and that had been used by former parties, was found moored to the bank. While the wagons were being brought down to the shore, Brand ordered that a rope should be stretched across the stream. A lighter rope with a running noose enabled two men to guide the boat and hold it against the current, while others with oars and long poles propelled it across with its heavy freight.

The cattle swam across. David Sutter and the herders, well mounted and armed with prods and goads, gathered them in little groups upon the shore. It was very evident that the oxen did not relish the prospect of the rushing current, whirling its dark mass of eddying, gurgling water before them, for they displayed decided reluctance to begin the trip.

It was a scene full of color and life. Those who were not employed in other tasks gathered to witness it.

At the edge of the water the cattle paused defiantly, their front legs braced in an attitude of firm resistance. The men and boys with shouting and blows sought to force them in. Feeling their footing give way on the brink of the current, the frightened animals faced about and strove to return; they struggled

in wavering confusion, and a stampede seemed imminent.

Then ensued a battle between human will and unreasoning brute force. The hubbub was terrific; those on the bank took part in it. The "geeing" and "hawing" of the raw teamsters and the awkward prodding of the goads were reinforced by shouting, yelling, screaming, and vociferous pelting and pounding by the crowd upon the bank. The rearmost steers, terrified by the din, pressed heavily upon those in front, who could no longer resist, and at last, one by one, they took the plunge. A few more ineffectual efforts to return, and then the whole herd struck out across the current.

Carissa held her breath with terror, while Maggie looked on with delight, as Tom Sutter leaped to the back of a huge bull floundering in the water, bent upon getting back to land. With a sharp goad he turned his head across the current and forced him on.

"Ain't that splendid?" exclaimed Maggie.

"No," answered Carissa. "There is too much danger in it to please me."

The routine of travel soon became a matter of course. They made about fifteen miles a day. There were frequent stoppages for broken wagons. The most common accidents were loose tires and shattered wheels. There was no sickness, and all were in the best of spirits. Parties on horseback rode forward each day to select a place for camping, as it was essential that pasturage for the sheep and oxen should be secured.

When they began to climb the sand hills near the Loup River, the wind was blowing furiously, and the

wisdom of Elder Carson's advice was made evident. Goggles and veils were in great demand, and those who did not have them suffered extremely, for the air was filled with sharp particles of sand that were driven with blinding force by the wind. The oxen, however, toiled steadily onward, having become by this time well broken in, and many of the pilgrims sheltered themselves behind the wagons, and with bent heads, were almost suffocated with dust.

Riding past Quibble's wagon, Brand saw the group of women that composed the party, following closely with bowed heads, while a monotonous, mournful murmur came from one in the midst.

"What mumming is this?" he wondered, and then caught the words in grief-stricken reiteration:

"I'm sorry he died! I'm sorry he died!"

He pulled up sharply. "What's that?" he said.

A laughing face was turned up to him. Maggie's eyes sparkled with mirth, as she replied:

"Did you never see an old country funeral, where real mourners are scarce, and they have to use hired ones? This business reminded me of it, and the old refrain came quite naturally."

He had ere this felt the contagion of her high spirits and cheery good-nature. She was the life of the camp, and the camp-fire where she presided was a favorite resort for the wearied and disheartened as well as for the laughter-loving and gay.

Occasionally Brand joined the group, and enjoyed her merry sallies of unconscious humor, born of perfect health and a wholesome nature.

He now regulated the pace of his horse to the slow toiling of the heavy wagon. Quibble had resumed his

work as teamster, and his well practiced words of command came monotonously but rhythmically to their ears. Morey and young Cassady were on ahead with the sheep herders.

"This flurry will soon be over," he said, pointing forward. "The crest of the hill is just beyond, and then we have a fine level road, I am told, as far as Prairie Creek."

"Won't it be delightful to plunge one's face and arms into the clear, cool water. We certainly shall need it after this." She tossed her hair back from her eyes. "See—we're all one color now, ashy gray, but my face feels as though it had been pricked by a million needles."

He was watching her, with unconscious admiration: her sturdy stride, her wealth of animal life. The powdery sand had left a delicate, creamy coating on the rich coloring of her cheeks; the half closing of the eyes, in instinctive protection against the flying particles, permitted the long, thick lashes, powdery also, to be seen in all their beauty. But it was her attitude that attracted him, the unstudied grace of every movement, and what was more than a suggestion of ripening womanhood, that was conveyed by every outline, tone and look.

"Not yet, perhaps, but soon she will ripen into a woman of the most seductive kind," thought Brand.

Touching his horse, he rode on to the wagon where Carissa and his mother were sitting.

"Here, Carissa, hand me out the youngster, will you? That vile sand storm is now behind us. I'm going ahead, to see how Morey and the men are getting on with the sheep."

"Hold him carefully," cried Carissa, as she held out the crowing youngster.

"Never you fear. He'll be as safe in my arms as in his bed, and it's time he was learning to ride."

At the foot of the hill was a small stream, crossed by a narrow bridge. As the ascent was very steep, Brand instructed the teamsters to allow no persons to remain in the wagons, and requested Carson to stop and see that the instructions were attended to.

On he rode, Moroni, delighted with the quick motion, tossing his arms and crowing with pleasure. When some distance ahead of the foremost wagon, he caught sight of a herd of antelope far to the right, near the foot of a low range of hills.

"We'll pitch camp early and send the boys out for fresh meat," he said to himself.

Soon he caught sight of the hot sheep on the trail, snatching where they could at short bunches of grass and overhanging bushes.

"When you cross the next stream slow up a little, Brother Morey, and let them feed. I think there must be a good camping place over yonder."

He pointed to where a line of green indicated the presence of a good stream.

"If you have any men with you that know how to use the rifle, you had better tell them to be in readiness. I will send Sutter and two or three others from the wagons, and perhaps we can bag an antelope or two."

Morey looked up heavily. There was scarcely a trace of animation in his face, certainly no such interest as might be expected at such an announcement.

"Very well," he said, and directed his attention to the sheep.

"She does not get her vivacity from him," he thought. "He is the surliest fellow in the crowd."

And then as he looked down into his boy's laughing face, "I wonder what heredity and circumstance will do for you, my lad."

He rode slowly back and calling Sutter to him, asked him to take charge of the hunting party.

It was about two hours before sundown when the company of antelope hunters left the wagons. Fortunately the wind was toward the river. Keeping it as nearly as possible in their faces, they approached the herd, the train moving on in the meanwhile to the designated camping ground.

It was dusk before the camp arrangements were perfected for the night. The breeze had died down, the air was hot and oppressive, few fires had been built, and those only for necessary cooking and to keep off the swarms of mosquitoes that came up from the river. Brand and Carissa were standing by the wagon. Several shots had been heard some time before, in the distance.

"They must have got something, or they would have been here before this," remarked Brand.

Suddenly a rifle shot rang out close to the camp. A blood-curdling yell, as from a hundred savage throats, sounded from the direction of the cattle corral followed by several shots.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Carissa, clutching her husband's arm.

He lifted her hurriedly into the wagon, and reached for his rifle.

"Stay there, dear, get clear in," he said, quickly.

Two or three men rushed in; they were some of the

cattle herders. "Indians!" they called hoarsely. They were exhausted with hard running.

"Here, Maggie," cried Brand, as he noticed her standing in the light of the nearest camp-fire, her head turned as if listening, "call the women of your party, and get in here with Mrs. Brand, quick!"

The regular camp arrangements were well calculated for defense. Brand knew this, and that, in all probability, no danger threatened the emigrants. His thought was of the cattle, and of the probable defense that would be made in the absence of the sergeant of the guard, Sutter, who was by far their most capable man.

Calling together the three or four men who had appeared with arms in their hands, he led them in the direction from which the shots had come. He had gone but a short distance when a terror-stricken figure that proved to be young Cassady, appeared with the unwelcome news that about one hundred of the cattle had been cut off, and were being driven by a band of mounted Indians towards the foot hills.

"They were on us before we knew it," almost sobbed the poor fellow. "I fired my gun, but I know I didn't hit anything, and before I knew it they were off."

"There, there, be a man. Bring me my horse, will you? Back to camp, now; we need a bigger party. We must get these cattle back if possible," cried Brand.

A party was soon formed of eight or ten untried but brave and willing men, and, bidding those left behind to be on the alert and keep up heart, Brand led them out into the darkness.

There was little sleep in the camp that night. Carissa sat thinking of her husband and the perils he

might be encountering. Maggie and her party had retired to their own wagon, which was drawn up in close proximity. The whole camp seemed strangely quiet, as if suddenly deserted by its inhabitants. She felt the loneliness, and at times her anxiety and apprehension became intense.

Gradually the camp began to be astir. The usual occupations were resumed. Carson called the people together for worship, and then directed the teamsters to prepare for the march. Carissa overheard the order, and hastened to him.

"Must we go on before they come back?' asked Carissa.

"It would be no good waiting, Sister Brand. They can join us as well on the march, or at the next stopping place. We don't know what direction they've taken; and you may be dead sure if they've gotten the cattle, or have to retreat, they'll strike for the river. They may be ahead of us now."

"But David Sutter and his boy—they were on foot, and have not returned. Surely we should wait until they join us!"

"I have sent some men out to look for them, but I'm afraid they won't find their scalps," he remarked, significantly.

Carissa shivered with a new kind of fear. Her imagination had already conjured up every kind of danger that might confront her husband, save this one.

Just then Quibble and Maggie came along, walking beside the wagon. The girl suddenly pointed to the north, and exclaimed, "I wonder what it is? It looks like a black thunder cloud, settled upon the edge of the hills."

Carissa looked in the direction indicated. "It's smoke," she said. "It must be a prairie fire."

Quibble awkwardly climbed upon the wagon and peered around the canvas cover in the hope of obtaining a more extended view.

"Smoke it is. I've heard as how them fires sometimes sweep from one end of the country to the other. I wonder if I hadn't better tell Elder Carson? There is quite a breeze blowing," he observed.

"But it's blowing the other way, you silly. There is no danger here," exclaimed Maggie, and then to Carissa, "I thought I saw a band of men and some cattle off there to the left of the smoke, just before you came. Perhaps it was Mr. Brand."

Carissa's heart gave a great throb as she murmured, "Thank God if it was!"

By the middle of the afternoon a good camping place was reached, and Carson decided to outspan for the night. They had left the trail and had found a resting place a little way up a small stream that flowed gently between slightly wooded banks.

As Carissa was walking about the camp that evening, betraying her anxiety by the restlessness of her demeanor and the pallor of her face, there came to her the Swedish woman whom she had befriended at Winter Quarters. A new look of sympathetic understanding was in her face; she had her baby in her tireless arms, but this time he was asleep, his poor little pinched face hidden in the folds of her shawl.

Carissa had learned but little concerning her, except that her name was Hilda Swensen, that she had come from the grip of grinding poverty, that she was as

grateful to her benefactress as her starved nature would permit her to be, that she seemed to love with most passionate love the poor little bit of her own life that she always carried in her arms, and that she watched the stolid coming and going of her husband with the look of a woman given over to despair. She had learned to speak a few words of English, but was usually reluctant to use them.

"He—your man—will come back," she said simply but positively.

"Yes, sister, if God will protect him."

"You have been very good to me. See, he sleeps much now." She drew back the shawl and looked into the little fellow's face, and then held him close with a quick, passionate gesture. "He would die if we should wait back there. We had little to eat."

She had said what she wanted to say and would have turned away, but Carissa held her. She wished to draw out the story of her sorrow, not curiously, but that she might help her.

"Is your husband happy now? He will get good work in the new land, and you will prosper."

The old look of hopelessness came back to the woman's face.

"I know not. All is changed since last year when the Elders talk with my man. He say he will have a new wife—one strong—healthy—young—from these girls."

"What does he mean?" asked Carissa, horrified and indignant. "He surely would not cast you off? You, the mother of his child? Besides he would have no right!"

"Oh, yes! I know not, but Ole say he can have

two, three wives now to do the work when he takes up land."

"But that is nonsense, Hilda. He says that to tease you. He is cruel to say such things, but you should not believe him."

But Hilda shook her head sadly. "I know not," she repeated, "but what he say, he mean." She went away, as though to speak longer would be painful, leaving Carissa indignant and perplexed.

"I will speak to Eaton about it and he shall reassure her, and give that brute a lesson."

Just then a boy came running into camp; two or three others were at his heels.

"They're coming," he shouted. "Some men driving cattle are coming up the trail."

Immediately the camp was astir, every occupation was abandoned, the whole company rushed along the course of the stream, until a clear view could be had of the trail stretching away to the eastward.

There they beheld a sight that gladdened every heart—a great herd of oxen was being driven directly toward them. Carissa was sure that she could recognize the form of her husband among the men who were driving them. She turned to Maggie, who had run by her side and was now standing with her hands upon her hips and a happy look upon her face, and said:

"Thank God, they have come! Oh, Maggie, I have been so anxious!"

"I knew they would be successful. Mr. Brand is not one to be beaten!" responded the girl, with a note of triumph in her voice that smote Carissa's heart with a sudden pang.

And soon the weary, panting cattle passed through

to their quarters. As Brand came near, he leaped from his horse and caught Carissa in his arms. "Well, dearest, we're awful hungry, but we've taught those bloodthirsty thieves a lesson they'll not soon forget," he said, while Carissa was all blushes and happy tears.

CHAPTER XVII

BREAKING GROUND

An interesting tableau was formed round the campfire that night. Brand was seated on a box by the side of a rude table; Carissa was on his left, looking up into his face, contented that he had returned in safety; Maggie was in the front rank of emigrants who were seated picturesquely on the ground; Hilda Swensen standing in the background, nursing her baby and following the movements of her husband, who was sheepishly talking with a group of girls; Quibble pretending occupation in making repairs upon the canvas cover of his wagon, but continually stealing furtive glances at Maggie's glowing countenance. Other groups there were with equally divided interest; many of the women were knitting busily or engaged in patching and darning, while most of the men had some little finger work on hand. Tom Sutter, the center of a smaller group on the outskirts, was still eating voraciously.

As Elder Carson came in from posting the guards, and looked upon the scene, which was lighted by the smoking torches and the shooting flames of the campfire, and contrasted it with the unbroken background of the night, he, too, felt a touch of its strange and weird magic. His eyes caught the clear-cut outline of Carissa's beautiful profile.

"There's witchery about her beauty," he said to

himself. "She'll be a big addition to Brother Brigham's parties. I wonder if he will covet Bathsheba, and send Uriah out to fight the Indians."

He glanced at Brand's strong face, with its lines of stern will and determined purpose.

"He'll have a hard nut to crack there. Perhaps he'll be wise enough not to try it."

Presently Brand said:

"I guess you want to know how we got the cattle back? Where's Brother Sutter? I want to thank him again, before you all."

"He's over with the cattle," said some one in the crowd.

"Where's Tom, then?"

"Tom, come here a moment. This boy, like his father, showed himself quick-witted and daring. If it had not been for them we should probably have returned empty-handed."

Tom fidgeted with pleasure and embarrassment, which only deepened when Carissa turned a bright smile toward him.

"When we left the camp last night we did not know which way to take, but spread out and made for the hills. We could not go very fast, for the way was rough, and we had to let the horses pick for themselves.

"Along toward morning we found we were on the right track, for we came across one of the steers who had broken his leg and been abandoned. We put him out of his misery and pushed on a little faster. Presently the wind changed and just about that time, off in the distance, we saw a light. At first I thought it was the sunrise, but it was too far to the north and

it also seemed too early. After a little I saw that it was a prairie fire.

"As we drew nearer we caught sight of a moving dark mass ahead, which we were sure was the party we were looking for. It was not long till the day began to dawn and we found that we were right.

"We put spurs to our horses and dashed ahead. The Indians had been compelled to turn back on account of the fire, and were having trouble with the cattle who were almost exhausted. When they saw us I thought they would fight for it, for they outnumbered us three to one, but for some reason they gave it up, abandoned the herd and started off.

"It was fortunate for us that the wind changed or we should have been in a dangerous position. We had to let the cattle rest before starting back, and while doing so we fired the grass. It was a wonderful thing to watch the tongues of flame licking the ground bare before us and spreading out, until we saw a long line carried swiftly by the wind to meet and oppose the other line, slowly eating its way in our direction.

"Presently we heard a rifle shot on the other side of the curtain of smoke. We wondered if the Indians had been circling round, and we prepared for defense; but presently we saw a man and a boy coming in our direction, trampling through the charred stubble that was still hot and smoking.

"It was Tom, here, and his father. They had kept ahead of the Indians, and finding themselves in a direct line with them, had fired the grass in their faces to prevent themselves from being taken. To this we owe the fact of our overtaking them so quickly, and

the confusion that probably led them to abandon their booty without a fight."

When he had ended his story, Brand read to them the 27th Psalm, and commended them and their fortunes anew to the God of Israel whom they worshiped, and who had safely led His ancient people to the promised land.

The experiences of the emigrants were similar to thousands of others who had, since 1847, followed in the track of the first pioneer band of one hundred and forty-three picked men, who had broken their way over plain and desert, rivers and mountains, to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

They experienced much less of hardship than many of their predecessors. Their route was mapped out for them. Many of the rivers had been provided with bridges and ferries. They were able to profit by the experience of others in determining the character and quantity of provisions that were needed, and were able to live comfortably if not luxuriously. Brand found his time fully occupied. While on the move he was usually in the saddle, cheering or instructing the men, personally guiding the heavy wagons over the rough roads, superintending the wading through boggy places and deep sloughs and the difficult passage of unbridged streams.

They were encamped one day on a stream known as Wide Creek. Here they found a rude forge that had been erected by some former band of emigrants; operated by a great bellows, the handiwork of unskilled workmen, it was nevertheless in effective working order. As there were numerous repairs to be made, a halt of two or three days was thought advisable. Tents were

unpacked and set up. The wagons were stationed in the form of a half crescent facing the river, forming a large corral for the cattle where they might find abundant pasturage.

Men were sent to the islands of the river to secure wood, which was burned in ovens made of turf, for the manufacture of charcoal to be used in their operations.

As Carissa was standing by her husband's side, watching a raft load of men laboriously pulling their way across the yellow water of the Platte, she noticed that one of them was Swensen, and her recent conversation with his wife came vividly to her mind.

"What a brute that man must be," she said, "to play upon the foolish fears of one who loves him so devotedly!"

Brand looked at her in surprise. "Which of them, my dear?" he asked, laughing.

"That man yonder using the pole. See, he leans upon it as a prop more than he uses it. He is Hilda Swensen's husband."

"Yes, I see him. He is a lazy scamp, for a good brother. But what of him?"

"He is breaking his wife's heart with the most foolish stories. I told her they were not true, but could not reassure her. I cannot fathom his motive, unless it be to make her miserable."

"What are these stories, Carissa?"

"He says that when they get to the valley he can have as many wives as he pleases, that our religion permits it; that he intends to take up land, and that he will pick out two or three of the young healthy girls from our company, marry them, and have them to help him in his work."

In his heart, Brand cursed Swensen for a blundering fool, but to Carissa he said, half jestingly, "And so you are bearing the burden of the domestic disagreements of the whole company, are you? That won't do, Carissa."

"But she believes it, and the thought is killing her."

"I will speak to him. But, Carissa, have you ever thought of the lives of the ancient patriarchs? These men of God had many wives. Why is it that they prospered? that their wives were happy? that jealousy and discord did not mar the contentment of their homes?"

He employed a tone of banter to conceal his earnestness. She replied quickly and positively:

"But jealousy and discord *were* present. They not only marred, they utterly destroyed the contentment of more than one home, and the happiness of more than one life. There is no picture more pathetic than that of Hagar going forth into the wilderness an outcast, deserted, in abject poverty, and alone with her boy; banished because of jealousy."

"That is true. Still, are society and conventional law, or is God, the supreme arbiter in the final question of right? That is the point, Carissa. We are discussing God's dealings with a people long since dead and gone. Yet certain principles are eternal."

Carissa was looking at him earnestly. She could not comprehend his motive in arguing so strangely. He observed her close attention, and determined to make use of the opportunity; but he was very guarded.

"Every human relationship can become poisoned and embittered where God is forgotten," he said, gravely. "Society abounds in evidence of this fact.

There are many unhappy homes, where the husband is set against the wife and where children are arrayed against their parents. But, where the spirit of God is present, any human relationship may be sweet and sacred. You may be sure that when He permitted the patriarchal order of marriage, He was able to make peace, contentment and happiness prevail, where His law was obeyed. You believe this, do you not, Carissa?"

She nodded assent reluctantly.

"Even polygamy, then, might be still practiced without jealousy and with domestic harmony, if God had ordained it," he continued.

She made a gesture of impatient remonstrance.

He put his arm lovingly about her, and added, smilingly:

"So you see, dearest, it was not the institution that caused mischief and trouble, but the unregenerate hearts, selfish, hateful, jealous, and full of rebellion against the will of the Lord.

"But come, we must be returning. Don't worry any more about that poor woman. I will speak to Swensen. He is a brute, as you said; and yet remember, dear, *if* God had ordained such a system for His people of this latter day, and *if* that poor woman were submissive to the divine will, there would be some compensation, you must grant, in having two or three pairs of strong and willing hands to help her bear the burdens of house and field."

Carissa was indignant. It seemed to her a poor subject for a jest.

"How can you speak so? The very thought is an offence against her womanhood. He might pay them

wages, but to take them as his wives. The idea is utterly repugnant to her and must be."

"I see you do not catch the force of the conditions I suggested," he said soothingly. "I was in my thought transporting that family back into patriarchal times. This repugnance you speak of would have been rebellion. Believe me, when God makes a command, He has power to operate upon the human mind so that it can be clarified of all that would make obedience impossible or repugnant. Do you not believe this, Carissa?"

He looked down into her eyes, half playfully, half earnestly, altogether tenderly.

She looked up at him, startled, and yet almost amused at the turn of the conversation, and little comprehending its real bearing.

"I suppose that what you say is true, but I cannot understand how it could be so."

"Nicodemus said, 'How can these things be?' and the Saviour replied, 'Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?' Dearest, miracles have been wrought not only in Nature but also in human nature."

They were silent for a time, and stood watching the men as they came and went about their tasks. Brand was feeling somewhat elated over his adroitness.

Carissa was struggling with a sense of sadness that she could not account for. Was it the tedium of the long journey, or the depressing influence of the desolation of the country through which they had been passing, or was it her sympathy with the sorrows of an unhappy woman that oppressed her?

Finally Brand broke the silence:

"Do you remember our reading the other night of God's covenant with Abraham?"

"Yes," she answered, "and afterward I looked up the references and thought how wonderful were the promises of our Father."

"Does it not seem strange that our God who changes not, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, should have blessed polygamous Abraham? and confirmed the blessing upon Jacob and his four wives, and upon the children that they bore him, when such a domestic arrangement would be an abomination in His sight to-day? Is it not strange that this same God should have answered the prayer of Hannah, one of the wives of Elkanah, by giving her such a son as Samuel, the great prophet? and later have given to David many wives of his own besides the wives of King Saul, and have even blessed his union with Bathsheba, by the birth of Solomon, who should succeed him on the throne?"

Carissa was startled by these sudden questions. "Do you wish to teach me to doubt?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No, dearest, but I want you to see that the ways of God are past finding out; and that it is folly for us to say that that is wrong which He says is right."

When he returned to the forge later in the day, he saw Maggie standing a little to one side, and watching his approach, with a look on her face that struck him as peculiar. Immediately the thought flashed through his mind, "She knows of this plural-wife doctrine, and I guess she doesn't object. She's not likely to say anything to Carissa, I think. Still, she talks with her

more than anyone else. Perhaps I'd better caution her."

"Come here a moment, Maggie. I want to speak with you," he called out.

They moved a little distance from the men.

"You have heard about the revelation on Celestial Marriage, haven't you?" he asked, without preliminary.

She was confused for a moment. Her eyes sought the ground. A quick blush deepened the color in her cheeks. When she looked up a faint smile quivered about her mouth. He thought it was embarrassment caused by his abruptness.

"Yes, I have been told about it since we left Winter Quarters."

"Who told you? Swensen?"

"No, Elder Carson."

"Well, do you approve of it?"

"That depends!" she glanced up with a resolute look, almost a challenge, in her face.

"I ought not to have asked you that question," he said, gravely. "It is a revelation of God's will, and as such must be accepted."

"But we're not sheep to be driven into the first pasture that opens its gates, are we?" she asked with an air of defiance.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," her voice suddenly dropped, "we are not to be married off against our will, are we?"

"Certainly not," he said, with a smile. "It simply means that a man can have more than one wife, if he finds favor in the eyes of more than one, and can support them."

Maggie's face was expressive of various emotions.

It was a pleasing face, frank, hearty and true. Some of his former impressions recurred to Brand. He liked her all the better because her glance failed to meet his squarely, in spite of her evident effort.

"Have you talked it over with anyone else?" he inquired.

She looked at him steadily now, and answered with a slight laugh. "Not much, but everyone knows something about it, and of course there's been some talk."

"Maggie, this is not a matter for idle chatter. Prejudices are often begotten by the careless handling of sacred subjects. I want you to promise me that you will say nothing more about it, until we reach the valley. Will you do this?"

Poor Maggie! What thought was it that suddenly flamed up in such vivid self-consciousness into her face, and made her resolve that she would permit no one, not even Elder Carson, to speak to her again upon the subject, until they reached the valley, nor even then if Mr. Brand should wish it otherwise.

Having gained her willing assent, Brand turned away relieved.

"No one else is liable to speak about it, but I must not delay too long," he thought.

CHAPTER XVIII

A DANCE AT FORT LARAMIE

Several days later the journey was resumed. They passed many a lonely grave, which, by its simple legend, warned them against the danger of straying from their comrades. Their pilgrimage was attended by great discomfort and many difficulties, but they found many compensations by the way: The out-door life, the wholesome exercise, their splendid health, and comparative freedom from accidents.

Each day they encountered some new marvel. Armies of brilliantly colored grasshoppers crossed their path; there were many varieties and the children hunted them with great glee. Several lizards were caught and brought into camp, and as the beautiful little creatures were quite harmless, they were kept as pets. Antelopes made their appearance almost every day, and were always objects of wonder and admiration.

Successful hunting parties were formed on several occasions, and furnished the means of great feasting. Occasionally, bands of Indians were seen in the distance, but no more raids were made upon the camp. Buffalo were sighted in twos and threes, in bands of eight or ten, and at one time a herd estimated at 10,000 was pointed out in the neighborhood of Ash-hollow on the south side of the Platte.

They were now approaching Fort Laramie.

For two days they were in sight of Chimney Rock, a conical elevation about one hundred feet in height,

its sides forming an angle of about forty-five degrees. It derived its name from a perpendicular shaft rising sheer forty feet from the apex, and resembling a gigantic chimney.

Concerning this curious freak of nature Elder Carson remarked that it had lost something of its former imposing appearance.

"The first time I traveled this way it formed a landmark for forty miles, both up and down the river. A few years ago it was broken, I guess, by lightning. You see them bluffs yonder? That chimney was at one time connected with 'em, probably formed a kind of shoulder, and was cut off and fashioned as we see it by the action of water."

It was not long before they came in sight of Scotts Bluffs, which presented a singular and striking resemblance to ancient palaces, towers, temples and monuments. In the evening this rocky panorama presented an almost miraculous appearance, illuminated by the rich gold of the setting sun.

Many of the poor emigrants looked upon this picture with awe, as at a glorified vision of the celestial city, granted in order to encourage them to endure with patience the hardships of the way.

It was a great event when they reached Fort Laramie. One-half the distance between Winter Quarters and the Great Salt Lake had now been traversed. They were leaving the plains and approaching the mountains. It was pleasant to know that their camp that night was in the vicinity of the habitations of men.

Brand, Carson, and a few other men paid a visit to a small trading post kept by two Frenchmen, a short distance back from the trail, and the sound of the

canine greeting which they received was heard even in the camp.

Hearing that large bands of Indians were on the south side of the Platte, it was decided not to cross at Laramie Ferry, but to keep on to the South Pass, although the way would prove difficult, on account of the steep ascent and the many sandy hills.

Brand, however, crossed over to visit the fort, which had a small garrison, and on his return, brought with him a young officer, whom he introduced to Carissa as Lieutenant Osborne. He was a fine looking fellow, soldierly, alert and frank.

"I have come to invite you and all the ladies and gentlemen who care to dance, to grace our poor quarters with your presence to-night."

He spoke with easy courtesy, and waited for her reply, hat in hand.

Carissa glanced at her husband, who nodded, smiling.

"We shall be delighted, but you will have to permit us the travel-stained toilets of overland voyagers."

"If you but knew our desolate condition in this God-forsaken country!" he said with a gesture of self-commiseration. "Not a woman, except squaws and half-breeds, within five hundred miles. We are veritable savages."

"It must be a lonely life! What do you do?"

"Eat, drink, mount guard, tease the dogs, quarrel with the Frenchies at the trading post, drive the beggarly squaws and children out of the compound, varied by the occasional excitement of punishing a band of thieving Indians, who have robbed some emigrant train of their cattle."

The comical air of contemptuous resignation with which he spoke was amusing, and Carissa laughed heartily at this inspiring outline of the duties required of the garrison of a frontier post.

"Then even the advent of a company of emigrants forms a pleasing break in the monotony," she said.

"They usually stop here, as this is the best crossing place for a hundred and fifty miles. We are delighted to have the opportunity of getting up some entertainment, for ourselves as well as for them. We prefer the Mormon emigrants, their women are usually in the majority."

"How long have you been stationed here?"

"A little over a year. Your Salt Lake Valley must be filling up rapidly. Thousands of people must have passed last year and this."

"Yes," said Brand. "And the emigration has just begun."

"They show lots of pluck," said Osborne. "Most of the people seem very poor. Your company appears to be unusually prosperous. But tney all seem happy, contented and hopeful."

As he spoke he turned toward Carissa again as though he found it pleasant to look at her. She would not have been a woman, had she not been pleased with his pretty flattery.

"Mrs. Brand, may I have the honor of the first dance with you to-night?" he asked.

"Yes, with pleasure," answered Carissa.

She liked this young officer. He seemed such a wholesome, handsome, big-hearted boy.

Brand left them together, and went to inform the party of the entertainment in store for them. The

captain at the Fort had begged that all should come, young and old.

Such an invitation, after a long and toilsome journey, was not to be refused, and the camp soon presented an unusual appearance. The wagons were overhauled, boxes lifted out, clothes unpacked in search of costumes, with results in many cases highly ludicrous.

Meanwhile, Carissa and Lieutenant Osborne were talking together. It was a real pleasure for her to come in touch with a nature so ingenuous and true. His heart was full of repressed confidences, and it needed little encouragement to induce him to unburden himself to so sweet an understanding. It was an index of his character that he retained a tender recollection of the old home that he had left so far away, and that as he spoke of his father and mother and sister, the tears came unbidden to his eyes. Presently, however, he sprang to his feet, and said:

"I don't know why I have spoken to you as I have. I forgot that you were a stranger."

"I think I almost did the same," she answered, smiling.

"Ha! Mrs. Brand, that has done me good. To tell the truth I am baby enough to have been awfully homesick. But I must go. I have kept you for hours, that have seemed like minutes; and Captain Colton depends on me to make arrangements. Remember, you have promised me the first dance; and as many more as your sweet charity will grant," he said, as he left her.

It was a strangely assorted company that was gathered within the walls of Fort Laramie that evening.

The dancing was to be on a portion of the sun-baked clay courtyard, outside the barracks, over which canvas had been stretched to keep out the night air. Here and there rude spluttering lamps were suspended, that emitted a feeble intermittent light.

An attempt at decoration had been made with flags and bunting and green boughs cut from the river bank. At one end of the cleared space sat the members of the band, playing national and popular airs as the people were gathering.

The soldiers, who were in the full uniform of the frontier service, were a rather rough-looking set of fellows, although smartened by drill and discipline, and were evidently looking forward to a gay time. The majority of the officers were young men, though Captain Colton was beyond middle age, and had seen much service.

Among the visitors almost every style of costume was observable. There were coats and waistcoats cut in Whitechapel fashion, along with nondescript jackets, topping all sorts of nether garments, supported at the hips by anything from a leather belt to a rope, and tucked into the well-worn boots. A few of the men, among them Mr. Brand, wore the red Guernsey shirt, common among sailors, corduroy trousers and top boots, not a bad rig-out for crossing the plains.

The dresses of the women could not be so easily classified. They were such as would naturally be selected by the poorer classes of Swedish, Welsh and German peasantry and by the working people of the manufacturing towns of England. The younger women had been able to make some show of smartness with their neatly darned white stockings, clean

bright petticoats, gowns of lawn or gingham, often well fitting about the waist, but faded with many washings and from which the wrinkles had been hastily shaken. A few only could boast an artistically clean starched collar and chemisette; but all were bright and happy, and glowing with the ruddy health of their out-door life and constant exercise.

The children were there, clinging to their mother's skirts, wakeful, wondering and eager-eyed, their attention divided between the entrancing strains of music and the marvelous appearance of the soldiers with their gay trappings.

Next to Carissa, an impartial observer would have pronounced Maggie the most attractive woman in the place; and it was not strange that many of the soldiers gave the palm without reserve to this bright faced girl of their own class.

Most of these women had walked five hundred miles through dust and sand, climbing hills, wading creeks, struggling through sloughs, helping to pitch the tents, gathering wood and water, preparing the meals, enduring privations innumerable. But these things were just now forgotten, as well as the toilsome journey still before them. No wonder they were inclined to make the most of it. There was intoxication in the call of the violins to the dance.

Said Lieutenant Osborne to the captain, as they stood together for a moment before the signal was given:

"This will be no stately procession of fashionables, in tight shoes and close-fitting gloves, following the graceful measures of the minuet. See that fine looking girl over there; she's as eager for the fray as a war

horse. But see, there is Mrs. Brand. Let me take you over."

After the introduction, Captain Colton remarked gallantly:

"This youngster here pleads guilty to the insubordination of having usurped my privilege to the first dance with you, but his claim is not in force until after the opening cotillion."

In such a gathering, partners were, of course, chosen in most cases at random or in response to the individual invitation of a pair of bright eyes. Happy hearts, lithe figures, and nimble feet had it all their own way, while such old favorite figures as Virginia reel, Copenhagen jig, and French fours were executed with unflagging zest and spirit.

It was a pleasure to Carissa to abandon herself to the occasion. Perplexing questions were forgotten, harassing thoughts were put away, it all seemed to her natural, innocent and wholesome. Brand did not dance himself, but he wished her to do so, and took delight in her enjoyment.

"This has been a great pleasure," she said to Osborne during a pause in the music. "But I am out of practice and I find it just a little fatiguing."

"You dance perfectly. I should never tire with you for a partner. May I venture? I have told you all about my people. Will you tell me about yours? How came you here? Were you born a Mormon?"

He detected a quick change of expression, a subtle summoning of reserve.

"Pardon me," he continued, "I shall never see you again in all probability. I am not simply curious concerning you. When I think of you, as I shall, I should

like to do so without this puzzlement. You are so different, not only from the people of your own party, but from all others of your faith that I have ever seen."

"I knew nothing of this faith until I met Mr. Brand. He came to our home in England, two years ago. But these people are my people now," said Carissa, with a little laugh.

"And do you believe it all?"

"Why do you ask?"

"It seems so foreign to you. There is so much that I should have thought you would have drawn up at."

"It is not wise to believe all that one hears," she answered, gently. "We have our enemies, and they are most unscrupulous in circulating slanders."

"They must have been slanders since you are content—and yet——"

"These reports seem to have made a deep impression. Talk with Mr. Brand. You can do so freely, and you can trust him. He will tell you the truth."

"I would rather talk with you," laughed Osborne. "You don't think it right, or religious, for a man to have more than one wife?

"Certainly not!" said Carissa, and her color deepened a little.

"But you know what they say? That President Young has more than a dozen in Salt Lake City. Everybody knows it. Nobody denies it."

Now Carissa was deeply angered. "Let us find my husband," she said, coldly.

"Forgive me. I should have known it was false. But it has been printed as an article of their faith—will you believe me? But I will not believe it, and I will from this time give it steady denial."

His pleading was so impulsively boyish and sincere that her anger vanished. She caught his expression of honest contrition.

"Yes, I forgive you," she said, and then added with a smile, "have we gained a fresh champion? It looks as though we needed a great many."

"Yes, by Jove, I'll back the Mormons from this on—for your sake," exclaimed Osborne.

CHAPTER XIX

LOVE AND SCRUPLES

The caravan toiled along, day after day. They skirted the edge of the Wind River Chain of the Rocky Mountains, whose granite walls frowned down upon them in massive grandeur. About a mile beyond Rock Independence they forded the Sweet Water River, and following its banks, passed through the narrow cleft or gorge called "Devil's Gate."

For several days after leaving Devil's Gate, the trail crossed rocky ridges exceedingly rough and dangerous. They were approaching the summit of the Great Divide; the air was dry and invigorating, but they found the nights exceedingly cold, and extra blankets were in great demand. Wood was scarce and the buffalo chips, that had formed the fuel many a night and morning on the plains, were nowhere to be found.

It was soon after their passage of the South Pass that Maggie came running up to the wagon where Carissa was sitting, and called out:

"See, Mrs. Brand, we have passed the summit at last. The streams no longer run to meet us."

Brand made his appearance with half a dozen prairie hens that he had shot.

"It is curious how these birds can find a congenial home 7,000 feet above sea level," he said. "They are very similar to the wild hens of the States and there are hundreds of them."

"We saw two or three large birds this morning. I think they were eagles," said Maggie.

"Yes, yonder peaks are their home," said Brand. "They fly high enough to be able to look down into the valley of the Salt Lake."

"In which direction is it?"

He pointed to the southwest.

"We have just crossed into Oregon. We have a small corner to cut off, and then we are in God's Country."

This announcement seemed to make the end of the journey very near, and Maggie was all excitement. She ran back to the party that she had left and communicated the intelligence. All turned and gazed in the direction indicated. It was an unusually clear day, but only the peaks of the distant mountains lofty and forbidding could be seen.

Quibble slowly shook his head.

"It's a long ways yet and a steep climb. It seems like I had never done anything in all my life but follow a great lumbering wagon, and shout 'gee' and 'haw' at a lot of stupid blundering steers."

Maggie laughed.

"That's just it, Jock; your brain was a floating mass before, but now it has hardened into ox-driving. You ought to have worn a flannel night-cap these cold nights, to keep it soft and impressionable."

"See here, Maggie, you haven't given me a civil word for weeks. What's come over you? You used to be sweet enough on me before we started."

Maggie tossed her head disdainfully.

"You're so tiresome, Jock." She started as though to rejoin the party ahead.

THE ROUTINE OF TRAVEL SOON BECAME A MATTER OF COURSE.

"I see how it is," he said sullenly, "you think that because of that damned foolishness about a man's having more than one wife you can look a little higher."

She started and turned upon him, ashamed and angry.

"Oh, you needn't get mad. It's plain enough that you're stuck on Mr. Brand; and you think now that he can do it, he'll marry you. Perhaps he will, and afterwards get a dozen more. I should think you'd like the prospect of being one of his herd." He spoke sneeringly and as if goaded to it.

"How dare you! you contemptible good-for-nothing." She was in a perfect fury, and looked as though she would spring upon him. Brand riding up caught the last words and saw the gesture.

He drew rein in amazement.

"Maggie, Maggie—what is the matter?"

She looked up startled, her face became almost white, and then received the blood again in a crimson flood. Without a word she put her hands to her face, and ran swiftly by the wagons toward the head of the column.

"What does all this mean, Quibble?" Brand asked, sharply.

"You'll have to ask her," he answered, sullenly. "She's been picking at me for weeks past, and I just give it her back again, that's all."

The Cassady girls, who had heard it all, looked frightened and said nothing. Brand turned his horse and climbed a hill that commanded a long view of the road ahead. He saw a flying figure some distance in advance of the foremost wagon, and thought it was Maggie.

"I'll ride on and make her explain. If that fellow has been insulting her, I'll teach him a lesson."

He put spurs to his horse, and as he passed Carson, who was mending a broken wheel, the latter hailed him with the question: "What's up with that Morey girl? She went by here like the wind, and would not stop when I called her."

"I'm going to find out," Brand called back.

Brand found her seated on the ground, sheltered by a small clump of dwarf shrub, her face in her hands, weeping. She did not stir, although she must have heard the approach; nor did she look up, while he dismounted and tied his horse to a bush.

He went to her and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Now, Maggie, what is it?"

She trembled a little, but said nothing. She felt that somehow this hour would make a difference in her life.

She was sure that Brand admired her, she had seen it in his eyes more than once, she had thought much of his careless words at the forge, and had certainly attached a meaning to them that he had not intended. She loved him, she knew it; and the sting of Quibble's words was in the fact that they so truly interpreted her secret wishes.

"My poor girl, you must tell me," said Brand, seating himself beside her.

Maggie's tears flowed unrestrainedly, and yielding to her inclination she leaned helplessly toward him. The sheep had passed over a distant ridge. The wagons had halted beyond a spur of the mountains in the rear. The man and the woman were alone in the midst of a wild mountain region, where any display of

HE WENT TO HER AND PUT HIS HAND UPON HER SHOULDER.

human passion seemed strangely incongruous, and yet this human element was more dominant than the natural spirit of the place itself.

Gently he lifted her face from her hands. There was a strange light shining behind her tears. He looked at her, and as he looked, suddenly she reached up toward him with her lips, and in an instant his lips met hers. As they drew apart they were both flushed.

"There, child, dry your tears, and tell me what is troubling you," he said. But having just touched sincerity for a moment, they both felt that there was the ring of cant, both in his manner and his words.

"Nothing now," she said. Her look of perfect contentment proved the truth of her words.

When at length the train reached the point where Maggie was sitting, she was perched upon a rock, her great sun-shade in her hands, her face aglow with happiness. She was singing one of the happy songs of Zion, with which these Latter Day pilgrims had learned to beguile the tedium of their pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XX

THE DISCLOSURE

As they entered Utah territory, a shout was raised and at night great fires were kindled. The prayers of the Elders were unusually fervent with thanksgiving; the songs of the people vibrated with a note of exultation; a fortnight of steady progress and they would be at their journey's end.

The Green River was crossed by the ferry. On the farther bank a trading post swarmed with traders, gamblers, and Indians, who had learned how to profit by the inexperience of newcomers. In spite of Brand's precautions and Elder Carson's warnings and threatenings many of the men, rendered keen by long privation, yielded to the seductive invitations of those who sought to profit by their weakness.

Carissa was terribly shocked when Quibble reeled into camp, noisy and profane, and with him several others whom she had learned to respect because of faithfulness under trial. Was this to be their introduction into the land of promise? Were these the men who were gathering at God's command? Brand had fairly driven them from the place of their temptation, and, having given orders that no one should leave the camp, had posted a guard of reliable men to see that his orders were obeyed.

As Quibble passed Carissa, he halted as if he had something to say. There was an insolent look upon his face as he stood there steadying himself with an effort. "Have you heard about the surprise party

your man is fixing for you, leddy?" He spoke slowly and with drunken gravity. "I hear that Maggie—she was my girl, you know—has been invited, she fished for the invite and she's got it; there'll be a few others by an' by, and you'll lead a merry dance together."

He was in the act of shaking his finger at her, when his arm was suddenly seized by Maggie, who had been watching him. She turned him fiercely around, and gave him a vigorous push toward the circle of wagons.

"What are you doing here, you drunken brute? Get under that wagon, and wrap yourself up in that blanket, or I'll drive you with your own ox-goad."

He swore at her and raised his fist awkwardly, but she gave him another push and slapped him soundly on the cheek.

"You're a pretty Saint, aren't you? Move on now or I'll have Mr. Brand duck you in the river."

Under this vigorous treatment he obeyed, while Carissa watched the scene with a feeling of indignation. It seemed like a vulgar nightmare. She had never before been accosted by a man in liquor. She did not understand his words, but his look of brutal insolence was something not to be forgotten. She wished that Brand would come. It was Maggie that came to her.

"They've been drinking," she said, as though that would be a full explanation to Carissa. "This is the first time that Jock has touched it for more than two years. He left it off after hearing Elder Kimball preach in Manchester. I can't think what induced him to-day."

As she spoke she recalled his growing surliness during the past weeks, his smouldering jealousy ready

to leap into flame, and his sudden accusation of a few days before. She felt that she could, after all, understand his readiness to yield to the first call of his old appetite.

But she only said, "I heard Elder Carson declare that the devil had planted that stronghold at the entrance to the land, in order to try the fortitude of the Saints. I am afraid that some of them are only men." There was a world of quiet contempt in her tone.

It was hard for Carissa to shake off the depression that this scene had caused.

Their route lay through a country of great beauty. The roads proved unusually good, and their progress was rapid. As they passed Black Fork No. 3 they were within sight of a range of bluffs, which fantastically suggested the human figure, rudely carved in a variety of attitudes and standing out in bold relief. There were mediaeval warriors in battle array; women bowed in supplication; cowled figures of mendicant friars, and a vivid representation of a modern apostle, holding aloft a crucifix in one hand and a book in the other.

It was Saturday afternoon, the 10th of September, when they reached Echo Canyon and camped by the creek. Carson told them that they were within sixty miles of Salt Lake City.

For many days past Brand had been distraught and anxious; he realized that no more time was to be lost. He must at last make to Carissa the statement that he had kept so long in reserve. As he looked back, he marveled that she had not become possessed of definite information during the long journey. It seemed wonderful that a fact which had been in the possession of

almost every individual, and talked over in every group, should not have been communicated to her, in spite of his precautions. He wondered if she had in truth learned anything. He did not think it possible, or she would have questioned him.

Of late, Brand had been troubled by the conviction that he was not able to read Carissa's mind, as formerly. Her face was none the less expressive, but his seer's faculty was clouded. He found it more satisfactory to talk to her after the evening shadows had begun to gather, and when the expression of the features was less distinct. It was his turn now to become depressed. He was no longer sure of his ground. The thought of the possibility of ever finding her confidence in him broken was unbearable; and yet, if his deepest belief should prove true, she would utterly reject the notion of the sanctity of a plural marriage system, and might be hopelessly repelled by his advocacy of it.

But what was to be done? They were approaching the valley. She could no longer be kept in ignorance. Come what may, he must tell her and that immediately.

He led her one day up a steep gulch, branching off from the main canyon.

"Carissa, dear, I want to talk to you; let us follow this stream. See how it winds in and out, and how fiercely its little waters dash themselves against those rocky fragments. Some lives are like that, never at rest, always fretting themselves against every obstacle. You are not so; the current of your life runs deep and strong. This is but a shallow stream, and therefore it frets and rages."

"That is a faulty illustration, is it not?" said Carissa. "Would the deepest river in the world be able to glide placidly down a steep incline strewn with mighty boulders? My life has been beautifully guarded. What have I to disturb contentment? I remember the sweet, fragrant meadows of my childhood; and since I have known you, what has there been to cause fret or worry?"

"The parting from your old home—was it not hard? The severing of old ties?"

"I did it for love and I am satisfied."

"But you have cast in your lot with a people you do not know."

"They are your people. You have told me of them, of their convictions, their hopes, their ideals, until I am glad to be counted among them."

"But you have found out that they are poor, unlettered; you have discovered that they are not all saints in reality. You have had more than a glimpse of the sordidness of their lives."

Carissa thought of Quibble, and his drunken insolent stare and strange menacing words; yet she replied, bravely: "But they are earnest and devout."

"There is one thing that I have tried to tell you, Carissa," he began again. "I have hesitated; perhaps I should have trusted you without hesitation; but I wanted your faith to become fully confirmed. You know you were not converted to the faith in the ordinary way."

"You should know," she replied, gravely, yet with tender emphasis, "you have been my teacher."

Her words sounded like a reproach.

"Carissa, I believe with all my heart that Joseph

Smith was a divinely ordained prophet of God. There was a time when I was in doubt. I had come in contact with men of other beliefs, who scoffed at and ridiculed his pretensions. They did more; they sought to pervert my mind with specious arguments. It was through long continued fasting and prayer that there was finally borne in upon me the conviction, that has continued to form the most sacred element of my life. I realize that this conviction of the divine authority of Joseph the prophet is not as strong with you. It could not be; you have been instructed through my lips. I was taught by the Lord Himself in a manner I could never gainsay."

His voice vibrated with intense earnestness. She reached her hand to him, saying: "Have I ever doubted you, or questioned your teaching?"

"No, but I feel that the time is coming when this confidence of yours will be put to the utmost test. Tell me, do you believe in the divine authority of the revelations that have been given to us by Joseph Smith? That they are to be received even though they contradict the teachings and traditions of the so-called Christian world?"

Carissa bowed her head in a cloud of confused thought. A crisis seemed impending, for Brand's questions terrified her, and seemed to be a summons for her to prepare herself to meet some terrible blow.

"Carissa," continued Brand, not waiting for an answer, "if a revelation declares the will of God, its wisdom or righteousness is not to be tested by tradition or custom or conventionality. It does not ask permission of prejudice nor does it consult the untutored desires of human nature. Listen, dearest. About

a year before his cruel martyrdom, the prophet Joseph received a revelation which startled him. He hesitated to make it known, but he was commanded to publish it. When he communicated it to his counsellors, they declared that he must wait. The world was already arrayed in hostility against them. Such a publication would but call down upon them the unbridled fury of their enemies; they would be in danger of utter extermination. It was a mistake and a calamity, that the voice of these counsellors prevailed. God withdrew His protection, Joseph was killed, the city of Nauvoo was besieged, sacked and pillaged, and the people were driven forth into exile, and compelled to take up their long terrible march in search of an abiding place, and many left their bones on the prairie and in the desert. Had they been true to God, and not harkened to their fears; had they published this revelation to the world and braved the storm, I believe that God would have stood by them, and brought them off victorious."

Carissa was listening with much of the old look of rapt attention in her face. Brand had gathered all his great powers of persuasion for the emergency. The spell of his voice, modulated to bear his passion and enforce his conviction, was upon her.

"Carissa, that revelation had to do with the doctrine of 'Celestial Marriage.' I have explained some of its provisions to you. Unfortunately, as I have said, it was not published to the world. It was reserved until the Saints should gather as a distinct and isolated community, in the mountain fastness that the Lord has decreed should be theirs. Dearest, the time has come, when, in spite of what the world may say, in spite of

the base, cowardly, and insulting interpretations that may be put upon this article of our faith, this holy revelation of God's will is to be published in its entirety."

There came a sudden hardness into his voice, a certain indefinable change in his manner, that startled her even more than his words. She experienced an instinctive drawing away from him. A sense of horror chilled her; but it was only for a moment. She turned to him very bravely and smiled, though there was a nervous quivering about her lips and her eyes were filled with tears, as she half whispered, "Go on, dear, I am listening. I do not quite understand, but you will make it plain."

"What is it that troubles you so?" he said, almost sternly. At that moment he knew that his task was a hopeless one. He read her mind now with keen precision.

"Forgive me," I am very foolish. There came a sudden memory of what has been said," she faltered, and then went on rapidly, "those horrible slanders about the apostles and their many wives, and the dreadful system of lust and sensuality which they practice! I know it is absurd and you will forgive me, but coming with what you said, it startled me."

She looked at him beseechingly.

"Dearest, you must listen to me calmly. Yes, I forgive you, but do not let your fancy run ahead of my words. I am telling you of a revelation that has come with authority from the Lord, by the mouth of His servant," said Brand, and his tones were like a steel file.

Carissa's face grew ashy. Why could she not con-

trol the trembling of her fingers? the catching of her breath? the mad beating of her heart? Because she knew only too well that the walls of her life—her faith, her hope, her love—were crumbling in ruins about her! She listened as in a trance, her eyes fixed upon Brand's face.

He reached for a long stem of mountain sage and began plucking it to pieces.

"I told you that the time would come when your faith in God, and confidence in me, would be tested. All is darkness if you subject the revealed will of God to the test of your own judgment and wishes. All I seek is that you should suspend judgment where the lives of others are concerned. Do you understand?"

He tossed the mutilated shrub from him and looked at her.

"You must understand. Carissa, I must not criticize those who obey God; you must not criticize them either. Do you remember my saying that if God should ordain the revival of the patriarchal order of marriage, He could make it a source of blessing? Remember, dearest, it shall never come near you, or cast a single shadow across the threshold of the home we are to build. You know me. You know you have all my heart. Carissa, dearest, do not look at me like that. I cannot bear it. I have told you, with something like despair in my heart, for I knew how you would feel. But you had to know. You could not have gone down into the valley without finding it out. Carissa, I love you. Won't you believe me?"

He was unutterably shocked at the white stillness of the face before him. Had he been dealing a death blow to faith, to love, to life itself? He arose from

his seat, knelt at her side, and put his arms around her. She did not shrink away, and his heart felt a thrill of hope.

"Carissa, I have not changed."

Suddenly she drew back; life leaped into her face; and yet how changed she appeared to him! She had never looked like this.

"How long have you known this?" she asked, and her voice was strained and hard.

"Heber told me of it when he came to New York last fall, at the same time that he brought word for us to come. I could not tell you then. At first I scarcely believed it."

"Did you know anything of this when you married me?"

"No."

"Nor when you brought me to America?"

"No."

"Nor when you denied it before Mr. Allen?" Her tone was monotonously accusatory.

"No."

"Only when you knew that we were coming to Zion?" There was bitter contempt in her utterance of the last word.

"Only then."

He was desperate. He saw her slipping from him. His answers came without hesitation. His one controlling impulse now was not to convince her, but to justify himself. He put his own construction upon her questions. He could not tell her that for years he had been giving public denial of a thing he knew to be true, and that at the order of his church.

"Why did you let me come?" she asked wearily.

She sat upon a ledge of rock, upright, her head thrown back, and covered her eyes with her hand as though to shut out the sight of all things. Brand saw her intense agony with dismay. What should he say? It seemed to him just then, in spite of his training, a monstrous doctrine. Revelation, or no revelation, it was a thing to be abhorred. Words sprang to his lips that were perhaps more eloquent, if less true to his real nature, than any apology he could have framed.

"Carissa, I hate it as you hate it," he cried. "I will utterly reject it as you reject it. Come, let us bear this burden together?"

For answer she dropped her hands, and looked long into his face, which was lit up with passionate sincerity. Then she reached her hands to him in mute, helpless pain.

Her confidence in him had been too strong to utterly fail. Something had broken in her life. Something had gone out of it. But what had happened, she did not yet know. Only there was a sense of an abyss so deep, so dark, so appalling, that she shrank from exploring it with an abject fear.

As Brand folded her in his embrace she sank limp and helpless, white and apparently lifeless into his arms; and as he laid her gently down, to rush to the stream for water, he noted the deep lines of pain that seemed to have been suddenly chiselled upon her fair young face.

Carissa knew nothing of the rest of the journey, or of the entrance into the valley. She tossed deliriously upon the narrow bed built in a recess of the great lumbering wagon. Brand scarcely moved from her side. Maggie came often to inquire, but Brand had

little or nothing to say to her. His newly aroused love and devotion for the helpless figure by his side, precluded all possibility of wandering thought or passion

When they reached the city of the Saints, a newly built adobe house was assigned him, and hurriedly furnished, and with his own arms he carried the wife whom he had won from her beautiful English home, and laid her gently down in their new home in the land that she had longed to enter.

CHAPTER XXI

INTRODUCTION TO THE VALLEY

It had been more sympathy than conviction, together with the natural desire to end an intolerable situation, that had led Brand to agree with Carissa as a dissentient, during the scene in Echo Canyon. He accepted her point of view for the time being, in obedience to the law of self-preservation and in response to a deep stirring of pity.

But he now installed Maggie as nurse, and although he refrained from any act of familiarity, and avoided any private interview, it was pleasant to have her about, and her quick step and bright ways were thoroughly agreeable to him.

One day when they had been in the valley a week or two, and Carissa was much better but languid and depressed, and he had been seeking to beguile her with glowing pictures of their surroundings, she looked up at him questioningly, and the thought that had been with her for days came tremblingly to her lips.

"Do you remember what you said? It has been the one thing I have clung to."

"What is it, dearest?"

"You said, 'I hate it as you hate it. I will reject it as you reject it.' Am I right to put my trust in that?"

"Certainly, dearest. But you must grow strong quickly, and come out into the city. You must see for yourself. It would not be fair for you to shut yourself

up with your preconceptions, while I, in mingling with the people, see nothing but harmony and peace."

The pallor deepened in her pain-drawn face.

"It is the thing itself that is so terrible. Don't you see? Oh, husband, you cannot think of staying here? We cannot make our home here. How can we meet the people and live with them, when they teach and practice such an awful thing?" she cried, with shaking voice.

He was amazed at the persistency of her opposition. He was also afraid of giving her another shock, weakened as she was.

"There, dearest, you must not think about this. I will not talk with you about it. Your one business is to get strong. We must spend the winter here at any rate. The canyons will soon be full of snow, and the trail will be blocked for months. There will be ample time to talk about this when you are yourself again. Dearest, you know I love you. Your happiness is the dearest thing in my life, that and the welfare of our youngster here."

He caught up Moroni in his arms, played with him for some little time, and then placed him on a stool at his mother's feet.

"Now, my boy, I leave you in charge," he said. "You must teach mamma to smile again like her old self. She must get the roses back into her cheeks."

He kissed Carissa and went out. He smiled at Maggie as he passed through the adjoining room, and saw her plump arms flour-besprinkled from the dough she was kneading, and walked briskly in the direction of the church offices.

He was greatly attracted by the life of this new city. It was not altogether as he had pictured it, for it was unlike any other growing city on the continent, and the conditions were still crude.

It was part camp and part pioneer settlement. Many of the people still lived in their covered wagons; many of the houses that had been erected were mere shelters, and overcrowded, while only here and there were there habitations that had an air of permanency.

The streets were very wide. Trees in double-rows had been planted on either side, and were watered by rivulets from the mountain streams, conveyed by ditches in every direction through the city. The air was keen and bracing; the breath of the mountains was an exhilarating tonic.

There was no idling; all the inhabitants were busy. Hope was in the air. Brand breathed it in. He had been warmly welcomed, commended for past faithfulness, and entrusted with new responsibilities. Success hardened him. He determined that Carissa should see this life as he saw it. He would not allow her to indulge in morbid fancies and unreasoning prejudice.

There was precious little culture or refinement in the valley, it is true; but there was enthusiasm,—a poor substitute. Polygamy, as practically illustrated in the life around him, was not very offensive, he thought. Of course, if one indulged his imagination, there might be something offensive in the idea of one man living with three or four women in a one-room cabin; but then he could put a check on his imagination.

The homes that Brand had entered, and to which he proposed to bring Carissa, were well ordered. They

were large, commodious, and well arranged for privacy. President Young's new house, for example, afforded ample accommodation for his fifteen wives; and he was building another adjoining, that would give plenty of room for the proper disposition of his household.

He would like Carissa to see how courteous and considerate a man could be even under such trying conditions!

Brigham observed Maggie on her first arrival, remarked that she seemed a likely girl, and spoke of giving her a temporary home in his own household. But after an interview with Elder Carson, during which it was suggested that Brother Brand was not an enthusiastic advocate of polygamy, but that he would like to take Maggie to wait on his wife during her illness, he reconsidered the matter.

"You will be doing a kindness as well as serving yourself," he said paternally, when, acting upon the hint, he opened the matter to Brand. "I expect to have use for Brother Morey and it will be advantageous to the girl to have a good home."

There were some of the people who had not received the new revelation as enthusiastically as had been hoped.

It is always a bad thing for a religious community to be divided upon a question of doctrine. Brigham realized this. He himself was thoroughly committed and he was willing to make personal sacrifices, to a limited extent, in order to secure the thorough committal of others. He saw that Brand would naturally become an influential factor in the community; and if he was at all favorably inclined to Maggie it would be only

right that he should have the opportunity of becoming her natural protector.

"I hope that your wife will soon be able to take her endowments," he said. "Of course you are anxious to have her do it. The privilege will be granted on application."

Brand said nothing of the cause of her indisposition, other than the fatigue of the journey. It would, he knew, be a great step gained if she could be taken through the Endowment House. He made up his mind to prepare the way as early as possible.

One crisp winter's day he went to the tabernacle accompanied by Maggie.

"We must not let her become a heathen altogether," he said to his wife. "I am anxious that you should go, too. Haven't you been cooped up long enough? It will do you good."

But Carissa only shook her head and turned away wearily. Her strength had returned during these months. She knew that an exertion of will and a resumption of interest were all that was lacking to perfect health; but these seemed impossible. She had observed with unspeakable anxiety her husband's growing interest in the life of the city. She saw clearly that he was attached to the people, and was firm in his faith, and the hope of being able to persuade him to leave the valley was daily growing weaker. More and more she realized that Brand had deceived her. She had been led to believe that he who had sought her love was the champion of pure Christianity, as opposed to the corruptions of an apostate church, and to look forward to association with his people as a holy privilege; for he represented Zion to her as a com-

munity of whole-souled disciples of Christ, who would exhibit all the primitive virtues that marked the apostolic age.

This belief had not been disturbed by any criticism or persecution from without, for she had nerved her heart to meet these things. Had not Christ been hated and rejected? Had not the early church been cruelly slandered and persecuted? She was content to be counted worthy to share their sufferings, so that she might also have the privilege of sharing their life of devotion to the truth.

This had been her mental attitude during the first months of her married life; and so absorbed had she become in her love for her husband, fast ripening into reverence and her devotion to his church, that she had given not one regretful thought to her old happy life.

She started on the long journey overland with much the same devout and eager expectation as characterizes a Mohammedan devotee setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Her illusion was first pierced when Brand began to glorify, in the Old Testament worthies, conduct and customs which she found it hard to justify.

From that time there had been a steady disenchantment, until at last there had come the final disclosure, that polygamy—the basis of most of the charges against the Mormons, charges that had been indignantly denied over and over again, which she herself had declared to others were false and infamous—was nevertheless being taught and practiced by the Saints. From a loyal defender she had become a bitter denier of the faith.

She found herself marveling at the calm air with which Brand went to and fro among the people, and when she discovered that he fraternized with the church leaders, and was received by them as a brother beloved and honored, she felt a distinct and withering distrust of him.

There were times when it seemed so impossible to believe that he, whom she had regarded as the noblest of men, was really associated with all this horror, that she began to doubt her own sanity.

There could be no question, however, that Brand believed it all, and that her unbelief would simply constitute an ever-broadening chasm between them. This seemed intolerable. What would be left if this should be the final issue? Her love, strong, true, incorruptible drew her in one direction; but it seemed to demand the sacrifice of instincts that were an essential part of her nature. She still believed that he would be true to his assurance, that the foul institution of polygamy should never curse their home. Had he not told her that there were many monogamist Mormons, and that in this matter there was no compulsion?

Might she not then conceal the repugnance that possessed her, and for love's sake tolerate what she could not endorse?

While Brand and Maggie were at the tabernacle, alone this long afternoon, Carissa debated the matter with herself. It was a weary struggle, but her heart-hunger made love to triumph.

Baffled, broken-winged love gained the victory. Carissa determined that she would gather up the fragments of her happiness. She would submit, where submission was possible; and she sought to pray in

the language of childhood for strength in her desperate need.

When Brand returned he found her unusually cheerful and seemingly happy; her father's Bible was open before her and a bright look was in her eyes.

"Dearest," he said, "the services were wonderfully inspiring. I am sorry you missed them."

"I am glad you enjoyed them," she responded bravely, smiling as she rose to meet him. "I, too, have spent the time profitably."

He caught the suggestion of her new attitude.

"What have you been doing? You look like your old self. Whatever it is, I shall certainly prescribe it for you."

Sudden tears sprang to her eyes. How intensely she desired that every barrier should be broken down between them! Impulsively, she cried, "Oh, I do need you so much. You know that I have trusted you with my life. I have been wrong to spoil your happiness by shutting myself in seclusion. I will go with you into this life and see it as it is."

In spite of herself she trembled.

It was a brave effort, and Brand was profoundly moved. His better nature responded to the appeal. He believed his own words as he said: "You shall never regret it. I only want you to see this life, and judge my people understandingly. This is a good day, Carissa." He held her in his arms and she was happy.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LION OF THE LORD

There are very few, even of the inhabitants of Utah at the present day, who can have an adequate conception of the conditions that prevailed at the period of which we are writing. For half a century, civilizing forces have been at work, and for the past twenty years the peculiar institutions founded by the first Mormon leaders have been subjected to modifying influences from without. The building of the transcontinental railroad, and the consequent broadening of commercial relations with other sections of the country, the influx of non-Mormons, the work of Christian missionaries, the establishment of the public school system, the development of progressive ideas among the Mormons themselves, and the separation of church and state, in accordance with the spirit of the federal constitution, have all had their part in eliminating those features that were grimly characteristic of that time, when Brigham Young held sway as the "Lion of the Lord."

The Mormon political ideal was an absolute theocracy, and in those days it came very close to realization.

In the first place Utah territory was anything but a republic. Brigham Young was more than governor. He was more than dictator in political affairs. He was more than mere president of the church. No man ever claimed more despotic power than he exercised.

He controlled in all matters of state and municipal government. He was sure of endorsement and unquestioning support, when he made his famous declaration, "I am and will be governor, and no power can hinder it, until the Lord Almighty says: 'Brigham you need not be governor any longer.'" He appointed places of residence for the people, assigned them their tasks, dictated to them in the management of their domestic concerns, acted as umpire in the choosing of their wives, pronounced marriage and divorce at will, formulated their policy in dealing with strangers, and, in a word, played the rôle of autocrat in the disposition of life and property and in the adjustment of matters the most private and sacred.

In his addresses on public occasions and in the pulpit, he was often vulgar and vituperative, and yet much of what he said was regarded by the practical, hard-headed men about him as the acme of good sense and "mountain wisdom."

At the very time when Carissa in New York was making preparations for the long journey, and dreaming of the holy city and the peculiar people of God, Brigham was making use of the following "inspired" language in the tabernacle at Salt Lake:

"I say, rather than that apostates should flourish here, I will unsheath my bowie-knife and conquer or die. Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line and righteousness to the plummet. (Voices generally, "Go it, go it".) If you say it is right, raise your hands. (All hands up.) Let us call upon the Lord to assist us in this and every good work."

In the same discourse he related a dream of the

night before, during which he described his exasperation against an apostate, and said:

"I took my large bowie-knife that I used to wear as a bosom pin in Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying: 'Go to Hell across lots.'"

It may be argued that Brigham needed to use violent language, and to employ violent measures as well, if he would hold in any sort of subjection the mass of people that was at this time pouring into the valley.

The first comers to Deseret had been expelled from Missouri and from Illinois, for years they had been unsettled, living a precarious, wandering existence. The fever of unrest was in their blood. They had been taught that all nations and peoples would, some day, be subject to them, but in the meanwhile they were exasperated and embittered by their long hardships and cruel persecutions. What spiritual sensibilities they had originally possessed, had been brutalized by the awful experiences of the past; so that the refinements of speech would have been lost upon them, and Brigham felt that they needed the rough spur of his harsh and vulgar utterances, as their cattle needed the ox-goad. And this is true.

For there was no spiritualizing, or refining power in their system of belief; and so this "religious community" had to be driven to submission by taunts, sneers, vituperation, and by the display of a cruel and domineering will.

In such a community, where the dominating faith was both materialistic and sensual, conditions of necessity prevailed that were very far removed from the fancy picture that Carissa in her ignorant enthusiasm had been led to form.

Brand was fully aware of these conditions, but they did not trouble him. He enjoyed the confidence of Brigham and his counsellors, and shared their political aspirations as well as their religious ideals. His association with them restored the tone of his church loyalty. The result was that he remembered his yielding to Carissa's point of view with reference to polygamy, with something like shame. This act of yielding could not but seem a weakness, in a society where it was considered unfitting for a man to give precedence to a woman.

He was seated one morning in Brigham's cabinet, waiting for the President's return. He was thinking that if his real attitude toward Carissa should become known, it would be regarded with contempt. And yet, he had not been really subservient after all, he reflected. She was different from most of these women. How different from Maggie, for instance! Well, he was glad she was different—in a way—though Maggie was certainly a very charming bit of humanity! But this very difference had made it necessary for him to exercise caution. He was glad that she had at last decided to end her life of seclusion. Somehow, he hoped that she would be impressed much as he had been, by the life of the people. Brand arose to greet the President on his entrance, although their interviews were never very formal.

"Keep your seat, Brother Brand," cried Brigham cordially, and he did not remove his hat when he sat down. He planted himself squarely in his big chair and prepared to open the matter in hand. Brand knew him to be slow in his movements but positive in his

speech. There was a peculiarly heavy droop about one eyelid, but his face was rather pleasing than otherwise, although usually cold and reserved in expression.

He was scarcely seated, when the door opened and someone entered the room.

Brand observed a deep frown settle upon Brigham's forehead, and his manner became very reserved.

The intruder was a large, solidly built man of middle age, with a frank open countenance and an air of diffidence that he sought to overcome. He was advancing into the room when Brigham stopped him.

"What are you doing here?" The words were spoken slowly and without undue emphasis, but conveyed a blunt menace that was unmistakable.

The man removed his hat and looked his consternation.

"Why, Brother Brigham"—but Brigham interrupted him with "Whom did you have at your house last night?"

The man was speechless with embarrassment.

Brigham straightened himself slightly in his chair and his face flushed.

"I wonder at your impudence to enter my presence, after housing over night that damned Gladdenite exhorter."

His visitor raised his hand in deprecation of his anger, and managed to stammer in reply: "I meant no harm. He could find no other place, and was in need. I came to-day to pay my tithing."

Brigham's face did not relax its sternness. His voice was hard and repellent in its cold contempt.

"We do not take tithing from our enemies; I have

said that our people should have no intercourse with apostates. Your disobedience cuts you off from our fellowship, and fixes your lot with those whom you serve. Unless you repent of your wickedness there is no chance of your restoration."

Brand was watching the scene with absorbing interest. He understood Brigham's position, for he knew with what deadly enmity he regarded the Apostate Gladden and his followers. His own pity for the man was almost lost as he realized the character of his fault.

The man before them seemed utterly overpowered, as the enormity of his offense was brought home to him. Brigham watched him steadily; he saw the suffused face, the unsteady posture, the nervous fumbling of the hands that held his hat. Presently the man looked up with the dumb appeal of a stricken brute and, with a despairing gesture, pleaded for mercy. The attitude would have been highly ludicrous for such a man, had it not been for the intense air of earnestness that accompanied it.

Brigham's manner slowly changed, the hard lines of his face relaxed, and he leaned back in his chair with an expression of satisfaction.

"Do you repent of your iniquity, Brother Bowen?"

The man raised his hand to his face and clumsily wiped the sweat from his brow. When he spoke his voice was tremulous.

"I will guard myself in the future."

His words were almost inarticulate.

"That is well," said Brigham, as if in dismissal. "You may take your tithing money over to the office."

As he reached the door Brigham again addressed him:

"By the way, you may give my kind remembrances to Sister Bowen. Tell her she must come and see me."

As the door closed, Brigham settled back comfortably in his chair, and remarked lightly:

"He needed that lesson. He's one of those who have been priding themselves that they are 'old Mormons.'"

He glanced shrewdly at Brand, and continued:

"He doesn't take kindly to plurality. That's a sure indication that he will bear watching. When a man persists in neglecting one part of the law of God, it is quite safe to question his loyalty in all the rest."

As he spoke he turned with great deliberation to his desk. Brand could not help but wonder if that last observation was made for his benefit.

"What's the attitude of these 'old Mormons'? I have heard of them. Are they numerous?" asked Brand, feeling not quite at his ease.

Brigham's lip curled ironically.

"There aren't many of them, and Brother Bowen is a fair specimen. What there are, will soon be rooted out. They are mostly ruled by women, and reject the new and everlasting covenant. They are backsliders in heart, and are on the very brink of apostasy." He turned suddenly and Brand saw that there was much suppressed passion in his face. "It would have been infinitely better for their black hearts of unbelief if they had never perceived the light of God's revelation, for those who perceive and reject will certainly be damned," he said, passionately.

There was silence in the room. Presently Brigham turned again to his desk and extracted certain papers.

As he again faced about, all trace of passion had disappeared from his countenance.

"I rely upon you, Brother Brand," he said confidently. "Take these papers and look them over and report what you find. They relate to our dealings with the government at Washington. We are liable to have some troublesome visitors before many months, and it is well to exercise diplomacy. But it will not always be so."

Brand rose as he took the papers. Brigham extended his hand cordially, in dismissal, and said, "I have heard of your wife's illness. You had better take her out a little. Such close seclusion is not good for her."

As Brand passed up the street, he noticed the great throngs of people, and thought to himself that Brother Brigham was right in predicting that careful diplomacy would not always be necessary.

He recalled a favorite toast that had been responded to at a recent gathering.

"We can rock the cradle of liberty without Uncle Sam to help us."

"That will soon be a fact as well as a sentiment," he thought. "This city is filling up astonishingly fast. The country is being occupied by thrifty settlers; more are coming every year. We shall soon control this entire country west of the Missouri River, and as our power and prestige increase we shall attract to ourselves vast multitudes from every nation."

He felt that it was good to be associated with the movement, and as he yielded to the fascination of his ambitious desires, he felt a new inrush of loyalty to his church.

Could Carissa have read his heart as he entered her sitting-room, she would have known that there was at work within him a combination of forces, that fatally threatened the fulfillment of her lingering hopes.

CHAPTER XXIII

RECEPTION AT THE BEEHIVE

For Carissa's début, as it may be called, Brand expressed his desire that they should together attend a party to be given at the Beehive House, in honor of two French scholars and writers, who had come by way of California to study the religious peculiarities and social customs of this strange sect.

Brand knew well that on such an occasion the best face possible would be put upon their institutions, in order that these strangers who had the ear of the world might be favorably impressed, and he was anxious for Carissa to receive her introduction under the most auspicious circumstances.

Carissa felt a little nervous when she entered the handsomely furnished drawing-room, and realized that all eyes were upon her. Her beauty, her husband's position as a man of affairs, her former seclusion, the many rumors that had been whispered about as to the cause of it, and her natural air of refinement and distinction, all tended to make her conspicuously the object of strong curiosity. Brigham marked her entrance and came forward to greet her. There was nothing offensive about his manner. On the contrary, he tried his best to be agreeable. But he was no ladies' man at the best of times.

He introduced her to several of his wives as a matter of course, and then turned to Brand and said, "I want

you and your wife to meet Mr. Breilley. He is a very interesting man, has traveled a lot, and will remain with us till the spring. He has eyes in his head, and is here to use them. We must take care that he sees the right things."

Carissa presently became aware that Brigham was looking at her shrewdly.

"I suppose you have not seen much of this new life yet, Sister Brand? I understand that you were not reared in the faith. Oftentimes inherited tradition dies hard. There is doubtless much that is strange to you here?" he said genially, and with a touch of deference in his manner.

"Yes," she said, answering only his last question.

Brigham went on, "You must take time. Learn by experience, and do not harken to foolish imaginings. You see everything now in a state of crudity; don't look too intently at necessary processes. From the confused elementary mass, we will build a commonwealth that shall be unique for its purity, strength, and glory. That is certain. The Lord has spoken, and we are but carrying out His purposes."

While he was speaking Carissa was impressed by his sincerity, even though it contradicted all her preconceptions. But she asked herself if he had not practiced deception so thoroughly and persistently that he had deceived himself into believing his own words.

She was relieved, however, not to feel extreme repugnance toward this man, who exerted so powerful an influence over her husband, and whom she must often meet, should she adhere to her resolution to share her husband's life.

A general movement brought M. Breilley in touch with the group.

"My friend regrets exceedingly to miss the privilege of paying his respects to Your Excellency," said the Frenchman, bowing deferentially. "The rigors of the journey have left him utterly indisposed."

His eyes rested admiringly upon Carissa as he was presented to her.

"It is a great pleasure for a weary traveler to encounter such generous hospitality, such glorious scenery, and such beautiful ladies, in this far-away land of the mountains," he said, gallantly.

Brigham replied in his grandest manner, "We trust that your stay will be agreeable. We desire to give opportunity for the representatives of every people to understand this gathering from all nations, in these latter days."

"I have been about your city and have found much of supreme interest. But why have I encountered no one from my own land?" inquired monsieur, with sly innocence.

"The French are less open to religious impressions than other peoples," replied Brigham, bluntly. "It is difficult for our missionaries to break through the philosophical cynicism, with which they have been imbued by Voltaire."

Monsieur looked pained and surprised, as he said, "I remember one of your agents who visited France a few years ago, and a public discussion concerning his mission that appeared in our journals."

"Some of our ablest men have preached for years in your great cities, but they have encountered indifference, pre-occupation with the sciences, and absorption

in light literature or in the trivialities of an artificial society. Yet there is no country where our doctrines are more needed than France."

"Please explain," begged M. Breilley.

"Your civilization is corrupt, because it disregards the life of the home and undervalues the importance of the child. Your women evade the responsibilities of motherhood, your youth are frivolous, and your children are either killed before they are born, or neglected during the period of infancy. With us marriage is a saving rite, motherhood a divinely imposed obligation, and a numerous offspring the glory of the father. The first great commandment given to our father Adam, and later to Noah, was 'multiply and replenish the earth.'" Brigham spoke with the air of a prophet.

Monsieur smiled and said: "But, sir, do you seriously defend the practice of polygamy from the standpoint of morality?"

He glanced at Carissa, who involuntarily flushed crimson.

"Certainly," Brigham replied. "Society is corrupt because it has disregarded this law of God. Why is there recognized one law of sexual morality for men and another for women? Is not the fact a significant one, that there is nothing in nature to prevent one man from being the father of a hundred or more children a year, while nature herself prohibits a woman from being the mother of more than ten or twelve in a lifetime?"

"Yes," responded the Frenchman, dryly, "society has certainly failed to recognize as the first law of life the necessity or the desirability of multiplying the

species at as rapid a rate as possible; as it is, the world has been so crowded at times that even war and pestilence have seemed a blessing."

"And yet never have the waste places been fully occupied. There is room for the entire population of the earth to find home and sustenance on the unimproved portion of this continent alone," said Brigham, with more courage than discretion.

"You connect, I believe, the second coming of Christ with the speedy population of the earth?" remarked the Frenchman, with an amused interest.

"Certainly. The prime object of creation was the multiplication of the human species, in order that preexistent spirits, the offspring of God, might have the opportunity of becoming incarnate in the flesh. When this work has been accomplished, then will the purposes of this terrestrial planet be fulfilled. Then Christ will come to reign and we shall reign with Him."

"This is most interesting," commented Breilley. "I must certainly inform myself concerning this system."

Then turning to Carissa, he said: "I will confess to you that I had formed the opinion that Mormons were unreasoning fanatics, and that their system was one of great immorality and lust."

Carissa knew not how to reply. Brand was by her side, evidently pleased at the turn of the conversation. Brigham was observing her intently. It was with an evident effort that she finally said:

"You have doubtless observed in your travels that there are many religious systems taught among men. Christ Himself has given us a rule by which we may judge of their truth. 'By their fruits ye shall know

them.' So, you see, it is neither by theory nor by hearsay, but by the test of practical experience and observation that we are to judge of truth."

Carissa was feeling for her answer, and when it came it was the expression of her deepest convictions. She looked up at her husband. It was for him that she continued speaking:

"Religion is more than a system, more than a theory, more than a method. It is a life; and wherever life is found, it is 'the most holy that is most Christian.' Any system that helps to holy living can come only from God; and no system that blunts the spiritual perceptions, and deadens spiritual susceptibilities, can for a moment claim His authorship."

Brigham's face darkened. There was seemingly nothing in her words to give offense, except that he knew something of her attitude of rebellion, and guessed, from her expression and tone, her intention to test by her own standard of purity, the theory and life of this people. But he only said:

"Very true, and we only desire honest, unprejudiced investigation. But will you find seats to listen to the music? A slight programme has been arranged, I believe."

Among the company Carissa met a sweet-faced, low-voiced woman, who was introduced to her as Sister Pratt, and who manifested a desire for closer acquaintance.

"I have heard of your illness and should have come to see you, but I have been so occupied with my children," she said, prettily.

"It seems disgraceful to be ill in a climate so perfect as this," Carissa responded.

Brigham turned to Brand and said, "Come into my cabinet a few moments, I want to speak with you."

In a few minutes Brand found President Young waiting for him, seated in his great arm chair, his heavy figure settled in a squatting attitude.

"Is your wife a good Mormon, Brother Brand?"

Brand was startled by the question. His first impulse was to evade a direct answer. His relations with Brigham had been uniformly pleasant, but he knew his powers of penetration, and his domineering will. This thought, with the uncertainty of the extent of his questioner's knowledge, and the fact that he was taken by surprise, determined him to frankness.

"No! I cannot say she is, but——"

"You're going to say that you hope to persuade her to believe," Brigham interrupted with a sneer. "Let me tell you something. She is hoping to persuade you to apostatize."

Brigham uttered the last word with the stress of subdued passion.

"Impossible!" Brand ejaculated.

"It is not impossible. On the contrary, it's certain. Where did you find her?"

"In the west of England. In Cornwall."

"What did she know of Mormonism when you married her?"

"Nothing, except what we were instructed to preach at that time."

"Was she baptized?"

"Yes, in London, when we were married in the fall of 1851."

"When did you begin to teach her our doctrine?"

Brand stated the case in a few words, even to

Carissa's rejection of the revelation on Celestial Marriage. He sought to shield her by pleading her inexperience and rare sensitiveness, but Brigham cut it short.

"I thought as much, and you promised to stand by her, did you?"

There was an exceedingly disagreeable quality in Brigham's voice as he put the last question. It seemed as though he was reading the private thoughts of the man before him.

"What could I do? It would have killed her, had I forced the matter then," exclaimed Brand, desperately.

"It would have been better for her to die, infinitely better, than to reject the truth." Brigham's tone was cold and hard. "You have bungled this affair frightfully. You have jeopardized her eternal welfare, and have yourself been led to the very brink of Hell. You have indulged an exclusive passion, and it has blinded you. You have encouraged her in a wilful spirit of independence, when she should have been taught submission. Instead of ruling your own household, like a man, you have submitted to the control of a half-formed, prejudiced girl."

He leaned forward, his face suffused, and his voice and manner expressing supreme contempt and anger.

"These are not the ways of the Saints in Zion," he continued, sternly. "Out of such proceedings, apostasy has its most virulent growth. Unless you rectify your error, your house will become a plague-spot of sedition; you yourself will become an outcast, and your whole household will be cut off, as unworthy the inheritance of light."

So intense was the speaker, and so charged with the spirit of assured conviction, that Brand, who had always regarded him with reverence as the successor of the prophet and the anointed of the Lord, was profoundly shaken.

Under the influence of Brigham's words, he realized keenly how feeble had been his hope of really winning Carissa to look at matters as he did, and he could not but accuse himself of pursuing a weak, temporizing policy. He knew Carissa well, he loved her, admired her, and had begun to fear her. The thought of losing her was intolerable. The case seemed hopeless.

"What can I do?" he cried and dropped his face into his hands.

Brigham's manner changed, his tone softened and took on a note of sympathy.

"That is a question you should have asked me on your first arrival. Your indecision has complicated the matter, but it is not too late. In the first place, you must crucify your own inclination and conquer your own weakness," he said.

"That is easily said. I want to know how," exclaimed Brand.

"Don't you see? Your fault has been that you have humored her. The reason is that you are indulging yourself in an exclusive passion for her. You have lavished upon her as much affection as I have upon my entire household. The result is that you have been a slave to her caprice. Obey God's command, and take to yourself additional wives. It will cool the fever of your blood, and will teach her the salutary lesson of submission."

"It would alienate her forever, and she would never

consent to it," Brand protested, aghast at the near prospect.

"Then you confess that you have surrendered the reins of government, do you?" Brigham answered roughly. "But you mistake. Are you so blind that you fail to see she will never be won by persuasion? Her pride must be broken, the demon of traditional prejudice must be cast out. You must either lead her to the church, or she will lead you to perjure your soul by abandoning it. You must choose, and you have the power of determining her destiny as well as your own. If you accept counsel, all will be well."

Brand's belief that Brigham was indeed the prophet of God, and that his resources were practically unlimited, turned the scale toward obedience.

"What would you advise?" he asked rather meekly.

"There is a comely girl in your own household, who is greatly inclined towards you," said Brigham with a complete return to cordiality. "She ought to be congenial to your wife. Take her into your affections. I desire you to go to Iron County as early as practicable. Take this girl with you. Her father is to be sent with the other men. She can go down to help him in getting settled, and can come back with you. You will be there about three months. In the meanwhile, say nothing to your wife about it. I will have some of our women call upon her, who will quiet her scruples. But remember, no indecision, no hesitation. This is a path which once entered upon has no turning." With that, Brigham dismissed him.

When Brand returned to the drawing-room there was a curious look upon his face, one that made Carissa feel uneasy.

His first glance caught the full effect of Carissa's winning beauty, spiritualized by suffering and heart conflict; and he needed to turn his eyes away, in order to steel his heart to carry out the plan he had decided upon.

CHAPTER XXIV

OBEDIENCE TO COUNSEL

The next few weeks formed a period of curious conflict in Brand's mind. He had undertaken to follow the counsel of President Young and yet he took no definite steps toward the end in view.

When he was with Carissa he experienced a sensation of remorseful tenderness. What he was about to do would wound her cruelly. She had trusted him and this was to be her reward. At such times his natural susceptibility for Maggie was checked for a while and he felt that he could devote his life altogether to the woman he loved.

This attitude, however, he condemned as a temptation to evil, when he remembered the commands of the church and the duty that had been indicated by his superior.

To disobey was apostasy and there was no epithet in all the vocabulary of the Saints more terrible than that of apostate. It meant excommunication, eternal banishment, social ostracism, ruin in temporal affairs, persecution and often death. The doctrine of "Blood Atonement" was no stage thunder, in these days. It meant what it said—death to the apostate.

Brand knew himself well enough to know that he would obey in the last resort.

One day when the time was approaching for the journey, he found himself standing and watching Mag-

gie, who was moving with her quick springy step across the floor, and indulging his speculation as to whether her charms would make compensation for the loss he must inevitably sustain.

"Maggie, are you glad that you are going with us to Parowan?" he asked, looking steadily at her.

There was that in his tone that thrilled her. She stopped before him, the color of her eyes seemed to deepen, and there was a passionate look on her face.

"I am glad if you are glad," she said, and dropped her eyes before his searching gaze.

Brand smiled, and turned; as he re-entered the room where his wife was sitting by the window, sewing, he scarcely returned her greeting, but went to his desk, took out some papers mechanically, and began turning them moodily over and over.

It was a beautiful April day when Brand said good-bye to his wife, and started for Parowan. The journey required about six days of steady traveling, through a region sparsely settled and in its virgin state of wilderness. Brand and a majority of the party, consisting of men destined for the mines and the iron-works, were provided with saddle horses. The only vehicle was a light two-seated wagon, laden with supplies and drawn by four brisk mules. Maggie was the only passenger. The driver was a Canadian by the name of Dix, who had made the trip several times; he was rugged in appearance, well-informed concerning the route and the country, possessed a hailing acquaintance with all the settlers, and was running over with anecdote and reminiscence.

Maggie appeared at her best as she sat at his side, happy with the sense of novelty, responding merrily

to his stories, and indulging to the full her anticipations of the future.

It was remarkable how a few months had developed in her the charms of womanhood. She was observant and imitative, and her association with Carissa had been like a finishing school to her. Her tone was softened, her manners more refined, her speech less brusque, although the rich stores of her physical vitality still found expression in free movement and charming abandon. She had learned the trick of confining her rebellious locks of hair into a picturesque coil of order. Her dress was neat, trim, and appropriate to the outdoor life in which she delighted, while her good spirits, merry laughter, and bright sayings were delightful.

In Brand's presence, there often came over her a timid shyness that was very winning. Maggie found nothing in the idea of polygamy to offend her; while there was much to attract her when she looked at Brand and thought of Carissa.

Under ordinary conditions, she would not have dared to aspire to Elder Brand, but she might permit herself to hope for the subordinate place of second wife. She would not be monopolizing him. She would be robbing no one else, for she never dreamed of putting herself on a par with Carissa. She would not be usurping her place; she would just be making a place of her own, in the thought and generous love and care of this strong man, whom she regarded with such a feeling of reverence. Her faith taught her that there was no wrong, and that there would be nothing humiliating in her position. More than that, she would be honoring herself, obeying God, and providing for

her eternal as well as temporal happiness. The thought filled her with delight. She felt that even a small fraction of the love of such a man as Brand, would be more satisfying than the undivided devotion of such a man as Quibble.

During the first day, Brand was in the saddle, but it was dull work seeking to converse with Scandinavians and Welshmen, whose knowledge of English was exceedingly limited. He attempted to talk with Morey, but succeeded in eliciting only gruff monosyllables.

He noticed that Maggie was being amused by the droll stories of the driver, who sought to beguile the way; and he was irritated at the sound of the merry laughter that came from the wagon.

Thoughts of Carissa still lingered with him, but they began to take on another character.

He felt that Carissa was blameworthy to have put him in a position where a direct command was necessary, and where a natural action was made to look like a mere act of reluctant obedience. The life around him seemed normal enough, and Carissa's attitude of dissent became proportionately abnormal. He put away the remembrance of his own weakness in sharing her point of view.

"She might as well adjust herself to the inevitable," he said to himself. From the height of this wise philosophy, it was not unnatural that he should recur to the pleasant thought of appropriating Maggie to himself. It was perfectly right. It was not only sanctioned, it was ordered by the church. Plurality was a divine command, and rested upon the fact that a man's love was not like a woman's, in that it did not possess the same element of singleness.

Besides, had not Brother Brigham said that it was his absorption in a single passion that had weakened his hold upon the truth, so that he had been unable to present it convincingly to his wife? The logic was as easy as an old glove.

They stopped that night at Cottonwood. Their host possessed a two-roomed log cabin. He had three wives, dull, stolid women, and a round dozen of stupid, dirty children. He had been in the country less than five years, but had a fair sized farm under cultivation and was evidently satisfied.

Brand was strangely out of sorts. The surroundings did not encourage him to talk with Maggie and yet her bright face allured him. After an unsatisfactory supper, slatternly served, he turned to her and said, "You'd better make yourself comfortable for the night. I'll send in the blankets. I suppose there's no extra bed to be had. You'll have to use one of these settles."

"Where will you sleep?" she asked.

"Oh, anywhere. I must go out and see the horses. Good-night."

It was a glorious night. The moonlight cast a glamour over every homely detail of the place. Brand stood in the doorway of a rude shed, where the men were fixing themselves for retiring, and looked out upon the scene. A broad sea of shimmering light stretched away to infinity; not a tree or shrub anywhere to break the view. A slight mist lay low along the valley, enough to catch and hold the silvery radiance, not enough, however, to obstruct the vision. He was yielding himself to its wonderful charm. How long he remained in this attitude he did not know. A

HE STUDIED THE EASY ATTITUDE OF THE SLEEPER.

feeling of chilliness aroused him. The men in the shed had long since settled themselves to slumber.

"I'll go and warm myself before I tumble in," he thought.

As he opened the door, the warmth of the still brightly burning fire was very agreeable. A bed in one corner of the room held two or three children. His host, wrapped in blankets, was snoring heavily on one side of the fire; and on the other was Maggie asleep, her head pillowed on her hand, her hair in disorder, framing the face softened by the flickering light. He stood with his back to the fire and watched her. The chill was leaving his blood. He felt the waves of warmth mounting upward, and wrapping him in as with a blanket. It was a physical sensation of animal comfort, but it affected him mentally. He studied the easy attitude of the sleeper. The covering was well about her, but the throat was sufficiently exposed to show its exquisite contour. The lips, too, were ruddy, and parted dangerously. He crossed the room softly, and bent over the wide bench where she was lying. He observed the regular breathing, the long dark lashes, the slightly parted lips. He moved slightly that he might not intercept the light falling full upon her.

She might be his, by permission of all that he held sacred in religion. It would do no harm to awaken her. That snoring brute on the other side of the fire would be hard to arouse. He touched her lips gently with his own.

She opened her eyes, startled for a moment.

"Maggie, I've come to say good-night again. Do you care?"

The blanket rolled back and her warm arm stole about his neck.

Her clinging embrace intoxicated his senses. All this wealth of passionate life was his. The rich treasure of her sensuous beauty was at his disposal. She yielded herself freely, as in a delirium of joy, impelled by a love that was absorbing.

He felt the hot blood throb in his temples. The spirit of the despoiler was upon him.

There was a flashing thought of Carissa, but it irritated him, and he put it away. He passed his arm about Maggie, kneeling by the low pine couch.

"Are you satisfied that I have come?" he asked softly. Her sweet warm breath was in his face. "I shall marry you, darling. You understand? We may have to keep it secret for a time. Can I trust you?"

No words were necessary. He knew that she would yield and obey in all that he desired. She asked no questions, made no conditions. She simply tightened the pressure of her warm, clinging embrace. At length he released himself gently. He looked long at the eyes that smiled up at his with a satisfied look,

"Good-night, dear."

With a lingering touch, he adjusted the covers about her, stooped and kissed the full, red, smiling lips, and left her to dream of the happiness that had come into her life.

As he passed out and made his way to the shed, where he had spread his blankets, he was already looking into the future, and hardening his heart against any obstacle, though it took the form of an outraged wife.

Yes, Carissa might oppose him. Well, what of it?

Brother Brigham was right; she must learn to adjust herself to her conditions. What solution could be simpler?

He thought of what had just passed. It was simply an irrevocable committal of himself to the counsel of his church.

On the sixth day they reached Fillmore, the territorial capital, a poor looking village, surrounded with a palisade instead of a wall.

Their road had led them amid a variety of mountain scenery, usually wild and rugged. They had passed through a few settlements of barren, almost desolate, aspect, but had met with hospitable reception and generous treatment. The people were as a rule ignorant, of foreign aspect, hard workers, and displayed no superficial piety, uncultivated in manner and rude in habits and speech. But they were devoted to the church, and fanatical in their ready obedience to the will of their superiors.

In the majority of the homes where they stopped, there were two or more wives, who had become used to the system, and herded together with little friction. Occasionally they met with people of considerable intelligence, with whom Brand found it a pleasure to converse; but as a rule he was thrown back upon the society of Maggie, and there was that about her fresh and winning ways, that made the association delightful.

On two occasions they had been compelled to drive all night long through narrow, lonely canyons before reaching a place of shelter. Each time Brand had tied his horse to the wagon, and taken his place with Maggie who nestled by his side listening contentedly

to the music of the crunching wheels, the clatter of the mules' feet upon the rocky road, the occasional ejaculations of the driver, and the constant undertone of the dashing mountain stream that guided them onward.

There was a weird fascination about these narrow rocky defiles by moonlight. To traverse them seemed the one serious business of life. Any former existence and associations took on an air of unreality, became as unsubstantial as the moonlight. There was an insistence about the reiterated refrain of the jolting wagon, and the other concordant elements of this symphony of mountain travel, that made their world seem very small, and yet all-important.

Brand yielded himself utterly to the charm of Maggie's sweet surrender. He no longer regretted the choice he had made, no matter what might be the inconvenience awaiting him in that other world, to which he must sometime return.

At Fillmore he found the people in a state of considerable excitement, over the reported depredation of the Pah-Ute Indians, and readily consented to join a party that was being organized for the purpose of keeping them in check. Before starting he sought out a lodging for Maggie with the resident bishop, and left Morey in charge of the wagon and supplies.

CHAPTER XXV

EXTRACTS FROM CARISSA'S JOURNAL

For several days after Brand's departure for Parowan, Carissa saw no one outside her immediate family, except the man Bowen, who came in the mornings, at Brand's request, to do any heavy work that might be required. There was little for him to do, but he was always punctual in his attendance. Carissa scarcely noticed him; he was a big, pleasant-featured, slow-moving man, who made no claim on her attention while the painful character of her thoughts fully occupied her. One morning, however, he lingered some time after she had dismissed him. She thought he must have failed to understand her and repeated that there was nothing more to do.

"Thank you, Miss," he responded, rolling his hat awkwardly, but making no move to depart.

"What is it?" she asked, suddenly perceiving that he was seeking for an opening to say something. "Is there anything I can do for you? Are your wife and family all well?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss, it isn't that anything's wrong —leastways not in that way." He looked slowly around with an exaggerated air of caution and lowered his voice, "I 'm jest a thinkin' of goin' away."

There was something very ludicrous in the mingled air of fear, embarrassment and cunning with which he made this announcement, but Carissa felt no inclination to mirth.

"I jest can't stand it here no longer," he went on. "You mustn't tell, for they'll stop me if they can. But it's got to be pizen just to breathe this here air."

Carissa understood what he meant, and a feeling of respect for this hulking figure of a man,—began to find place in her thoughts.

"Where will you go?" she asked a little wistfully.

"I dunno yet, but me and my woman has talked it over. You see, Miss, we warn't brought up to this here bizness of marryin' more than one woman, and mine says that she jest won't stand it, nor I don't want to nuther. Did ye hear about that Elder, jest come from a mission, marryin' three women all to onct—it's clean disgustin', and two of 'em were a gal and her own mother."

The picture was utterly revolting, but Carissa did not doubt its truth. It was not so much worse than what she knew must exist.

"It is all horrible, I know," she shivered a little as she spoke. "But how can you get away?" She looked off over the narrow valley.

"I dunno, Miss," the man replied. "The old woman is mighty sot on goin' tho' and I reckon we'll make it somehow. I jest thought I'd tell ye about it, you don't seem so very chipper yerself, Miss!"

The labored effort at sympathy expressed by the shy and clumsy utterance, was almost more than she could endure. There were tears in her eyes and her voice trembled as she expressed the hope that he would succeed.

"Don't cry, Missie," he said, stretching out his big rough hand. "I've heard tell that the soldiers are

comin' out this fall. It most likely will be better then, leastways you have nothin' to fear. We're not goin' right away, but I jest thought I'd tell you."

From the pages of a private journal, begun soon after the birth of her son, and dedicated in her happy days most tenderly to him, we gain certain glimpses of Carissa's life at this period.

"I had intended that in after years my boy should peruse these pages. But my heart is breaking at the thought that he will discover, if I record the truth, how hollow and worthless is his inherited faith. Nothing, nothing has the ring of truth and sincerity. I have been seeking to grope my way back to my father's faith, but everything is dark about me. Old Bible truths have been poisoned by the lecherous touch of unclean fingers."

"My husband has gone to Parowan. Before he left, I declared to him my utter unbelief in the system he has taught me. While he is gone I will study, not that I may be convinced, but that I may convince him. This, and the future of my darling boy, for whom I would give my life, are all that I have to live for. Oh, my boy, to-night I have been kneeling at your bedside, you were sleeping so sweetly, and I tried to pray. There must be a God somewhere, if I could only find Him. I asked Him to make my heart hard as steel against this system of iniquity."

"It is impossible to cultivate familiar relations with this people. There is so much that is antagonistic, and yet they are kind and generous and hospitable to strangers, and to those who believe as they do. Nothing but ostracism and outlawry are meted out to those

who have apostatized. I cannot be separated from my boy and his father. In order to give battle, I must understand where is the vulnerable part of this system. How can I make him know its falsity? While I have been thinking, there has come to me the saying of Jesus—'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I must collect the evidences of the poisoned fruit of this upas-tree; it ought not to be difficult, they are all around me."

"This system lays no claim to spirituality. It boasts of being a system of materialism. It would be impossible for it to induce spirituality in the lives of its believers. This fact explains the dearth of spiritual feeling among the people. Wherever this feeling does exist, it seems to me that it is only the survival of the old faith they have discarded. I have been attending the ward meetings and the tabernacle services; everywhere there are vulgarity, buffoonery, and sacrilege. They have made God after their own image, and picture Him as inspired by their own evil passions. They declare that 'the Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's.' Like themselves, He is a polygamist. The other evening at a ward meeting, a speaker quoted from a sermon delivered two years ago by Orson Hyde, chief of the apostles, in which he said: 'If at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto Him Mary, Martha, and the other Mary whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves.' He further added, that those who denied this teaching were under the necessity of explaining conduct that was compromising, and actions that were indelicate. My pen falters as I write these words. Is there nothing that they are willing to

leave sacred? I received a caller to-day—a woman, who disgusted me with a physiological argument for 'Plurality,' as she calls it. I am afraid that I am getting hardened, for I listened to it all, and after she had ended, asked about her children, as though all that she had said was a matter of course."

"Nothing but abject subordination is expected of women. To-day the ward bishop, exhorting from the stand, said: 'Wives should obey their husbands in all things, no matter what they are commanded or whether they know it to be wrong. What then? Will they be punished? No; the wicked husbands will go to Hell and be damned to all eternity; but the wives will be taken from him and given to some better man.' What a monstrous teaching! Here is an extract from a sermon by President Kimball, expunged and polished for publication in the official paper: 'You women were made more angelic and a little weaker than men. Man is made of rougher material to open the way, cut down bushes and kill the snakes, that women may walk along through life and not soil and tear their skirts. When you see a woman with ragged skirts, you may know she wears the unmentionables. From this time henceforth you may know what woman wears her husband's pants. May the Lord bless you, amen.' There is much more that has been said, in the name of a religion that professes to be the most holy form of faith in existence, that is so horrible, so sickening, so revolting to every refined instinct, that my pen refuses to record it. Surely he, whom I married because he seemed nobler than other men, will at last be led to see the utter depravity of this system of irreligion, and, before you, my darling, shall ever be called to

read these pages, he himself will have taught you to hold its teachings in utter detestation."

"Your father has been gone a long time. How I wish for his return. Several women have called upon me. They do not understand my position. I told them that I did not, could not, believe in the righteousness of polygamy. They laughed when I said that my husband had assured me that the dark shadow of this institution should never darken our home. They declared that 'Plurality' used to be optional, but that it has now become the law of the church, whenever a man can afford more than one wife."

"Oh, why does not my husband return? I will unburden my heart to him. I will tell him of my fears, and the despair that threatens to overwhelm me. I will implore him to take us away. He has never really known this people. He is deceived as I have been deceived. I have heard his sermons when he has declared his faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Spirit. He cannot know what awful blasphemy is substituted here for these teachings. There is lying before me a printed sermon by Brigham Young, in which he says: 'When our father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*, with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is *Michael, the Archangel, the Ancient of Days*, about whom holy men have written and spoken. *He is our Father and our God and the only God with whom we have to do.* Jesus, our Elder Brother, was begotten in the flesh by the same character that was in the garden of Eden, and who is our Father in Heaven. Now let all who may hear these doctrines, pause before they

make light of them or treat them with indifference, for they will prove their salvation or damnation. Now remember from this time forth and forever, that Jesus Christ was not begotten by the Holy Ghost. If the Son was begotten by the Holy Ghost, it would be very dangerous to baptize and confirm females, and give the Holy Ghost to them, lest He should beget children, to be palmed upon the Elders by the people, bringing the Elders into great difficulties.'

"How can I pen these words so calmly when they fill my soul with such utter disgust and loathing. What mockery to label such teachings Christianity, and to go through the pretense of producing Scriptural argument in its support! My only hope is in the man I love."

Brigham had not forgotten his promise to prepare the way for the regulation of Brand's household. Carissa's callers were shrewdly selected, and wisely counseled by him. They bore uniform testimony to her concerning their happiness in the state of plurality.

So certain was it that every new visitor would ply her with testimony and argument, that Carissa dreaded the announcement of a caller. But one day she was pleased to receive the sweet-faced woman who had enlisted her sympathies at the governor's reception. As they talked together her heart was warmed into forgetfulness by the gentle womanly interest and tender sympathy of her visitor's manner. It was not strange that an impulse to confide in her came over Carissa. Her heart was so lonely and troubled.

"Are you happy here?" she said leaning forward, and speaking almost timidly. "Does this religion seem real to you?"

Mrs. Pratt seemed to understand her. There was sympathy in her kindly eyes, but a look of firmness, too, for in those days the women had no small part to play in confirming the faith of the wavering, and many of them were noted for their skill and adroitness.

Like a practiced surgeon, this woman knew how to apply the knife with a firm hand.

"Is it of polygamy you are thinking?" she said, quietly.

Carissa winced, as she answered. "Yes. I think it's terrible."

Mrs. Pratt smiled and said, "There are many that have stumbled at it at first. I confess to you, my dear sister, that it was a heavy cross to me. My husband is a good and virtuous man, whom I dearly love. We have four children who are very dear to both of us. But he has seven other living wives, and one who has departed to the better world."

Carissa was horrified. She could scarcely believe her ears. It seemed incredible to her that a woman of refinement and evident delicacy of feeling could relate, unmoved, such an astounding bit of personal experience. Her visitor smiled quietly at her agitation.

"You think that it is impossible that I should be contented and happy? I have sisters in New Hampshire, who are horrified at such a domestic arrangement. They say that it is licentious, abominable, beastly; and have written to me urging me to renounce it. But how can I renounce it, without renouncing the Old and New Testaments? I must count Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their families, as licentious,

wicked, beastly, abominable characters; Moses, Nathan, David, and the prophets as no better. I must look upon the God of Israel as partaker in all these abominations, by holding them in fellowship, and even as a minister of iniquity by giving King Saul's wives into King David's bosom and afterward by taking David's wives from him, and giving them to his neighbor. I must consider Jesus Christ, and Paul, and John, as either living in a dark age,—as full of the darkness and ignorance of barbarism, or else wilfully abominable and wicked, in fellowshiping polygamists, and representing them as fathers of the faithful and rulers in Heaven. Do you not see how firmly established this system is in the Holy Scriptures, no matter how repugnant it may be to our prejudices?"

"Stop!" cried Carissa. She had listened as one fascinated, but she could listen no longer. "It is all a horrible mistake. There is no God that would command such things."

For a moment her visitor looked at her indignantly, but as Carissa suddenly dropped her head, weeping passionately, Mrs. Pratt's face softened. Rising she put her arm about her and spoke soothingly.

"There, there, dear, don't cry. I felt that way at first, but I learned better. Tradition is very strong in you. There's a hard struggle before you, dear. But you make a mistake to condemn us unheard. For your own sake do not yield to intolerance. Life will be horrible to you if you cut yourself away from everything around you. You must not abandon yourself to disgust and loathing. Let me be your friend, and I will help you."

"You cannot help me," sobbed Carissa. "It is all so terrible. I never dreamed of such abominations. I have been caught in a net-work of lies and there seems no hope of escape. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

The elder woman stood by her side gently stroking the soft hair until the paroxysm of grief had passed, then taking her hands in her own she said compassionately:

"My dear sister, it is the lot of woman to suffer. But don't look on the dark side. I could have made myself miserable if I had set myself against the inevitable. I'll not argue with you now, dear, but let me caution you."

The warning of her tone riveted Carissa's attention upon the words that followed.

"You will have many visitors. You are being talked about freely. Do not, I pray you, express your unbelief. Believe me, dear, I speak for your good. Your husband loves you and is proud of you, but he is loyal to his church and sincere in his belief in its authority. Don't set yourself against that authority, no matter what may come."

All this was vaguely terrifying to Carissa. It seemed that a net was being woven about her by some hostile influence.

When her visitor had gone, Carissa buried her face in her hands. Everything was slipping away from her. It was no use to struggle; she abandoned herself to the incoming darkness.

She was aroused at length by baby hands tugging at her dress, and a baby voice calling to her: "Mamma, mamma."

She lifted her head, and saw the sweet upturned face pleading for a caress. Her mother's heart responded, and, as she held him in her arms and rocked him to and fro with infinite tenderness, the healing tears came to wash away a little of the great sorrow of her soul.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BISHOP'S VISIT

President Young was not a man to submit quietly to the disobedience and caprice of a woman; and he did not lack pliant agents of either sex, ready and competent to do his will.

Among those who were the willing instruments of his despotic authority, and who had risen to position in the church because of subservient obedience, was the bishop of the ward in which the Brands resided.

Since Carissa had begun to attend the ward meetings, this man had been the special object of her detestation He seemed to her the embodiment of the atrocious system of Mormonism, in its most offensive aspects.

He had recently taken his fourth wife, who was the niece of his first, and his entire household was crowded into a small two-story adobe house, that presented a cheerless, prison-like aspect, in spite of the dozen or more children that swarmed in the untended garden in front.

He was, however, a man of considerable shrewdness and force, illiterate, but understanding well the rude people under his charge, and supplementing his native ability by a power of dogmatic assertion that left little room for question.

To this man Brigham resorted, as soon as he learned that Carissa was still unconvinced of the wisdom and righteousness of the celestial order of marriage.

"It may be necessary that I should talk with her myself," he said. "But it is well that she should first know the extent of my authority."

"I will inform her," said the bishop. "She's a damned handsome woman, and has been very attentive of late."

"Save your swearing to enforce your pulpit utterances. It isn't needed here," responded Brigham. "We shall have no trouble with Brand, but this girl that he married in England needs to learn her place. It may be necessary to let her know that we do not recognize her marriage, until she has been sealed by competent authority; and that we possess the power of absolute divorce. A hint that she may be cut off from husband and child, as well as from the church, may teach her reason."

"It's your high-spirited mare that needs the touch of the whip," commented the bishop. "I'll see that she knows what to expect."

Brigham undoubtedly knew how insulting would seem the errand of this servant of the church, but he felt that this woman needed a lesson in humility, and to realize the force that backed the mandates of the church. His sense of delicacy was of that subtle kind which could prompt him to say in a public sermon:

"My wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, and live their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into Heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty."

The bishop was well pleased with the commission

with which he was entrusted. He imagined himself well versed in the best methods of handling women, as well as a fair judge of the points of female beauty, and had felicitated himself that Mrs. Brand had been assigned to his pastoral supervision. He did not anticipate much difficulty. Of course his parishioner might feel aggrieved, and would doubtless need consolation. But the idea of being called upon to console so beautiful a member of his flock was by no means disagreeable to him. He had mistaken her gaze of fascinated horror, while listening to his vituperative declamation, for a look of absorbed and appreciative attention. As he pictured the coming interview, he intended to combine dignity with patronage, and to be firm but gracious. He certainly anticipated a courteous reception, but as he opened the door, unannounced, and walked in, Carissa's surprise at the intrusion found expression in a very cold and reserved bearing.

She rose and looked at him in surprise, but she spoke no word of greeting.

"Pray be seated, Mrs. Brand. You know me as your bishop. I understand that your husband is absent, and thought you might need a little advice," he said, reaching awkwardly for a chair. The chair was for himself, and he placed it as close to her as the table would permit, and dropping heavily into it, leaned forward in an attitude inviting confidence.

A sudden sense of the ludicrous came to Carissa's relief, as she said: "Did Mr. Brand request you to tender your services?"

"No, not exactly, but when a brother is absent upon business or on a mission, it devolves upon his bishop,

as the shepherd of the flock, to look after his wives and superintend his household."

"Ah! A very pretty arrangement indeed!" commented Carissa, sarcastically.

"You have not been in the valley long enough to understand fully, our institutions," he said, rather sternly.

He had felt the sting of her tone. She responded to the spur, and there was some defiance in her manner, as she replied: "I think I am learning to understand them very well."

"You will show greater meekness when you begin to feel their weight."

His harsh face showed that he had taken offence, and his words seemed to hold some sinister meaning. Carissa was a bit frightened by his manner.

"What do you mean?" she asked, her eyes challenging him.

"I mean that the proud and the froward are an abomination unto our God. I find in you a contumacious spirit. Unless you humble yourself the hand of the Lord will rest heavily upon you."

Carissa was silent through fear. The bishop watched her. He saw her effort to control herself. As far as he was capable, he admired her and felt a certain pity for her, but his errand was to teach her her helplessness. He put his big polished fist upon the table. Carissa looked at it as though fascinated.

"You understand the principles of the patriarchal order of marriage," he began slowly. "You know that it is a divine order. Those who enter it cheerfully find happiness. Those who disobey are under the wrath of God, and their damnation begins in this world."

He paused. Carissa made no reply, nor did she change her attitude.

"Brother Brigham has said: 'If any of you deny the plurality of wives and continue to do so, I promise that you will be damned."

Still no reply.

He began to think that a battle was on with this silent, white-faced woman; and shrewdly calculated how he might break through her reserve. There was doggedness in his tone, as he continued: "The disobedience of men to this doctrine has filled the world with licentiousness, harlotry, social abominations and all manner of corruption."

He leaned forward and smiled as he saw the quivering of her averted eyelids and the trembling of her hand.

"Every man in the full possession of his natural powers is by nature a polygamist. But the rejection of the divine method of regulating these matters has caused perversion of his instincts, that has resulted in unbridled passion."

He paused again. His words had at last stung her into life. She was looking at him with a sick look of weariness upon her face.

"Why do you come to tell me of these things?" she asked, indignantly.

The bishop felt that he was on the right track. He was rather proud of his diplomacy.

"Because you have shown yourself to be hardened against the truth. You are believed to have set yourself against the counsel of the church," he said, sternly and firmly.

"May I ask who is my accuser?" She was desper-

ately gathering together all her powers of resistance.

"You will acquit yourself or become your own accuser by your answer to a simple question," he responded, judicially.

"What is that?" she demanded.

"Will you assist Brother Brand in carrying out Brother Brigham's counsel?"

"I do not know what you mean. What counsel has he given my husband?" she said, steadily.

"Will you encourage your husband to increase his household according to the command of God?"

The question came with the force of a blow. Carissa drew her breath sharply. Her inquisitor observed her keenly as he restated his question slowly, emphatically.

"Will you, I say, encourage Brother Brand to take additional wives, according to the Abrahamic covenant?"

"Never!" Her voice rang out silvery clear. She drew herself up proudly. Her face flushed, her eyes flashed. She looked invincible just then.

The bishop leaned back in his chair and fixed his eyes admiringly upon her. This was a woman worth winning, he thought.

"You are a very beautiful woman, Mrs. Brand," he said, coolly. His gaze seemed to be taking an inventory of her charms. His swollen underlip wore its most disagreeable expression. "But" (he broke the sentence by way of emphasis), "what are you going to do about it?"

The question conveyed the impression of finality. Coupled with the insult of his undisguised admiration,

it carried more terror to Carissa's quivering heart than any words of threatening could have done.

The intolerable system that hemmed her in seemed personified in the figure before her, which somehow began to loom in exaggerated proportions with its deep eyes, hideously gloating mouth, and huge flabby frame, so that it filled the room, encroached upon her liberty, and shut out the breath from her nostrils.

She would have fainted, but she dared not lose consciousness. What aroused her was his rising from his chair and reaching out his hand as though to support her. She sprang back against the wall, with every nerve quivering painfully.

"It is not so bad as that, believe me. Not bad at all when you get used to it. Of course at first it seems hard, but really you'll find it not so bad," he said in most amiable tones.

"Don't touch me. I loathe you. Leave this house!" cried Carissa, scarcely knowing what words she spoke.

He laid his hand softly upon the table. The color of his lip changed from red to purple, the expression of his eyes altered, but that was all. His tone was as soft as oil as he said: "I suppose you know, my dear sister, that those who disobey will be cut off? I cannot leave you to work your own ruin. Your eternal salvation, as well as your earthly happiness, is dear to me. You cannot hinder the will of the Lord, but you *can* ruin yourself. Your husband is a loyal son of the church; he has heard the warning of the church, 'not to love wives and children more than me.' He cannot save you; he would not reach his hand to you, if you persist in your rebellion. There is only one course, and that is submission."

"And if I do not submit—what?" said Carissa. Her heart seemed to stand still waiting for an answer.

"You will submit, my dear sister, I am persuaded. If you should not, however, you will be brought before the President, divorced from your husband, separated from your child, and cast out into the wilderness," he said, calmly, and with a matter-of-fact manner that Torquemada himself might have envied.

He rose with an air of considerable dignity. He felt that he had accomplished his mission. "Good day, Sister Brand, and the Lord be with you," he said in apostolic tones, as he took his departure.

It was several days later that news of so startling a nature was borne to Carissa that it succeeded in arousing her from the sick lethargy that had come upon her.

Bowen and his wife and children had started for California. They had left the city silently and at night, and had driven hurriedly by way of the southern settlements to strike the California trail. Nothing further had been heard of them, till now the intelligence was brought that they had been murdered by Indians and that their bodies, frightfully mangled, had been recovered, identified and brought back to the city for burial.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DEVIL IN THE VALLEY

Before Brand's return from Parowan, he had an interview with President Young which filled him with perplexity. The latter, in company with several leaders of the church, made a trip through the southern settlements to inspect improvements, encourage the settlers, confirm them in their faith, and to advise them concerning their relations with the Indians.

Brand met the party at Cedar City, not far from the iron works, and made a report that was received with satisfaction.

"You have done well," said Brigham. "We shall have a good report to publish to the world. We have the material for the building of a self-sustaining empire. All that is required is development, and then we may snap our fingers at our enemies. You have been wise in your dealing with the Indians. I found Chief Walker near Nephi. He was sulky at first, said he had lost his heart and could not talk, but I succeeded in waking up the old tiger and bringing him to terms. I have told all the brethren to build strong walls around their towns and dwelling houses, walls strong enough to keep the devil out."

"I shall be ready to return by the last of June," said Brand.

"That reminds me," Brigham responded, "there is a lot of talk down here about you and that girl you

brought with you. You had better be careful. You'll not find everything clear sailing with your wife. Your damned foolishness has confirmed her in her natural obstinacy. If you don't take care she'll raise the devil yet." Brigham wore an air of considerable concern as he added: "I hope you have not compromised yourself with the girl?"

Brand looked at him in amazement. He scarcely knew what to answer. He recalled Brigham's previous advice, which certainly spelled compromise.

"I have told her that I shall marry her, and she expects it."

"Oh, if that's all, it will be all right. You can plead your inability to keep your promise, and we will find someone else for her. I may take her myself. Of course I knew that you would be careful. You know the penalty for compromising yourself with a girl that you can't marry? If you go too far it's death," said Brigham, with the air of a man who knew he could make good his words.

"But what's to hinder my marrying her?" asked Brand aghast.

"Well, you will have to get the consent of your wife, or get a divorce," declared Brigham bluntly. "I thought your wife would harken to reason, and prove submissive; but she has a devil. It is of your own fostering, too, and unless you can cast it out, you must cut her off from your own life, or choose your portion in Hell with her." With a wave of his hand, Brigham dismissed him. And Brand, with a sense of having been tricked, and full of impotent fury, was left to chew the cud of bitter reflection.

When he returned to Parowan he found that Morey,

obeying orders, had taken Maggie and accompanied the presidential party to Salt Lake City.

According to the chronicle of the Saints, the winter of 1854 and 1855 was a time when "the devil was in the valley."

A company of United States troopers, under the command of Colonel Steptoe, had arrived on the last day of August. As there had been many points of disagreement between the governor of the territory and the federal officers, this military force was at first regarded as a menace. The Mormon question was being debated in Congress. The desirability of dividing Utah territory into four parts, and apportioning them to Nebraska, Kansas, California, and Oregon, was being seriously discussed. It was thought by the Mormons that the authorities at Washington were bent upon their extermination. President Pierce had expressed his determination not to reappoint Brigham Young as governor of the territory. Naturally a spirit of hostility was engendered.

The United States flag held little claim for reverence upon the mass of raw emigrants, who had come from England and Wales and every country of Europe, and who constituted the bulk of this hetrogeneous population. The sight of officers and troopers was not pleasing to the eyes of these foreigners, who had been taught that the only authority they need obey was that of Brigham Young, who was to them supreme head of both state and church.

With the troops came not only steel and lead, but gold, and lax morals, and heretical opinions. And these things were a sore trial, yea, an abomination, to the faithful.

It did not require much from the outside to set in a ferment such a community. Thousands of undisciplined converts, many of them lured by the desire to better themselves in their temporal affairs, and restless for the time when endurance of long hardship and privation would be substantially rewarded, had but recently come into the city. These found it hard to adjust themselves to the demands of community life. They differed from one another in language, customs, laws, nationality and tastes. They were imbued with diverse traditions and prejudices. They had been bred in different and adverse faiths. Their moral standards were as numerous as their tongues. It required a strong hand to hold them, and a strong will to guide them. A mere preacher of righteousness would have utterly failed. But Brigham with his mailed fist had proved himself equal to the task. He had forced them to recognize his superiority, and with unyielding will he had bent them to his purpose. And looked at closely, this was his best credential.

But this new element, alien and independent, consisting of officers and soldiers of the regular army, was beyond his control. He could not subject them to church discipline. He could not control their liberty of action. They introduced examples of laxity, they were the representatives of a power that was greater than his own. He would have forbidden them the city, had it been possible; but he was too prudent to provoke a conflict that must prove hopeless, unless he should be driven to it. It was a time of great perplexity. Brigham very sagaciously decided to solve the problem by a show of courtesy. Instructions were given that fair prices should be charged for feed for

the horses, and provisions and accommodations for the men. The hotels were soon crowded, and many homes were opened to furnish lodgings for the officers, with the result that people and soldiers were very soon on friendly terms.

Colonel Steptoe was a man of honor and discretion, and by many kindly acts convinced the people of his desire to promote peace and a spirit of conciliation. It was not long until parties and dances were arranged for the entertainment of the visitors. At one of the parties, not long after their arrival, two young officers were standing a little apart chatting.

"What's come over you to-night, Gil? You seem out of sorts," remarked Captain Ingalls.

"Oh, go and join the ladies, if you like. I'm in no hurry," replied Lieutenant Osborne.

"No hurry! Is your appetite sated already? I'm afraid these Mormon beauties don't agree with you."

"I tell you I'm going to wait. See here, Ingalls; I have some friends among these people. I want to see them when they come in."

"Oh, that's it. Well, I'm in no hurry either. Queer affairs these balls as they call 'em. Open with prayer and close with the benediction. I suppose that long-visaged apostle over there is anxious to begin. See him twitch his beard and glance at the band stand."

"Say what you will, Ingalls, these people have received us better than we expected," said Osborne.

"Oh yes, but they're making something out of it, too. Their mighty potentate, Brigham, has taught them a thing or two. What surprises me is, that he's so liberal as to parade the beauties of his harem before our hungry eyes. If this sort of thing continues,

a winter's sojourn among the Saints won't be so bad."

"It certainly beats being cooped up all winter at Fort Laramie, no matter what happens."

"More exhilarating, but not so safe, eh? You may wish yourself back, after we've caused a flutter in a few of these Mormon dove-cotes. It's coming sure as fate. Bright glances from pretty eyes tell the same story everywhere."

"There's another story written in the heavy frowns of male faces. You'd better read that, I'm thinking," laughed Osborne.

"I suppose it isn't very healthy to trifle with a woman's affections in these regions. But, by Jove, the game is well worth the candle," quoth Ingalls merrily.

"They're a law unto themselves, are these fellows, and would think nothing of plugging a United States officer with an ounce of lead."

"You're a very persuasive preacher of righteousness for an Indian fighter. My friend, I think you'd be safer back in garrison," remarked Ingalls, with a grimace. Then added, "Well, ta-ta. I must be off. It's time for target practice."

Osborne's thoughts had often reverted to the woman he had met at Fort Laramie. He had not seen her since his arrival in the city, but hoped that she might be present at this general gathering.

Just now he was wondering if she would speak so proudly of these people, now that she knew them intimately. He recalled the indignant reserve with which she had met his insinuations against her adopted people. Her loyal vindication of their creed and con-

duct. Her ready forgiveness to meet his own quick repentance. "I wonder how she has met the reality?" he said to himself.

He almost shuddered as he remembered what he had seen during his brief stay in the city — polygamy everywhere paraded, authoritatively preached, openly practiced — while she was so sure of its criminality, and so confident in her denial of its existence!

What rot it was! What a disgusting system for any pure-minded woman. He had heard an apostle speak of his wives as his herd of heifers. He had heard jests from the Elders that would have made even a hardened soldier blush.

Presently Osborne gave a great start, for there close to him stood Carissa. He was impressed with the marvel, and yet the coldness, of her beauty. Was this the woman who had spoken kindly to him? whom he had been pitying? whose confidence he had thought of winning?

He had never seen her before—like that. He noted the air of high breeding, the perfect ease of manner, with a touch of weariness, though tinctured with the acid of heart bitterness. She moved as though she was engaged in the performance of a duty that gave her no pleasure, but in which she would not fail. There was no warmth of sympathy in her eyes. Yet sympathy was the expression which had lingered in his memory. Instead, there was a haunting look of cold troubled reserve. There was no generous, sensitive mobility of the lips; practiced reserve had made their firmness appear habitual. He checked his eager gaze of criticism. Perhaps he was misjudging her. The occasion, the environment, the fact that this was

a public function, the reserve caused by lack of harmony with her associations—all these things may have combined to make the difference in her appearance.

The next moment he knew that she saw him, for a momentary flush of pleasure swept like a wave over her face. She was replying to the compliments of Colonel Steptoe, when their glances met and held for one wavering hesitating instant. In that glance he seemed to read shame, fear, and a beggar's plea for pity. All that, he read in the eyes of this beautiful proud young creature! It smote him like the deep thrust of a spear.

Osborne waited no longer. He crossed the floor toward them. Brand saw him coming, and a slight frown gathered over his eyes. Nevertheless he gave him the semblance of a cordial greeting, and expressed surprise to find him attached to the colonel's staff.

"Oh, I found him sick of the Platte valley, and ready to resign his commission," laughed the colonel. "I took pity on him, and arranged that he should go to California with me."

Carissa gave him a pleasant greeting. By conscious effort she had recovered the reserve that wounded pride was making habitual, but which had been broken for the moment by her glad surprise.

"I am very glad to meet you again, Mr. Osborne," she said as she gave him her hand. Somehow her voice made him feel like a baby.

"That is good of you. I was afraid you might have quite forgotten me," he said.

"My troops have filled your city well nigh full, Mr. Brand. We have crowded them into warehouses, public houses, and private residences, until I doubt if

there's a cot to spare in the valley," observed the colonel, not very wisely.

"So it would seem; and there's much more drinking and deviltry among them than we are used to, or than we care for, sir," said Brand, in a distinctly offensive tone.

Carissa looked at him in surprise.

"Oh, every man to his own vice, sir," the colonel responded, sharply. "Drinking and gaming are unfortunately the vices of soldiers."

"And not only that, but seduction and licentiousness. Tell your soldiers to have a care, for we will not allow those things here," retorted Brand, fiercely. His face was flushed and his eyes heated. A spirit of combativeness seemed to possess him.

Colonel Steptoe turned to Mrs. Brand who, supremely indifferent now to this incipient scene, was looking out across the ball-room.

"I have been very favorably impressed," he said, "with the courtesy of the people, and the hospitality of your President, madam. Governor Young seems to hold securely the obedience and affection of his people."

"Quite so. He is a model shepherd, and the sheep know his voice," answered Carissa.

Her tone was absolutely without modulation, as she uttered this pious sentence. But Osborne was thrilled with what he thought was a note of suppressed tragedy.

The music, which had been interrupted, began again. Colonel Steptoe was about to take his leave, when Brand stepped forward, and said, "There is one thing more. I understand that it is the purpose of

your government to remove President Young from the governorship. I want you to know that no appointee of the President of the United States will have a particle of authority or power in this territory, without Brigham Young's consent."

The colonel drew himself up squarely, and his face flushed. For a moment things looked red, but he had his temper well in hand, and when he answered it was with beautiful calmness. Said he, "Mr. Brand, you appear to be strangely excited, but I do not hesitate to say to you, that I believe Governor Young is better fitted for the position he holds, than any other man that could be selected. I have so reported to President Pierce." He paused a moment, and then added, with a smile of grave courtesy, "Do you not think, sir, that if we were less strangers we should be better friends?"

"That is as it may be, sir. I certainly desire that your sojourn in the valley should result in no harm. But what I see, even in this ball-room, does not give me much hope," replied Brand, harshly.

With his hand he indicated where Captain Ingalls and two or three fellow officers were chatting gaily and familiarly with a group of girls.

Colonel Steptoe surveyed the group coolly.

"I see nothing wrong." He turned to Brand inquiringly. "They are simply establishing those relations that society everywhere sanctions, and that are perfectly natural between young people."

"No social relations are possible, sir, between our women and girls who have taken their endowments, and the drunken, gambling, blasphemous soldiery of a government that would rob us of our liberties. Fur-

ther, if a woman that has her endowments should enter into what you would call an honorable marriage with a Gentile, she would be guilty of adultery." His tone was as fierce as his words were vulgar.

The colonel was disgusted, and was not at all afraid to show it. "Good God! Sir, I am not used to hearing language like that used before ladies. I wish you good evening." With this parting shot, Colonel Steptoe made his bow and retired.

Osborne was thoroughly amazed. He thought that Brand must have been drinking. He seemed a totally different kind of man from what he was on the plains. He looked at Carissa. But Carissa showed no sign of surprise. The cruel calmness of her features may have suggested an added pain, a heightened disdain, but that was all. She must have been accustomed to such outbreaks. What had happened during the past year to work such changes? He felt it impossible to make conversation, and was stammering vague excuses before slipping away, when Carissa said to him openly:

"You must come and see us." She extended her hand. "Our house will be easy to find, and we shall be at home any time."

"Thank you," said Osborne. "I—I must come."

She looked at him, but it was of no use, he could not meet her eyes.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MATERIALISM

When Osborne returned to the lodging which he shared with two other officers, he found Lieutenant Maury already there, ensconced in a big arm chair, his feet on the table and a pipe in his mouth, reading.

"I tell you this is great stuff," he exclaimed as Osborne entered.

"What have you there?" asked Osborne, with no particular interest, throwing himself down on the lounge.

Maury turned the book over and examined the title page.

"It's the sixth volume of the 'Millennial Star.' This article that I've been reading contains in a nut-shell the entire philosophy of Mormondom. It isn't badly put together, though it sounds rather startling."

"Well, let's hear it," said Osborne, listlessly.

"All right. Here goes. 'God the Father is material —Jesus Christ is material—angels are material—spirits are material—men are material. The universe is material. Space is full of materiality. Nothing exists which is not material.' "

Maury peered over at Osborne, and laughed, saying, "What do ye think of that now? Good, ain't it? Solid mud from top to bottom. Ha! ha! ha!"

He read on: "Immateriality is but another name for nonentity. It is the negative of all things and beings, of all existence.

"There is not one particle of proof to be advanced to establish its existence. It has no way to manifest itself to any intelligence in Heaven or on earth. Neither God, angels, nor men could possibly conceive of such a substance, being or thing. It cannot be seen, felt, heard, tasted or smelled, even by the strongest organs or the most acute sensibilities. It is neither liquid nor solid, soft nor hard. It can neither extend nor contract. In short, it can exert no influence whatever—it can neither act nor be acted upon; and even if it does exist, it is of no possible use. It possesses no one desirable property, faculty or use; yet strange to say 'immateriality' is the modern Christian's God—his anticipated Heaven—his immortal self—his all."

Osborne raised himself on his elbow and said: "See here, Maury, are you making that up as you go along?"

"Thanks. I appreciate the compliment, but I assure you I am not equal to it. Just you listen to this, and believe, or you will surely be damned," quoth Maury. He read on: "What is God? He is a material organized intelligence, possessing both body and parts. He is in the form of a man, and is in fact, of the same species, and is a model or standard of perfection, to which man is destined to attain; he being the great father and head of the whole family. He can go, come, converse, reason, eat, drink, love, hate, rejoice, possess, and enjoy. He can also traverse space, with all the ease and intelligence necessary for moving from planet to planet and from system to system. This Being cannot occupy two distinct places at once, therefore he cannot be everywhere present. For evidence and illustration of this God, and his personal organization,

powers and attributes, we refer to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which speak abundantly of his body, parts, passions, powers, and of his conversing, walking, eating, drinking, etc.; for instance, his taking dinner with Abraham.

"What are angels? They are intelligences of the human species. Many of them are the offspring of Adam and Eve. That is, they are men who have, like Enoch or Elijah, been translated, or like Jesus Christ, been raised from the dead; consequently they possess a natural body of flesh and bones; can eat, drink, walk, converse, reason, love, fight, wrestle, sing, or play on musical instruments. They can go or come on foreign missions, in heaven, earth or hell; they can traverse space, and visit the different worlds with all the ease and alacrity with which God and Christ do the same, being possessed of similar organizations, powers and attributes in a degree.

"What are spirits? They are material organizations, intelligences, possessing body and parts in the likeness of the temporal body, but not composed of flesh and bones, but of some substance less tangible. In short they are men in embryo; intelligences waiting to come into the natural world, and take upon them flesh and bones, that through birth, death and the resurrection, they may also be perfected in the material organization. Such was Jesus Christ, and such were we before we came into this world, and such we will be again, in the intervening space between death and resurrection.

"What are men? They are the offspring of God the father, and brothers of Jesus Christ. They were once intelligent spirits in the presence of God, and were

with him before the earth was formed. They are now in disguise, as it were, in order to pass through the several changes, and the experience necessary to constitute them perfect beings.

"What are all these beings, taken together or summed up under one head? They are one great family, all of the same species, all related to each other, all bound together by kindred ties, interests, sympathies and affections. In short, they are all gods; or, rather, men are the offspring or children of the gods, and destined to advance by degrees, and to make their way by a progressive series of changes, till they become like their father in heaven, and like Jesus Christ—their elder brother.

"Thus perfected, the whole family will possess the material universe, that is, the earth and all other planets and worlds, as 'an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.' They will also continue to organize, people, redeem and perfect other systems which are now in the womb of chaos, and thus go on increasing their several dominions, till the weakest child of God which now exists upon the earth will possess more dominion, more property, more subjects, and more power and glory than is possessed by Jesus Christ, or by his father, while at the same time Jesus Christ and his father will have their dominion, kingdoms and subjects increased in proportion.

"Such are the wealth, the dignity, the nobility, the titles and honors to which we 'Mormons' aspire."

"Well, what do you think of the chances? Shall we take a ticket?" said Maury, as he tossed the book upon the table and reached for a match.

"I think not. I am not lucky in lotteries. Some

other chap would draw the prize of princedom, and I should remain an everlasting pauper," remarked Osborne.

Said Maury, "Did it ever occur to you, old man, that the revelation concerning polygamy is entirely consistent with all this?"

"How do you mean?"

"It's plain enough. The modern patriarch, who is able to number his wives by the score, has just that much the start over his inferior monogamist brother in the race they are running for dominion, power, thrones, subjects and other prerogatives of the godhead. It is not a matter of lust, you see. It is simply the passion for power."

"Oh, dash it all, Maury. I've had enough of this for one time," cried Osborne.

"I heard of a family, yesterday, consisting of two men and four women; the men's first wives being sisters, and their second wives each a sister of the other man, all living in one house. Figure out for me the relationship of their children will you?" said Maury, laughing.

"I wonder how the dickens the women endure it!" exclaimed Osborne, thinking of Carissa.

"Endure it!" replied Maury, with a sneer. "Why, they are as strong advocates of the system as the men. It just suits some of them."

"Probably. But not all, that I'll swear. My friend, Mrs. Brand—if it isn't hell to her, I'm a nigger," answered Osborne vehemently.

"Yes. I've met her once. Gad, it seemed to me that the fellow who wasn't satisfied with her alone, ought to be condemned to husband a thousand old

hags," remarked Maury. He added: "Don't you think we'd better warn Ingalls? He's carrying things with rather a high hand, and is liable to get into trouble over these girls. I'd hate to see him trapped into an Indian ambush."

"Oh, I think Ingalls can take care of himself. But as you like," replied Osborne, wishing his companion good-night.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE HOPE OF ESCAPE

On the following morning Osborne called upon Carissa. The house was like many others in the vicinity, built of adobe with a frame lean-to at the back. There was evidence of care and taste in the lawn and flower garden, and quick-growing vines that covered the veranda and sheltered the windows. A bright-faced little fellow, playing in a heap of sand and pebbles near the door, observed his approach, and called merrily to him. Osborne thought he could detect the mother's features in the face of the boy. He was chatting with the little customer when Carissa appeared in the doorway.

"Ah," she said as they shook hands. "I was afraid you might not come."

"But you told me I may? If you had told me I may not, I should have come all the same," he said laughing.

The room they entered was prettily furnished. Carissa seemed ill at ease, almost nervous. They had been talking a little while when she said: "Mr. Brand has forbidden me receiving anyone who is not of his faith. But I must talk with you. Last night it seemed as though you brought back a bit of my old life. How long ago it seems!"

Osborne was touched. He knew her trouble. She had suffered bitter disillusion. He remembered how keenly she had anticipated her life with the Saints.

"I felt that you were unhappy last night," he said. "I knew that you must be, when once you learned the real condition of things."

"Yes, it was all true. Those terrible charges were not false charges after all. I am learning to take refuge against weakness in bitterness. There is no other way. You cannot know how hopeless is resistance," she said, pitifully.

"What is it? Tell me for God's sake!" cried Osborne.

"I cannot tell you all, but it has come to this: I have consented that my husband should marry another wife. I was compelled to consent, or be torn from my child and become an outcast. But as the time draws near, I find that I cannot go through with it, it will kill me. If it were only for myself, I would rather die. But how can I let my boy grow up in the midst of all this wickedness?" murmured Carissa, her voice shaking.

"Is your husband capable of such brutality?" exclaimed Osborne, horrified.

"It is more than two months ago since he told me that God had directed him to take another wife, and that he must obey. At first I was speechless. I could not believe his words. When I reminded him of his promise—for he did promise me—he declared that to keep it would imperil my soul and his. He became angry and left me. He did not return to me that night. I thought of flight, but there was no way; I thought of death for my boy and myself, but God stayed my hand. I tried to pray, but was like a child lost in the dark. When he returned he asked me if I had decided to submit. I besought him by his better self to be true to his promise, and reminded him of the

happy past before these evil days had come. I thought he was softened, but he was not, and when at last I realized it, my heart hardened against him. I accused him of having deceived me from the beginning. Again he was angry, and when I besought him to send me away with my boy and then to do as he liked, he declared that if I went I must go alone and on my own resources. That night they took my boy from me and kept him until I promised to submit."

As she paused as if from exhaustion, dry-eyed and with flushed cheeks, Osborne arose and walked across the floor and back.

"This is simply damnable! Is there nothing that can be done?" he said fiercely.

"When I heard that the soldiers were here, I had a wild dream of throwing myself on them for protection. But that is past. I feel that life holds nothing for me. If I should die I want you, if possible, to take my boy away from this awful place. Will you, my friend?" The tears were streaming down her face.

"See here, Mrs. Brand, so help me God, we'll get you both away! Don't shake your head. We'll do it. This vile outrage shall stop," said Osborne grimly.

A new look came into her eyes, kindled by his brave words; but it was followed by one of infinite sadness.

"My friend, you don't know. That is hopeless," she said mournfully.

"Dear Mrs. Brand, will you consent if we can arrange it? You owe it to your boy as well as to yourself to make your escape from this living hell," said Osborne.

In the light of her story Osborne could not understand her slightest hesitation. Did she still love her husband? Impulsively he leaned forward, and touching her hand, said: "Mrs. Brand, if he persists in his purpose to take another wife, shall you continue to live with him?"

"No, I could not," she said simply.

"In that event will you permit me to act for you? Can you trust me?"

"Yes, I think I can trust you."

"Then if this thing that you fear proves inevitable, will you trust yourself to my guidance for the sake of your boy?"

"Yes, yes, if it really comes to the worst I will, for the sake of my boy," and she bowed her head in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

Osborne's heart ached to comfort her, but what could he say? He felt like swearing hard, but that would not help matters.

Presently the paroxysm passed, and Carissa raised her head.

Osborne rose to his feet. "I am going to Rush Valley to-night with some horses. When I return I will see you. Good-bye." He took her hand and said, "God help you. Keep a stout heart. You will need it."

Osborne went directly to Colonel Steptoe and asked for an interview. He told his story graphically and fully. The colonel listened with interest, but at the mention of the plan for interference, shook his head and said:

"My dear boy, do you want to plunge us all into difficulties? I tell you it can't be done. We should

be hopelessly embroiled with the authorities, and you would be caught and shot before you reached the southern settlements."

"Will you discharge me from the command and let me shift for myself?" asked Osborne, who presumed somewhat on his acknowledged favoritism with the colonel.

"I will have you locked up in the guard-house for insubordination, if you do not drop this business immediately!"

Osborne flushed angrily.

"Tut, tut, boy, don't be hasty. We shall have to stay here all winter. When we leave in the spring, you can come back for any baggage that may be forgotten, and I will help you to carry it away. Now clear out of here and cultivate your patience," quoth the colonel, whose heart was in the right place.

When Osborne returned from Rush Valley, Lieutenant Maury met him in front of the Union Hotel.

"Well, old man," he said, "glad to see you back again. Have you any letters that you want to send off? There's a party here from the states on their way to California."

"Where are they, and when do they start?" inquired Osborne.

"They are camped at the southern corral, and will be here for a day or two."

The thought of arranging for Carissa to be smuggled away in one of the wagons struck his mind.

"As soon as I've made my report to the colonel, I have a call to make, even if it is late," remarked Osborne.

"Where are you going? to your friends, the Brands?

I suppose you know he has doubled his wives while you were gone?"

"What's that?" demanded Osborne, sharply.

"Well, he took another wife, that's all, the day after you left. It's deuced rough on that sweet little woman."

Osborne staggered as if he had been shot.

"The damned scoundrel!" he cried.

Maury's hand shot out, and as he gripped Osborne's he said, solemnly, "Amen to that! He is a damned scoundrel."

CHAPTER XXX

THE CEREMONY OF DIVORCE

While talking with Colonel Steptoe at the reception and ball given in honor of the soldiers, Brand had been intensely annoyed by observing that Maggie had been a center of attraction for many of the soldiers. He had scarcely seen her since his return from Parowan. During this time she had been living in one of President Young's houses with her father, who was employed as an assistant at the tithing-house.

On the following morning he went to see her, and his resentment was very evident from his constrained manner of greeting.

She was baking a large batch of ginger cookies, and her face was flushed with the heat. She met him at the door and stood there, an attractive picture of good nature and high spirits, laughing gaily as she fanned herself with a large straw hat.

"You can't come in, Brother Brand, unless it's on business. And then you had better be careful, the place is all cluttered up, flour and dough everywhere."

"It *is* on business," he responded a little shortly. "I want to talk to you a few minutes."

"All right, perhaps I can find a place." She brushed a chair with her apron, set it down by the door, and then turned to the stove.

He watched her while she took a long iron tray from the oven and put another in its place.

"I have to watch them or they'll burn," she explained.

Brand continued to look on while she emptied the fragrant, smoking tray upon a large, heaped-up earthen platter and neatly covered the whole with a bit of snow-white linen.

His resentment was already being lost in his pleasure at watching her brisk and graceful movements.

"That's a pretty large pile for a small family," he said, "Whom are they for?"

"Taste it," she said, extracting one from the pile and offering it to him. The roguish look in her eyes became her well. Brand took the offered cake, but resisted the temptation to seize the plump, flour-besprinkled fingers as well.

"I'm baking them for the army officers I met last night, if you want to know," she said.

The change that came over him was instantaneous. His face darkened, he flung the cake through the open doorway and rose wrathfully.

"What have you to do with them?" he demanded.

She looked at him in utter surprise and bewilderment.

"I saw you last night," he continued sternly. "You encouraged their attentions and their flattery. Is that the way a true daughter of the church should behave?"

"What was the harm?" she asked in momentary resentment at his injustice. "Brother Brigham told us to amuse them."

"You put a lot of liking into your obedience," said Brand roughly, but with the true spirit of a Puritan.

"It meant nothing," pleaded Maggie. "I couldn't help but enjoy myself, but it was all in fun."

"And I suppose it is to carry out the fun that you are doing all this baking to-day." Brand pointed accusingly at the table.

"Is that wrong?" asked Maggie. "They told such terrible stories about army rations and hardtack that I thought it would be a pleasant surprise."

"No doubt it would be," he said, meaningly. "But what will they think of you? and how will they want to return the favor?"

Poor Maggie was too confused to make further defence.

"They are a lot of drinking, gambling, licentious fellows, who would delight to ruin you if they could, and who are now probably making you the subject of their barrack-room jests. Besides, they are our enemies, and should be treated with only the most distant courtesy while we are compelled to harbor them."

"Is that true?" she asked, "and does it offend you?"

"It is true," he answered, regarding her with unbending severity.

Maggie turned swiftly to the table, drew off the cloth, and seizing the dish dumped its contents into the stove.

Brand sprang forward and caught her arm, but he was too late.

"They would have done for the poor emigrants, Maggie."

She made no reply, but dropping the dish, turned and looked eagerly up at him. What she saw encouraged her, for she threw her arms about his neck and buried her face upon his shoulder.

"I was afraid that you had forgotten," he said tenderly.

"It was you that seemed to have forgotten," she sobbed, and drew his face down to hers.

That afternoon was an unusually trying one for Brand.

On his way home he met Elder Carson, who stopped him for a word of greeting, and said as he was leaving him: "I suppose we shall be overrun this winter by those damned soldiers. There was a row last night at Welch's, and this morning I saw a dandified young officer go into your place."

Brand made no reply, but he quickened his pace, and an unreasoning tumult of anger raged in his heart.

"I forbade her to receive any visits from strangers," he muttered to himself.

When within sight of the house he halted and pulled himself together.

"This will never do. She must be able to go through with to-morrow's affair. I will say nothing about it."

Nevertheless there was an added hardness in his manner and in his eye, as he entered Carissa's sitting-room.

Something in the forlornness of her attitude as she sat looking out of the western window at the setting sun, one hand lying listlessly in her lap, and the other resting upon the curly head of her boy, who, tired with his play, was snuggling contentedly at her side, appealed to him.

At the sight, a certain feeling of remorse pushed back his unworthy thoughts of resentment, and softened his voice to unwonted kindness:

"Carissa, how lonely you look!"

So absorbed was she that she had not heard his

entrance, and when she heard him she started violently.

"Oh, Eaton, my husband, I should never be lonely again if I were only sure of your love," she answered, rising to greet him.

Brand was afraid of what would follow if he yielded to his mood of tenderness.

"Nonsense, Carissa, you know that I love you. It is your spirit of disobedience that isolates you and causes you to feel lonely. But I will not upbraid you for what is past."

His words seemed so assured and final! But she would not quite surrender hope.

She stepped close to him and smiled bravely and sweetly into his face as she said: "Life could be so beautiful and true with us two together. God has given us this little one, he is mine and yours—see, he bears our blended image! Home could be such a sacred sanctuary, such a holy place, such as we said we would build together, when first we talked of the future. Do you think that it is God's voice that bids us destroy all this?"

"Who speaks of destruction? Carissa, you are unreasonable." He took refuge in his irritation. "Are there no happy homes in this valley? Are there no fond parents who love their children? You are so saturated with prejudice that God's plan arouses your jealousy. Carissa, put this away from you. You have promised to be obedient and I claim that obedience for to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" All her strength failed her. She dropped hopelessly into her chair.

"There are certain preliminaries that must be gone

through. You must receive your endowments. You must be sealed to me first."

"Oh, Eaton, must this thing go on? Is our life together ended?"

His ears were deaf to her heart-broken cry.

"It must go on, yes! I am persuaded that your eternal salvation and mine depend upon it. To disobey is apostasy. But our life together is not ended, it is just begun and we will belong to each other for eternity as well."

His tone conveyed an impression of crushing finality to Carissa. It was long before she replied, and then she spoke as though driven by some force outside herself.

"I will keep my promise, but I shall never receive you as my husband after this is done."

He did not believe her. He was firmly persuaded that she would yet be convinced. Time would remedy matters. But the threat angered him and he turned away.

"I shall be very busy this evening. You must be ready by nine to-morrow," he said, as he left her and went out.

He sent a messenger to notify Maggie to be at the place set apart for the conferring of endowments, and strolled off toward the place where the newly arrived emigrants were fixing their camp for the night. The saying of Elder Carson's concerning the dandified officer crossed his mind. He knew that it must have been Osborne that had called on his wife.

"I'll take steps after to-morrow to see that the visit is not repeated," he thought.

And so it came to pass that while Osborne at Rush Valley was calculating the chances of being able to

rescue Carissa, the ceremony was being performed at Salt Lake City, and she was taking the part that many a heart-broken woman has taken since then in this system of evil and passion.

How great a trial to her fortitude the endowment ceremonies proved to be, no words can tell. To her, it was from first to last an outrage against every womanly feeling. A sacrilegious mummery, a profaning of every sacred tradition, a bold farcical compound of buffonery, licentious suggestion, and Scriptural lore.

At the outset she was subjected to certain washings and anointings, and was clothed in an undergarment said to possess magical properties of healing and protection. She was compelled to enact the part of Eve in the garden of Eden, with church dignitaries filling the rôles of God and the devil. She repeated blood-curdling oaths never to reveal the mysteries that were there made known. Finally, after several long hours of initiatory ceremony, she was led to an altar and solemnly sealed to her husband for time and eternity.

So benumbed were all her sensibilities that she scarcely thought it strange that Maggie was led to her side, and that she was requested to place Maggie's hand in the hand of her husband. What difference did it make? It was for her a horrible ceremony of *divorce*, and she was going through it that she might not be separated from her boy.

When the last rite was performed she was physically and mentally exhausted, and yet strangely relieved of the burden which she had been bearing so long.

She was almost childishly pleased to find that a carriage awaited them, and they would not have to walk.

And at the door of her home she said, with perfect quietness and courtesy: "You need not come in. I shall soon be rested. You will want to take your new wife home, Eaton. Good-bye. Good-bye, Maggie."

She retired to her own room, and in a few moments was sleeping soundly.

In the evening Brand came in. For a moment he was alarmed, when told that she was still sleeping. Light in hand, he quietly stole into the chamber; her regular breathing and the sight of her lips parted in a smile, reassured him.

"Poor girl," he thought. "This sleep will do her good."

Before taking his departure, he said to his mother that Carissa must have her sleep out, and on no pretext was to be disturbed.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon on the following day that Carissa finally opened her eyes.

She arose, and kneeling by her bedside found herself naturally, and almost in the language of childhood, thanking her Heavenly Father for the sweet rest of the night, and with no impulse to follow it with distressed and anxious petition.

She enjoyed bathing her face in the clear, cold water, that had come from the mountains, and been brought from the stream flowing past their door; and found a luxury in uncoiling the great masses of her hair, and running her comb through their glossy folds.

As she opened the door, Moroni came running to her, and her heart sprang to meet him, but with no spirit of anxious foreboding, such as she had experienced with every conscious thought during the past

months. There was a feeling that all that was forever gone. It belonged to the past. A new life had begun, and she drew a deep breath of thankfulness that she could begin it so free from regret and anxiety. Old Mrs. Brand, usually so unobservant, could not fail to notice the miraculous change that had come to her son's wife.

"I never did see her eat with such relish," she commented. "Who'd a thought it?"

To Carissa there was alluring invitation in the bright, crisp fall day, and in the exhilarating breath of the hills. Clothing herself and Moroni warmly, she took his hand and started out.

"Let us follow the water. This way, darling, up to its source."

Moroni was delighted and stretched his sturdy legs briskly. Soon they left the houses behind them, and began to climb a sloping grade. All about them was the sage-brush, tinting the landscape with a silvery green. Far ahead were the mountains with vivid shades of red and yellow against the gray background. By their side the little rivulet, dashing merrily, sang its song of eternal snows. The air was fresh and bracing, but the rays of the sun were warm. A new color came into Carissa's cheeks, and a new brightness into her eyes.

Finally, panting with the unaccustomed exercise, she turned, and holding Moroni's warm hand, looked over the panorama of valley and mountain.

"This is glorious," she said, as her eyes traveled from the near foot-hills of the north to the lofty snow-capped peaks of the south, and traced the beautiful clear-cut profile of the range that closed the mighty

gap to the west. Directly before her, but far away and shining like a plate of silver, was the Great Salt Lake, while at her feet was the city, forming a comparatively insignificant blot upon the wide stretch of impressive landscape.

"I did not know that it was so beautiful," she said, and seated herself in the midst of the sweet-smelling sage, and seemed, with each breath, to be drawing in new stores of life and energy. How long she sat there she did not know. She was not thinking; she was resting, body and soul. Moroni had found abundant occupation in exploring the holes of the ground-squirrels, and in launching twigs and buds upon the swift-flowing little stream. Finally she was aroused.

"I'se hungry, mamma."

"Yes, dear, but this has been a happy day. We will come again to-morrow."

A shade came over her mind as she thought of her husband, but she put it away easily.

"That is past," she said, and calling to Moroni, they began to descend just as the sun was sinking over the distant hills.

That night she retired very early, and when Brand, who had been especially busy all day, came to see her, he found her sleeping sweetly as before. There was a strange look of profound peace upon her beautiful face. He was tempted to arouse her, but something restrained him, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he turned away.

The next morning he called at about ten o'clock. Old Mrs. Brand was alone in the house.

"Where is Carissa?" he asked.

"She has gone for a climb, so she said. She took

Moroni and a package with something to eat. She told him that they would play camping out, and would picnic all by themselves."

"What did you let them go for?" he asked angrily. "That's a strange notion!"

"I don't see that it's any harm," she replied placidly. "They went yesterday and came back with splendid appetites. She is looking better, too, than I have ever seen her."

As Brand went out he gazed long up the hill to the eastward. He debated with himself whether he should secure a horse and go in search of them, but finally he said:

"There's surely no danger. They can't go far. They're neither of them strong enough. But I must caution her. Sometimes the Indians come down into the canyons."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE AWAKENING

That evening Brand came to the house to supper. Carissa had returned from her excursion and was in excellent spirits. She welcomed him with courtesy, but evinced neither warmth nor restraint. She talked freely of the delight she had found in roaming the hills and canyons with Moroni.

A blazing fire of pine logs was crackling in the open grate; the strong ruddy light brought out her fine profile in relief. She was clad in a loose gown and reclined easily in a large highbacked rocker, one slippered foot resting lightly upon the bearskin rug before the hearth. Her face was in repose, her eyes dreaming, her hands resting; she made a very attractive picture.

Brand felt very much like making love to her. And after all, was she not his wife? Yet there was that about her that made him hesitate.

Presently he yielded to inclination and gently took her hand in his.

She did not draw it away, but looked up in pained surprise.

"Don't, please. You hurt me," she said in a level colorless voice.

Brand dropped her hand instantly. A frown gathered upon his brow.

She drew a breath of relief and half smiled up at him.

"It is better so—is it not? You have your other interests now," she said quietly.

"Have you ceased to care for me, Carissa?" asked Brand, hoarsely.

"Is it not better so?" she answered. "I shall be happy with our boy. I shall not trouble about the past, and the future is in the hands of God."

Brand knew not what to say. He was angry at his repulse, but this anger was struggling with a feeling of respect for her attitude. Nevertheless there was considerable irritation in his voice as he said, rising to go:

"Very well; if it troubles you and hurts you, I will not stay." A disagreeable impulse led him to add: "I have taken a house for Maggie on West Temple Street. If I can ever serve you, let me know."

After he had gone he remembered that he had not forbidden her receiving any further visits from Osborne. He thought of returning, but he did not.

"I'll settle that business with the damned beggar himself, if necessary," he thought.

After that little vituperative duet between Maury and Osborne, the latter hurried up to his room, washed away the stains of travel, and put on his uniform. A little later he made his way in the direction of Carissa's cottage. The streets were very dark, only occasionally a feeble light glimmered from the small window of a house. He left the sidewalk and stepped to the middle of the street, to avoid the cross ditches, which were very numerous and carried water onto the lawns and gardens. As he passed the corner of West Temple Street, he caught sight of Brand by the flashing light of a store window, going in the opposite direction from his home. Osborne quickened his pace.

"I may be able after all to see her for a moment, and find out what has happened," he thought. As he neared the house his eye caught the play of the fire-light upon Carissa's sitting-room window. Without hesitation he crossed the lawn and looked in.

She was sitting before the fire where Brand had left her, but she now held in her arms her night-robed child. Her cheek was resting upon his, and she was rocking him gently back and forth, while the faint murmur of a "lullaby" came to the ears of the watcher outside.

Osborne could scarcely credit his senses.

She seemed so much happier and more contented than he had ever expected to find her. He went round to the door and tapped gently, then lifted the latch.

"May I come in, for just a moment?"

"Come in, Mr. Osborne, and excuse me a moment," she answered, smiling, as she rose and carried Moroni into the next room.

"What has happened? You look like a new woman, like your old self, indeed!" cried Osborne, when she returned and offered him her hand.

"Moroni and I have been climbing the hills," she said with a light laugh. "Mother Nature is good to us when we come to her with our troubles."

"Why, yes, she's a brick to cure us, if we can only take her medicine," replied Osborne, wondering.

Her words and manner somehow troubled him, and yet he was glad that the nervous look was gone from her eyes. If she was under the influence of some mental anaesthetic, he certainly did not care to disturb its operation, and so he quietly turned the subject

to her rambles, the beauty of the country, and his own experiences on the plains. It was late when he rose to go.

"May I accompany you sometime on your jaunts, Mrs. Brand?"

"Certainly, whenever you like," she responded.

Out in the street he was halted by a man calling:

"Hello there! Wait a moment. Can I get a light?"

He gave the man a match, and as soon as it was lighted, it was held up a moment toward Osborne's face, and then all was darkness.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" a voice exclaimed, sneeringly. "I wondered who it might be that was visiting Sister Brand at this late hour."

Osborne struck out viciously with his clenched fist, but his challenger had slipped away. He heard the sound of retreating footsteps, and darted in pursuit, but he soon found that he was chasing empty shadows. His mind was filled with vague fears as he made his way back to his lodgings.

During the next few weeks Carissa lived almost altogether out of doors. The weather was superb, and it came to be her custom to take Moroni soon after breakfast, and, with a light lunch in her basket, leave the city and climb the hills to the north or the east, or follow the glancing waters of City Creek or Emigration Canyon. Osborne did not often visit her, although on two occasions he joined her in her explorations, and the hours spent together were to him very pleasant.

Brand did not trouble her. He was nursing his anger and waiting with irritable expectancy until she should be in a mood to receive him again with becom-

ing submission. He called, it is true, several times, but her unvarying manner of greeting him sent him away silent, but with increased inward exasperation. He was often most unaccountably cross with Maggie, and while he was about his business he wore an unbending air of sternness. He had heard nothing of Osborne's second visit, and knew nothing of his being a party to Carissa's rambles, but he somehow began to associate him with his wife's acquiescence in their separation.

The sight of a soldier became intolerable to him, and he came near to a serious altercation with Captain Ingalls, who, in passing with a group of officers, chanced to blow some cigar smoke into his face.

"You damned impudent whelp, you!" cried Brand, furiously, and made a motion to strike.

Captain Ingalls retreated a step and placed his hand upon his sword.

President Young, who was standing in a doorway and had witnessed it all, immediately interposed. He laid his hand upon Brand's shoulder, and said authoritatively:

"Brother Brand, you must apologize for that remark instantly."

Brand hesitated a moment, and then said, while a flush covered his face:

"I do apologize. I am in a state of nervous irritability, and scarcely know what I said."

Captain Ingalls saluted an ironical acknowledgment, and the incident ended.

"What is the matter with you, Brother Brand?" asked Brigham, when they were alone. "This is not like you."

Brand passed his hand over his brow as he said: "The presence of these soldiers is a constant insult. They are continually running after our women, and I fear their presence will breed no end of mischief."

"Have patience a little," Brigham responded. "The time is coming when not a single soldier will be tolerated in this valley. This detachment will leave shortly, and I pledge you my word that if any more come they will be stopped on the borders. But now you must restrain your feelings. We are not ready yet to strike."

When returning that night to Maggie's house he met Jock Quibble, who spent most of his time in charge of the church cattle, but who had been hanging about the city for a few days. His manner indicated that he had something to say, the saying of which gave him vindictive delight.

"I was wondering, Brother Brand, if you knew that your wife, as was, took picnic trips with one of these soldier chaps?" he said with a sneer.

In an instant Brand caught him by the throat.

"Speak, you thundering idiot, or, by God, your chance will be gone forever. What have you got to tell me?"

"Let go and I will tell you," gasped Quibble.

Brand released his hold, and Quibble stammered: "'Twas a week ago, I was up the canyon after cattle, and there I see your wife and the boy. They was eatin' their lunch, and one of them soldier chaps was with them. His horse was tied down below and he was fetchin' water from the creek."

"Is that all you know?" Brand's face was suffused. His eyes searched the countenance of his informant.

Quibble nodded. With an oath Brand pushed him away and walked on rapidly.

He went straight to his own room, took two pistols from his desk, loaded them carefully, slipped them in his belt under his coat and stepped into the kitchen.

"I'll not be back to supper to-night, Maggie, and I may be late; don't wait for me."

As he walked up the street he felt that his blood was singularly cool. There was no danger of his acting rashly. He was going to Carissa, and he would listen to what she had to say. He saw her mentally as she appeared to him that night when she discarded him. The vision of her beauty was in his eyes. He heard her voice saying, "Don't, please, you hurt me."

He was rudely jostled by some one passing, and turned angrily. It was Elder Carson, who said: "What's up, Brother Brand? Anything gone wrong?"

"No. And if it had, it's none of your business," growled Brand.

"By the way, is that young officer, Osborne, living at your house? I saw him coming out rather late the other night."

"When was this?" Brand asked sternly.

"Oh, a few weeks ago. But it's none of my business, I suppose," drawled Carson sarcastically.

Brand made no reply but passed on. The wind was blowing strongly from the direction of the lake. He was conscious of a disagreeable taste of salt on his lips.

When he reached the house, he found that the evening meal was spread, and they were about to take their places.

"May I sit down with you?" he asked.

He sought to make his tone natural, but the request sounded strangely to himself as he made it.

Carissa immediately turned to the corner cupboard to reach another plate. Brand noticed her graceful movements, her new appearance of health, her fresh color and elastic step. She had never seemed so desirable to him; but he set his teeth hard as he remembered Quibble's story. As she returned to the table, her sleeve brushed against his arm. A sweet fragrance from the past seemed wafted toward him. The blood quickened in his veins, he felt his temples throbbing. Mrs. Brand left the room to make some additions to the table.

As the door closed behind her, Carissa stepped again to the cupboard. Brand was watching her keenly. Suddenly he sprang forward and seized her uplifted arm. Her back was toward him, and he roughly pressed her head down on his shoulder. Before she could realize his intention or make a move in self-defence, he was covering her face with passionate kisses. She sought to free herself, but he held her fast.

"Dearest, I love you. I have been mad, indeed, but I cannot live without you," he whispered passionately.

She ceased her physical struggles, but a look of pain swept over her face and she closed her eyes.

"Come into the other room," he murmured.

He led her into the sitting-room, placed her trembling form in the great chair before the grate, knelt by her side, took her hands in his and kissed them.

She unclosed her eyes and looked at him. His face was strong, there were fine lines in it. It was a weak face, too. She could read it better than formerly.

Weak along the lines of self-indulgence. A tremor of fear passed over her.

"Why did you come?" she asked pathetically. "Was it kind to disturb my peace, when nothing can be changed?"

"Carissa, listen to me," cried Brand in an eager tone.

He rose to his feet and stood before her, a masterful presence. "I have been growing desperate at the thought of losing you. You say that it was my fault? Yes, I should have chosen you in preference to my God. I see it now, but I thought you would become convinced. I have always loved you. My love for you was near to turn me from my faith."

As she listened a flush mounted in her face. She interrupted him with, "You speak of your religion. It is not a religion to me. It is a horrible system of blasphemy. True religion cannot thrive on falsehood and deceit and immorality. When I think of that, the love you seek to invoke becomes withered and blackened and shrivelled as with hot iron."

Brand shrank from the intensity of her bitterness. But in a moment he asked, and as he spoke he felt a revival of the old spirit of resentful irritation.

"Would it have made a difference, if I had told you of this revelation when I first heard it in New York?"

"No; not if you had there allied yourself to so monstrous a thing."

"Would you have married me if you had known in England that this was part of our system of belief?"

"No; I could never have been willing even to listen to you."

"Then under the circumstances our boy must have

come into the world under false pretences. How does it happen that you can still love him?" said Brand with cruel folly.

"Why, what has he done, the darling? He is innocent, he has not deceived me, his mind is untainted with evil, his lips are free from lying, and please God, my life shall be to keep him true."

A terrible shadow crept over Brand's face. His voice had an ugly menacing quality as he asked: "Do you think you will be permitted to bring him up in apostasy? Be careful, or you and he will part."

It was like a stab in the heart to Carissa, but she showed a brave front. Her eyes flashed as she said: "You dare not. I bought the right to keep him, by my obedience. You dare not take him from me."

"Pretty obedience, indeed!" said Brand fiercely. "You shut yourself away from me. Is that obedience? If I chance to touch you, you draw back and say that I hurt you. Is that obedience? You receive my enemies, and the enemies of my people in your house at night. Is that obedience? You take excursions and picnic parties with one of these damned strutting soldiers. Is that obedience? Answer me!"

"Eaton, look at me, please, and tell me do you doubt me. Do you doubt my purity or my loyalty? Do you believe that anything has come between us, save this wicked belief of yours?"

She spoke so quietly, so softly, with such ineffable dignity, that a spasm of shame went through Brand. But he answered her roughly:

"That is all very well to say, but things have an ugly look."

She looked at him a moment in scornful indignation and then said with a flash of outraged pride:

"Husband, I tell you this, when I take a lover I will do it honestly, for love's sake, and will make no pretence that God has told me to do it for His sake. And I don't think you, Eaton, could cast a single stone at me without proving yourself the worst kind of coward."

Brand felt the thrust and his face went pale. He got up and went out without a word.

CHAPTER XXXII

A STOLEN INTERVIEW

There was a new military road being surveyed through Parley's Park to the Weber, and for some weeks Osborne was detailed to escort the surveying party.

It was not until the middle of December that he was released from his active duties and permitted to return to his old quarters in the city. His first thought was to call upon Carissa. All his experiences, his observations, and his more intimate knowledge of prevailing conditions, had increased his unwillingness to leave her behind him, when he took his departure in the spring.

The strangeness of the situation scarcely occurred to him. She no longer seemed to be the wife of another man, and under his legitimate control and protection. If he had put his thoughts into words he would have said that a plural marriage was no marriage. It could offer no protection. It was in itself an insult to pure womanhood. That the act of taking a second wife was a release of all obligation on the part of the first, and should restore to her her liberty of action if she cared to exercise it.

He pitied Carissa with all his heart, he respected and admired her, and although he had never dreamed of love, still he had never before been so strongly drawn to any woman. During his long absence she had been almost continually in his thoughts.

He did not wait to do more than snatch a hasty lunch, change his uniform, and leave a scribbled note of greeting for Maury, before he started for the Brand cottage.

He found Carissa seated in a low chair on the veranda, looking toward the mountains in the distance. She seemed somewhat agitated on his appearance, but she smiled brightly, and a look of relief came over her face. Impulsively she extended her hand, saying:

"It has been so long since I have seen you, and I could not hear of you."

"I was assigned to duty out of the city," he explained. "I have worried about you, and have fretted over the necessity of being away. Is there any change?"

A vivid blush mantled her cheek, her eyes that had met his so frankly became troubled; she hesitated and then said slowly:

"I dare not invite you in. I have not dared to ask about you. Sometimes I feared that something terrible had happened. No! do not question me. Only to see you has been an intense relief, but—" She paused, and then said in a low voice: "You have enemies here, and so have I. We must not be seen together, it would be fatal. You must go now. Your very coming here is dangerous."

Osborne was a bit startled, but he understood perfectly. He glanced around, but there was no one in sight.

"Tell me what has happened," he said earnestly.

"I cannot," she said. "But, believe me, I do not speak idly. It is too terribly true."

The voicing of her apprehension seemed to inten-

sify it. "Please do not stay, we must say good-bye. Now! see I am trembling with fear for you." She arose and made a gesture of dismissal, glancing timidly in the direction of the city.

"Just one moment," he pleaded. "I must see you again. We cannot part like this! Can I meet you in the old place up the canyon?"

"No! No! I have not been on the hills for weeks!"

"It must be here, then," he announced decisively. "I will come quietly after it is dark. Do not shake your head, for I shall certainly come. Do you think I can be left in ignorance of what concerns you? Or that I can let all plans for your welfare drop out of my thought? I will go now, but surely you can trust me; you *must* let me be your friend. I will come to-night and you must tell me what to do. If you can see me, and remember I shall expect it, leave your handkerchief on the window and I will tap just once. There is so much to be said, but—good-bye." He turned abruptly away, driven by her look of fear.

Instead of returning directly to the city he turned to the north, climbed the Bench and made his way by a cattle trail through the sage-brush to the canyon road, and thence to his lodging. He encountered no one and believed that his visit had been unobserved.

That night as he went out on the street he saw a crowd of soldiers passing into one of the grog-shops. They were already drunk, noisy and waking the echoes with ribald song. Fraternizing with them were a number of Mormons, who had so far forgotten the Word of Wisdom as to have joined in the profane revellings, and all were evidently bent on a night's carousal.

Osborne was in the act of passing this group, when one of the Mormons, observing him, stepped forward and hailed him.

"See here," he called, "I've been looking for you. Come here a minute." With drunken gravity he insisted upon conducting him to the corner of the building.

Osborne was about to break away and send the fellow about his business, when a name fell from his lips that arrested his attention.

He said impatiently, "What do you want with me?"

"I've got something to say about Brother Brand. It's all right if you keep out of his way, but he knows about your canyon trips with his wife, and he's bent on makin' this place unhealthy for you. D'you see?"

"Who are you, and what do you know about this?" demanded Osborne.

"Oh, that's all right, never you mind. He's done me a dirty trick, and I'd like to see you hit first, and hit hard, that's all. There's nothin' queer about this. Can you give me a bit of silver?"

Osborne gave him a coin and passed on. He would have attached little or no importance to this warning, but that it fitted in so perfectly with Carissa's words. He knew so well the violent character of those with whom he might have to deal, that he thought it well to be on his guard.

He began to realize that he and his comrades were in the midst of a foreign community, which was at heart hostile and fanatical, unrestrained in its passions, and which barely covered its resentment at the presence of United States troops by a diplomatic veneer of courtesy. But it would be unrelenting in its ven-

geance if it were assured of immunity. Nevertheless he did not turn back, but under cover of the darkness retraced his route of the afternoon, and was soon standing under the window of Carissa's sitting-room.

There was no light within, except that of the fire which dimly illuminated the interior. He looked for the handkerchief, but it was not there. Should he take the chance and tap upon the window? It suddenly occurred to him that Brand might be with her. A fierce wave of unreasoning anger passed over him. What right had this man to visit the woman whose love he had so grossly outraged? He recalled the flush on her cheek and the look of trouble in her eyes. Could it be that she had submitted to receive him after all? That would be impossible. He remembered her previous declarations, and was assured, and yet he resisted the impulse to call her to the window.

"I will let her know I have been here, and that I will call again," he said to himself.

He tore a fragment from an envelope, wrote on it the words "to-morrow night," guiding his pencil by the sense of feeling rather than sight, and tucked it securely under the frame of the window.

Instead of returning to the city he struck out for the hills. The wind was blowing sharply from the east, there was more than a touch of frost in its biting caress, but the tingling sensation was agreeable to him, and he only buttoned his coat more closely about him and walked on briskly.

It was three or four months before the detachment would leave the valley, but the time would come, and he would hold the colonel to his promise. There would doubtless be difficulties, but he would over-

come them. From San Francisco they would take ship for New York. On the long voyage it would be his task to beguile Carissa into forgetfulness of her sorrows. He pictured the welcome that she would receive at the hands of his mother and sister, and with what tender sympathy they would listen to her story. Beyond this the vision was not so clear, but his heart was warm and glowing, in spite of the increasing cold of the night, as he gave free rein to his fancy.

Finally he turned and looked back. The sky was overcast with clouds, the valley was wrapped in shadow and yet the night was not impenetrable. His eyes, accustomed to the gloom, could distinguish his path for a short distance before him, and far down below there twinkled a few feeble lights that marked the location of the city. In one spot a larger dot of light blurred by the wind indicated a camp-fire, probably in the neighborhood of one of the corrals. He began to retrace his steps, and the warning that he had received recurred to him.

"I don't think there's much in it," he thought. "And yet it will be as well to be on my guard."

"Where have you been?" inquired Maury, as Osborne entered the room.

"Oh, I've been strolling over the hills."

Maury looked at him curiously in silence for some moments, then he said: "I suppose it's none of my business, but it begins to look to me as if you were bitten somehow. You'd better be careful. There's too much theology in this valley to indulge your fancy with safety. You ought to know enough to take your own advice to Ingalls."

"Look here, Maury, I want to ask you something.

And I want a serious answer," said Osborne, in a grave tone.

Maury threw himself astride a chair, and leaned his chin upon the back as he replied, "All right, fire away, old man."

"If you had a sister who was entrapped into this den of horrors, who married a man in good faith, because she believed him to be honorable and worthy of her love, but who discovered too late that he had an unlimited capacity for women, and in spite of her heartbroken protests compelled her to be a partner in his polygamical schemes, what would you do?"

"I should shoot him dead certain, and then get shot myself in trying to take her away," replied Maury, promptly. "But look here, old fellow, she's not your sister, and you're running a devilish risk."

"No, she's not my sister, but she's a good woman in distress," said Osborne naïvely.

Maury laughed heartily. "My dear boy," he said dryly, "if you set yourself the task of liberating every woman in this region who is suffering from heart-ache, you'll need to call on Uncle Sam to get you out of this valley alive. Though it does beat me how so many of the women stick up for the system."

Osborne pondered a moment, and then said: "I'm going to tell you all about it."

"You might as well," said Maury. "I'm safe."

The story was a rather long one in the telling, and at its conclusion Osborne said: "I'm going ahead with this thing in spite of fate, and I may need help. Will you stand by me?"

Maury refilled and lighted his pipe before replying, and then said meditatively, as though weighing the

chances, "Every time, for the matter of that, you bet. Still, old man, it's a serious thing to interfere in the domestic concerns of others. I don't recall ever being asked before to help to carry off another man's wife. And it seems that the other fellow has gained some inkling of your interest in the lady, and considers it intrusive. It's a jolly situation. There'll be fun in it, I'm thinking."

It was glorious starlight the following night, when Osborne made his way over the fields to his anticipated interview with Carissa. The air was still and cold, a slight sound, as of the crackling of a twig, could be heard a long distance. The night was not favorable for concealment, if any one should chance to be about. He knew the suspicion that would attach to Carissa in the event of discovery, and yet he felt that he must see her. He was eager to be in her presence, to hear her voice, to look upon her face, perhaps to touch her hand. He believed that he was incapable of bringing trouble upon her, through selfish considerations; although for the chance of being near her he was evidently willing not only to dare any personal peril, but also to expose her to some risk. But then, when was a man's love utterly unselfish?

The house stood on what was known as the North Bench, and faced the south, and at the back there was a young grove of pear trees. The house was surrounded by a well-kept lawn, broken here and there by dwarf shrubbery.

As Osborne entered the grove he suddenly saw a dark figure moving about in the shadow, but clearly silhouetted against the starlit clearing. It was Carissa. As he advanced toward her, she came to meet him.

"I was afraid that you would be rash enough to come," she said, with gentle reproach. "It has made me suffer agonies of fear."

"I had to see you," he said simply, as he took her hand and would have kissed it; but she withdrew it.

She stood with clasped hands and bended head, as she said, in a low voice: "I have done what I said I could not do. I have received my husband again!"

Osborne made an exclamation of incredulity.

"I can scarcely believe it myself," she went on, wearily. How pitifully white and cold her face looked, as she continued in drooping tones: "There was a time when I could resist, but he has taught me to fear him. I did not know that he could be so hard and cruel."

"My God! Is he hard with you? You who have given him all your life, and are so worthy of all love and tenderness?" cried Osborne, with great rage. He felt in some odd way that Brand was doing him a personal injury.

"It is this heartless system that has changed him. I knew him when he was not like that."

Osborne winced at the words. He was impatient with her for urging this defence, for a great love and longing possessed him to take her away from all this that was crushing out the joy of her life.

She was the first to break the silence.

"But there is something else, and you must know it, for it concerns you. He has learned of our former meetings. You know their character even as I do. But his mind is poisoned, and he has put the most terrible construction upon them." She paused as though the words choked her, and then proceeded, breath-

lessly, "He has made terrible threats. He has sworn that if you ever speak to me again he will shoot you like a dog. At first I met him bravely, and I silenced him, but since then I know that he has indulged in horrible suspicions. You must promise to stay away and to avoid him, or my anxiety will be more than I can bear."

Osborne hesitated, but he saw how intense was her alarm.

"Yes, I will, for your sake," he said at length. "That is, I will, if you will promise me that when we leave in the spring, you will let me take you away from this hole?"

"Ah, for my boy's sake how gladly would I leave here! But that seems *so* impossible. There is no way out," said Carissa, with infinite sadness.

"Yes, there is a way," Osborne said, hopefully. "The colonel has promised to help me. It is terrible to have to wait till the spring, but the canyons are already blocked with snow. Keep brave, keep well. I'll get you out of this, cost what it may."

"Do you really mean it? Is it possible to succeed?" gasped Carissa, eagerly, her hope kindling at the confidence in his tone.

"As true as there's a God in Heaven! Yes, if it costs my life!" answered Osborne, in a deep, passionate voice.

"Oh, my friend, oh! oh!" cried Carissa, convulsively. She seized his arm with her two hands, bowed her head upon her hands and wept pitifully.

Nor were the man's eyes dry. He touched her head gently and murmured, "My poor girl! My poor girl!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

CHRISTMAS DOINGS

It was Christmas morning, 1854. To Carissa there came a momentary beguilement of sorrow as she witnessed Moroni's delight at the simple little gifts she had prepared for him. Back and forth across the floor he ran, bringing each new treasure for her inspection, and satisfied only when he thought she shared his happiness. Was it strange that the associations of this day made her position seem doubly hard to bear?

It would be difficult to analyze her thought. Grief struggled with outraged pride and wounded love. She knew herself to be worse than widowed. She had given unreservedly all the wealth of her love and simple trust; but it had not been enough! She felt that she was cheapened in her own sight, and in the eyes of the world. Her only refuge had been to repudiate any share in the transaction, and to withhold herself absolutely from the man who had so foully depreciated her worth. But she had been dragged from this refuge. As she remembered the night when he returned to her and claimed a right that she denied, and of times since then when he had demanded of her the satisfaction of his passionate desires, she shuddered and pitied herself as one who had sold honor for a price. True, the price had been permission to live with her boy, but the result was that she felt herself to be an associate in a gross and vulgar

crime. Brand had covered his sin against her with the cloak of his religion, but it only served to make "his religion" more horrible and sickening to her.

She was worse than widowed indeed. The man whom she had loved, and loved so truly that the memory of it gave her pain, had become her worst enemy.

Such thoughts were dark, indeed, against the background of this day's bright traditions. As she watched Moroni at his play and patiently smiled in response to his appeals, she was struggling with a harassing thought.

She wondered if his father would remember the day and bring gifts. And a prayer, prompted by bitterness, went up from her heart, "O God, spare us the pain of such mockery!"

Brand did not remember the day. The past week he had spent with Maggie. She took things as a matter of course, and acquiesced in the necessary irregularities of a polygamous household with perfect equanimity. Brand's resentment toward Carissa had resumed its sway, and was becoming dominant. His indulgence in cruelty was making him cruel. She humiliated him more by her way of submission than by her resistance. He knew that it was enforced. He had battered at her prejudices and had broken through them by violence, but had not bent them, and he now realized that in defeat she had drawn herself away from him and was the real victor.

A sinister thought had been present with him for weeks. He had held it in check, but he was now beginning to give it free rein.

"It is not her prejudice alone that is standing in my

way and ruining my happiness. There is some other influence at work."

He felt an ungovernable hatred when he thought of Osborne.

"He has called on her twice that I know of. He met her on her rambles. It's devilish strange if she's so innocent."

In the meanwhile he took an indirect revenge by cultivating a deadly hatred of the soldiers. While Brigham and his counsellors were astutely showing their "military guests" every attention possible, by means of public functions and social festivities, Brand was driven by his jealousy to create a hostile party, ready to manifest its antagonism at the first opportunity.

On the afternoon of this Christmas day the numerous grog-shops of the city were thronged with soldiers, traders, Indians, and mountain men. There were many Mormons among them. Church, as well as military discipline, had been greatly relaxed during the past months. There were some disturbances during the day. Tongues unloosed by liquor uttered insults, and insults were hurled back in reply.

Word was presently brought to the officers that there was every prospect of there being a serious fight, unless the soldiers were looked after. Osborne, therefore, went down to the chief saloon, kept by a Saint in good standing, to give instructions to the sergeant of the guard.

On his way he overtook and passed Brand, without stopping to wish him more than a formal good-day. Brand had been drinking. Originally of very temperate habits, he had nevertheless during the past few

weeks been drinking to excess. He did not drink for conviviality. He drank alone, and grew more taciturn the more he drank. He laid it all at Carissa's door.

As he saw Osborne go by, something gripped at his heart. There was the man that he hated. Everything that he had suffered, all that he had lost came before him. He knew nothing of Osborne's recent interviews with his wife, but it flashed over him that somehow everything would be simpler with this man out of the way. He turned and followed him into the saloon.

For a moment he stood in the doorway and looked upon the scene. Saints and soldiers were standing at the bar, or gambling at the little tables. There was much loud talking. Oaths, jests, and laughter passed from one to the other. His eyes wandered from group to group until they rested upon Osborne, who had started to return.

Every evil passion came to the surface in Brand's consciousness. He fixed his gaze upon the face of the man he hated. Everything else in the room became shadowy and indistinct. He reached for his pistol, slowly cocked it, took aim and fired.

The act was but the mechanical performance of a deed long perpetrated in thought. The report startled him, and yet he was glad it was done. But why did not his enemy fall?

He saw Osborne still advancing, the look unchanged upon his face. He was not aware that his arm had been knocked up while his finger was on the trigger. Suddenly a heavy blow fell upon him from behind.

"You cowardly assassin," cried Maury, who had entered just in time to be of service to his friend.

Immediately there was a rush. The half-intoxicated soldiers, thinking the shot was the signal for a general massacre, fought their way fiercely to the door. Neither they nor the Mormons knew the cause of the disturbance, but both parties desired to reach the open. Maury was borne backward by the rush, while Osborne was carried to the street in the midst of a struggling, fighting mob. A few shots were exchanged, and a couple of soldiers and several Mormons were wounded.

As soon as Maury could extricate himself, he gave a few sharp orders and the soldiers fell into line. A crowd of excited men with arms in their hands was gathering. Someone spread the report that the soldiers had fired on the citizens, and the number of the wounded and the fierce look upon the faces of the soldiers seemed to lend confirmation to the tale. A call was sent for the Mormon legion, and threats of extermination were freely uttered.

At length Maury and Osborne succeeded in getting the soldiers back to their quarters, where they were kept under arms pending an adjustment. At sundown there were two hostile camps within striking distance of each other in the city, both sides eager to avenge insults and wrongs, and preparing for battle on the morrow.

The immediate cause of the strife seemed to be known only to the three chief actors, who made no report to their superiors on this point.

"We cannot drag her name into the affair," said Osborne, and Maury assented.

"I tell you, old man, I thought it was all over with me. His pistol was held straight and his hand was

without a tremor. I shan't forget it, Maury, in a hurry," said Osborne, gripping his savior's hand.

"A pretty close shave. He's dangerous; but if he isn't killed, he'll be laid up for a time. He must be pretty badly bruised with all that crowd passing over him; and I didn't tap him lightly over the ear either," responded Maury, glancing ruefully at his swollen left hand.

When Colonel Steptoe arrived he asked many sharp questions.

"It started in a saloon row," said Maury. "There's not much love lost between the troops and the citizens at the best, and bad liquor mixed with bad blood will cause a fight anywhere."

Contrary to Maury's anticipation, Brand was not seriously hurt; the blow that he received stunned him, but he fell a little to one side of the doorway, and was only slightly injured by the rushing mob. He was partly conscious of what was going on, but was unable to rise. The disturbance was still at its height outside, when he succeeded in getting to his feet, and making his way to the deserted bar, he helped himself to a glass of whiskey. The stimulant braced him, but still he felt dazed. He sat down upon a chair and looked at his soiled clothes, and then at his bruised and bloody hand.

"Some brute has crushed his heel upon it," he thought.

Suddenly he remembered Osborne. He heard a pistol shot and fierce cries from a little farther down the street.

"I failed this time," he said aloud, "but he'll not leave this valley alive." He listened a moment; the

sound of shouting had died away in the direction of the soldiers' quarters. He took out his handkerchief and clumsily bandaged his wounded hand, then he brushed the dirt from his clothes as well as possible, picked up his hat from the floor, and stepped into the street. There was no one in sight, the city seemed to have been suddenly deserted.

"I'll go to Maggie and let her doctor my hand," he said to himself. "She's clever at such things, and won't be over-curious."

Slowly he passed along the street. He found himself more shaken than he thought. Maggie was standing in the doorway, shading her face with her hand. When Brand approached her she hurried toward him.

"What is it?" she asked in alarm. "Are you hurt?" She glanced toward the city with a fierce look upon her face.

"Never mind, girl. I'll be all right; a drunken soldier attacked me, and there was a fight, but all I need is a little nursing. Can you get some water to bathe this thing?" and he unwrapped the handkerchief and showed the livid bruise.

That night, after all was quiet in the city and in the barracks, Osborne, who was being relieved of his guard by Maury, said to him:

"I'm going up on the hill. She must have heard the tumult, and may be a bit nervous. I'll be back before the moon rises."

"Look here, old fellow, hadn't you better drop it? That brute has spotted you, and next time I may not be on hand, you know. Besides, I guess he is not wanting in hirelings," said Maury, earnestly.

Osborne turned upon him squarely, almost fiercely, and said:

"You might as well know that I'm into this affair for all I'm worth. She has my pledge, and I'll never leave this place unless she goes with me. If I went back on that poor girl now, I should have to curse you to the end of the chapter for saving my life."

Osborne went straight to the house. The night was dark, but he knew the way perfectly, and his eyes soon became accustomed to the gloom. As he approached the window his pulse gave a sudden throb; something white was lying upon the ledge. He lifted it to his face, it was Carissa's handkerchief. He gave a quick soft tap upon the window. Almost immediately it was opened.

"I heard the firing and have been so anxious. I hoped that you would come," said Carissa, who was evidently a little unstrung.

"It was nothing. A row between some drunken soldiers and townsmen," he said. "It's all over now, and everything has quieted down. I thought that you might wonder. It is so good of you to see me."

"I know it is imprudent," she said, "but everything alarms me. I keep thinking that something will happen to make flight impossible."

Osborne wondered what she would say if she knew the full truth of the afternoon's doings.

"No, nothing shall prevent that, except death. Now I know you are all right I won't stay. See, the moon is rising. But may I write to you, and will you answer? That crooked tree where we stood the other night can be our post-box. One of its limbs is twisted

almost double. I must know that I can hear from you. I will come only when it is dark."

She hesitated a moment and then replied: "Yes, I will do it, but oh! be careful."

As Osborne returned to the camp he felt a strange elation. He asked himself why, but the only answer he could reach was that Carissa seemed now to want to live.

CHAPTER XXXIV

QUIBBLE'S DIPLOMACY

It was not long before even Brigham and his counsellors began to weary of their guests. Their policy had thus far proved successful. A petition to President Pierce, requesting the reappointment of Governor Young, had been signed by Judge Kinney, Colonel Steptoe, and forty-one other representatives of the judiciary and military, as well as the merchants doing business in the city. This petition set forth that "Governor Brigham Young possesses the entire confidence of the people of this territory without distinction of party or sect," that he is "a firm supporter of the Constitution and laws of the United States and a tried pillar of Republican institutions," and enumerated many other reasons for considering him as "decidedly the most suitable person that can be selected for that office."

As soon as this petition was granted and Brigham felt himself secure in his position as governor, he began to modify his attitude. He was willing once more to listen to Brand, Carson, and others who brought lurid accounts of the licentious doings of the soldiers, and who made specific charges against the officers of debauchery and seduction. About the middle of February, Counsellors Grant and Kimball publicly denounced these doings at a meeting in the tabernacle, and on the following Sunday Brigham gave unqualified endorsement to their position. The

trial of several Indians of the Parvante tribe, for the murder of Captain Gunnison, did much to increase the mutual feeling of antagonism that was rapidly developing.

From various sources it was ascertained that Lieutenant Gunnison, recently raised to the rank of captain of United States topographical engineers, was foully murdered on the Sevier River, in Utah Territory, in the fall of 1853, with eight others, one of whom was a Mormon.

The matter was investigated by Judge Kinney and later by Judge Drummond. The evidence marked the crime as a peculiarly atrocious one, and implicated several Mormons, also Eneis, a favorite warrior of Brigham, said to be his property and acting under his orders, as well as about twenty-five members of the Parvante tribe.

Indian witnesses testified that only four shots were fired by the Indians, all the rest being fired by Mormons, and that in crossing the river to scalp and mutilate the bodies of the men, they received positive instruction from their Mormon allies to save if possible the Mormon who fell in the fight, and who might be distinguished from the Americans by certain peculiar marks on the garment which he wore next to his body. Judge Drummond declared that "the evidence against Enèis was clear and conclusive, and no rebutting evidence," and that it was clearly proved that "Eneis cut Captain Gunnison's body open, and took out his heart while he was yet alive and the heart so full of blood that it bounded on the ground after being taken out; and was not content with this but cut out his tongue, and otherwise cut and mangled the

body." In spite of all this evidence, and in spite of the clear and forceful charges of the judges, each Mormon jury before whom the case was tried, brought in a verdict of not guilty, as against the white men implicated and the able-bodied warriors; and the jury of Judge Kinney's court brought in a verdict of manslaughter against "three old, crippled and half-blind Indians, who were sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but who were soon permitted to escape."

Judge Kinney was so mortified by this fearful miscarriage of justice, that he immediately adjourned the court and declared that there was false dealing somewhere.

"In fact," said Judge Drummond, "not only he, but Colonel Steptoe, General Holman, the government attorney, Hon. Garland Hurt, the Indian agent of the Territory, Captain James B. Leach, the mail contractor between San Diego and Salt Lake City, and Columbus L. Craig, all of whom were cognizant of the influences brought to bear upon the trial, arrived irresistibly at the conclusion that the Indians were found not guilty by order of the 'church,' and that Dimick B. Huntington, an Indian interpreter and spiritual brother-in-law of Gov. Brigham Young, was the man who bore the decree and order of the 'church' to the jury, who implicitly found the verdicts according to the mandates of the 'church'; as is now the universal rule and order of jury trials in the peaceful valley of the mountains."

Captain Ingalls, Lieutenant Maury and Osborne were discussing the matter on the evening of the trial.

"Such proceedings ought to damn any organization to the lowest hell!" exclaimed Ingalls. "If the church

could acquit itself of complicity with that fiendish murder, yet it must stand guilty for all time of stretching forth its hand to protect and shield the murderers."

"You forget that Captain Gunnison was so impious as to lift his voice against the anointed of the Lord, and that it was the vengeance of the Most High that overtook him," said Maury, with bitter mockery.

"But how had Captain Gunnison offended them so fatally?" asked Ingalls. "Did he pay attention to their women and show common politeness to their girls?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," replied Maury. "He wrote a book in which he handled the Mormon question with very light gloves on. He spoke kindly of the people, it is true, and pointed out the folly of a policy of persecution, as tending to make them stronger in the faith; but he drove his pen mercilessly to the very vitals of this precious system; he dared to attack the doctrine of polygamy, and made a plea to young Utah to arise and assert its manhood."

"It is a fearful thing," exclaimed Osborne, "that these men, violent, unscrupulous, vulgar, and capable of apologizing for such inhuman acts, should nevertheless be looked up to by such multitudes of deluded followers, as their only spiritual guides. It is no wonder that the people become brutalized."

As the time approached for their departure, Osborne was perfecting his plans for the escape of Carissa. He had not seen her since Christmas night, and yielding to Maury's appeals had carefully avoided any possible encounter with Brand. But he had received several notes from her, and had been cheered by their hopeful tone.

He had succeeded in arousing Colonel Steptoe's enthusiastic interest in the affair, and the plan adopted seemed to promise success. The detachment was divided, the larger portion with the heavy wagons and supplies going in advance to Rush Valley, and thence by the southern route by forced marches to California. Colonel Steptoe and a portion of his staff, among them being Osborne and Maury, equipped for fast traveling, remained in the city. It was generally understood that they were to join the larger company on the march, although the actual intention was to proceed by Haw's Ranch and the northern route, and for the two parties to come together on the other side of the Great Desert

One evening in May, when the arrangements were nearly completed, Osborne entrusted the following message to the hiding place, which he thought had safely concealed so many of his own and Carissa's letters:

"Be ready to start at a moment's notice, in a day or two. We shall probably start soon after dark."

Osborne believed that all his trips to the grove during the past few months had been unobserved, but therein he was mistaken.

His visits had all been carefully noted. One night Quibble came across him accidentally, and was induced by curiosity to follow him. He saw him enter the grove of pear trees, look cautiously around, and then go to a certain tree, where he lingered a moment, and then, with a long look toward the house, took his departure. It was a mystery that he could not fathom even by examining the tree, but that only whetted his curiosity the more. He began to watch, and several times his patience was rewarded, and he

saw Osborne perform the same meaningless pantomime. One night he determined to solve the mystery, and after a long and patient search in the darkness discovered the clever hiding place, and extracted a small piece of thin paper closely folded and covered with written words.

Delighted with his success he carried his find up on to the hills, kindled a fire and by its light laboriously spelled through the contents. It was enough to convince him that a regular correspondence was carried on between Osborne and Mrs. Brand.

The thought tickled him. His hatred for Brand had lost none of its virulence. It was with malicious satisfaction that he restored the note to its place, and determined to silently watch the drama to its tragic end. For that the end would be tragic, Quibble did not doubt for an instant.

Osborne little thought that he was shadowed every time he entered the Brand pear orchard, and that his letters were read by another pair of eyes before they reached Carissa's.

Quibble did not betray him. He had no inclination to do so, and the vivid memory of Brand's violence on a former occasion would alone have deterred him. But there came a time when he discovered something that did not suit him. He was lying on the hill-side, holding a paper so that the fire-light would fall full upon it, while he devoured its contents.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet, exclaiming, half audibly, "So that's the game, is it? That will never do. With her gone, he'll be with Maggie all the time and altogether." He sat down and began to consider.

"I'll have to interfere somehow," he said presently.

His success in spying upon Osborne had increased his confidence in his own cleverness, and he began to wonder if he could not make serious mischief for Brand, by forcing things a little.

He took no decisive step, however, until after reading Osborne's last note, when he discovered that time was pressing. He had already outlined his plan, and considered it a clever bit of contrivance. He would bring the two men together. Osborne should be warned as well as Brand. Of course there would be a fight, and he hoped that Brand would get the worst of it. During the next day he picked up the information that they would be all ready to start by that evening. He was unwilling to see Brand personally, or to appear to be mixing in the affair, so he scrawled a letter and sent it to Elder Carson.

"*You had better warn Brother Brand that his number one is receiving callers these nights, and he had better be on the watch if he wants to know who. He'll be there a little after sundown tonight.*"

"That'll get him there, I reckon," he said to himself, as he despatched the note by a boy. He then went in search of Osborne, to warn him that Brand was on the lookout for him. He met him on the stairs, and stopped him.

"Say, can't I go with you to California?" he asked, in order to introduce the subject.

"Why do you want to go?" asked Osborne, looking at him curiously.

"I've had enough of this country," he replied, dropping his eyes. "You start to-night, don't you?"

"No, to-morrow afternoon, if we can get ready," answered Osborne.

"To-morrow!" Quibble looked up aghast; the thought flashed across him that he had sent his note prematurely

"Why? What have you been doing? Have you gotten into some scrape here that you're so anxious to get away?"

"No, not that," stammered Quibble, "but if you don't go till to-morrow, can I see you in the morning?"

"It's no possible use," said Osborne, decidedly. "I know the colonel won't take you."

Still Quibble lingered and hesitated. Osborne disliked to dismiss him abruptly. He thought he was probably in some trouble, and, although he was not a figure to command much respect, he nevertheless felt a certain pity for him.

"I'm sorry, my man, but you can probably find some other way."

"It ain't that," began Quibble. "It's something about yourself. I'm at Brother Brand's a good deal, and I know that he's heard something about your visits lately to his wife."

Osborne was terribly startled and drew back.

"How long since?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Last night he spoke about it. He declared he was going to be on his guard, and catch the fellow in the act," said Quibble.

"Come up stairs here, quick!"

Osborne led him to his room and closed the door. Maury was cleaning his rifle, the inevitable pipe in his mouth, which he removed as he noticed Osborne's excitement, and then let his gaze rest upon their visitor.

Quibble was fumbling his hat nervously, and yet with an air of importance evident in his manner.

"Now tell me all you know about this," demanded Osborne.

"I've told you everything. He's known for a long time that you have had something to do with her."

"What's up?" asked Maury.

"Tell this gentleman what you told me," said Osborne.

Quibble did so with great exactness, and then added with vehement sincerity: "I hate him. He stole my girl from me, and pretended to marry her. I'd like to see him done up good."

"You say that he is going to be on the watch?" questioned Maury.

"Yes, to-night and to-morrow night, and until you have gone for good; and you'd better look out for an ambush after you've started, for he's declared he'll kill you."

Quibble was drawing upon his imagination, but he had a point to gain, and in his last statement came unwittingly very near the truth Brand supposed the party would go by the southern route to join the detachment that had already started, and he had made full preparations to waylay them, kill Osborne at least, and if necessary the whole party, and charge the crime upon the Indians.

After Quibble had apparently told all that he knew, and had taken his departure, Maury relit his pipe and said: "Well, I suppose this will not induce you to give the matter up?"

"Certainly not."

"It makes it a deuced sight more difficult, though. I don't see but what you'll have to shoot him, or get shot yourself."

Osborne was absorbed in thought. Finally he said: "I don't want to kill him. If she should ever know it, it would be a dark blot on all her future. She could never be happy again. I know her better than you do. No. There is only one way that I can see. He knows nothing of our plan to take her off, and will not be on guard against it. You must be ready to take charge of her. I will go in advance, show myself and draw him away from the house. The way will then be clear for you to take her. If I get away I can join you. If not, you'll have to get her out of this devilish place and guard her to my home."

"Do you think that I'm going to consent to that?" exclaimed Maury. "You won't have one chance out of a hundred. I'm not so squeamish as you are; give me a chance and I'll bring him down fast enough."

"I have thought it all over," said Osborne, "and I don't think you can suggest a better plan. The darkness, and the fact that I shall be on my guard, will all be in my favor. I will have my horse ready, saddled and bridled, and if you are quick the whole thing can be done and no blood shed."

Maury continued to demur on account of the risk, but Osborne was determined. Several other plans were suggested by Maury, but Osborne held to his own.

"Well, we'll see how it looks to-morrow," said Maury, finally. "We'll need three or four good men anyhow."

Osborne named three from his own company, who seemed to possess the necessary qualifications, and the affair rested.

CHAPTER XXXV

CARISSA'S DEPARTURE

Elder Carson had made no delay in conveying Quibble's warning to Brand, although he strove to minimize its importance in the telling.

"There's probably nothing seriously wrong, but you might as well look into it."

Brand, however, furiously declared his belief in the worst. It seemed to give him pleasure to believe that Carissa had done wrong.

"I'm thinking, Brother Brand, you're not quite yourself; anger is a poor substitute for reason."

"But what else can you make of that?" demanded Brand, pointing to the note with a quivering finger.

"She may have been imprudent; and again it may all be a lie. You know your wife too well to believe that she's really guilty."

Carson had thought the matter over before coming. He had a certain liking for Carissa, and knew of Brand's irascible state. He blamed himself somewhat for stirring his jealousy into a flame on a former occasion. Besides, he had a purpose of his own to serve.

"See here! I don't want to dictate, or to seem to interfere. But I think you ought to take her away to some more secluded place. Another thing; why don't you combine your households? There's always trouble when plural wives live apart. Of course they will use their liberty. If they are together you can guard them better, and they will watch each other."

This appeal to reason calmed Brand somewhat. In spite of his hatred against Osborne, it was difficult for him to calmly adjudge Carissa guilty. He was somehow inclined to harken to Carson's suggestions.

"If I make a change it ought to be immediately," he said.

His determination was fixed that nothing should interfere with his deadly vengeance upon Osborne, and he did not know how long he would be delayed.

"I understand that you have recently laid claim to some grazing land in Cache Valley," suggested Carson. "I am going up there to-night. Why not take your whole family and go with me? I will furnish you with a wagon. You can soon gather camping outfit and supplies."

Brand was immediately struck with the suggestion. He might send the women folk, including Maggie, and that would leave him free.

"I have thought of the place as a fine location for a settlement," he replied; "but at present there's not a white man there, and it's rather open to the Indians."

"We don't need to winter there until there are more of us. We will have to protect the cattle anyhow, and the women and children will be perfectly safe."

"Do you have to go to-night?" Brand asked.

"Yes. But I have furnishings enough for all till your teams can join us."

Brand considered the matter only a few moments. The plan had fully commended itself to him at once.

"Will you take the responsibility of their care for a time, and let me come later? I have some business to attend to." Brand put the question abruptly.

"Certainly. They will be company for my women, and will make a merry party."

"That's settled, then. What time do you start?"

"A little before sunrise."

Brand felt relieved by his sudden decision. There was still hope in his heart that Carissa might become reasonable; and this move seemed to promise as well as anything he could think of. It even occurred to him that, if he could be assured of Carissa's submission, he might forego his revenge upon Osborne.

Carissa started violently when he entered the room where she was sitting. He had called but seldom of late, and it had been many weeks since he had seemed to regard this place as his home.

He greeted her courteously, though with a certain gloomy restraint. It was time for the lighting of candles; and as she made no move, he went to a small closet, took them out and lighted them himself. He had already seen Maggie, informed her of his wishes, and had left her engaged in packing the necessary articles. He now seated himself and prepared to open the matter to Carissa. He anticipated no opposition, but was embarrassed by her silence.

"Our life here has not been very happy, has it? And I don't suppose that you will feel very much regret at leaving! Shall you?"

The blood left her face immediately. Her eyes were startled into an expression of sudden fear. Had he discovered her purpose?

"What do you mean?" she inquired. Her voice was weak and faltering. Her lips seemed reluctant to perform their office.

Brand watched her wonderingly. Suddenly a

thought flashed through him. The note Carson had brought! The departure of the soldiers! Carissa's strange behavior; all were brought into startling association. He rejected it instantly as impossible. Nevertheless he rose and entered his wife's bedroom. Everything betokened the usual order. He was about to return when he noticed the closet door and was led to open it. A bundle securely tied reposed in one corner. It was but the work of an instant to break it open. He found that it contained an assortment of boy's clothing, and a few necessary toilet articles. He stepped to the crib. Moroni was asleep, but he had kicked off the covers sufficiently to show that he had been put to bed with his clothes on. Another glance revealed the fact that the pictures of Carissa's father and mother were not in their accustomed places.

He returned and quietly took his former seat. He had been absent only a minute or two, but the time had seemed like an eternity to Carissa, as she had vainly struggled for composure. It was of no use, she felt herself giving way; she could stand his questioning gaze no longer. She dropped her arms upon the table and her head upon her arms, and burst into a passion of weeping.

"So you thought that you would leave me, did you? When were you to start?"

No answer.

"Believe me I can plan better for you than that." He had assumed a tone of mocking courtesy.

He went to the inner door and called, "mother." When Mrs. Brand appeared, he said to her: "We are all going into the country to spend the summer. We

start to-night. My wife is unable to finish her packing, and you will please do it for her. Get your own things ready also. We will leave the furniture for some other time."

"La, we can't be ready to start to-night," objected the old woman, querulously.

"You must. We will take what you do get ready and leave the rest." His manner was decided. When he turned around Carissa's sobs had ceased, and she was looking at him appealingly. She raised her hands to him in a despairing gesture.

"Oh, won't you have mercy and let me leave you? This life is killing me!"

"Stop such hysterical nonsense," he commanded, furiously. His self-control was giving way, but he made an effort to retain it. "If you have anything you want to take with you that is not already packed you had better get it ready," he added.

She arose with an effort, went to her room, closed the door behind her and dropped upon her knees beside the bed.

Why had she been so foolish as to indulge any hope? Wild dreams of resistance, of immediate flight, even of self-destruction, came to her; but these soon congealed into a mood of hard, bitter, hopeless submission to the inevitable. She made no move to put her personal effects together. She simply waited, through the interminable hours. When Brand at last roughly announced that the wagon had come, she obeyed his command to put on her warm wrap and mounted to her seat without assistance. Everything was soon loaded. Last of all, Brand lifted Moroni to his place, and for the first time that night his heart

smote him as he observed how mechanically Carissa received her boy. But he only knit his brows and set his lips more firmly together.

They stopped for Maggie, who appeared fresh and laughing; and were well on their way by sunrise. The other wagons had already started, but they expected to overtake them during the day and to camp together in one party.

It was not a very merry company, though Carson and Maggie chatted together gaily enough. Carissa was overwhelmed with her terrible disappointment. She knew now how intense had been her desire to escape. Even the presence of Moroni failed to lighten the dreary prospect that was before her.

Lieutenant Osborne would be compelled to leave with the troops. He would know nothing of the discovery of their plans. She pictured him coming to the vacant house. She saw his bewildered look of disappointment. Why had she not made an effort to put a note of explanation in the hiding place? She had been too stunned to think of it. When he was gone, her one hope of escape would have departed. What should she do? It seemed impossible that she could continue to live out her life in dreary, hopeless rebellion against the inevitable. She looked at Maggie, and envied her the disposition that could accept lightly what was to her a brand of infamy. She thought of her husband, and a feeling of utter loathing was in her heart. He was her master, and she hated him for the mastery he exercised so ruthlessly, because of her passion for her boy.

As they traveled slowly on past rude farmhouses and through straggling settlements, the burden of her

thoughts became too heavy to be borne and she closed her eyes in pitiful surrender to hopeless apathy.

She was aroused at length by Maggie saying to her: "We are going to have our lunch. Won't you eat something, dear? You look so faint and tired."

She shook her head and rejected the proffered cake.

"It's dood, mamma. Ain't you hungry?" urged Moroni, who had been lifted to the front seat by Carson, and was delighted to hold the lines and drive.

"No, dear," she forced herself to answer, "but you eat all you want."

Brand had been in the saddle all day, riding ahead of the wagon in moody silence. He now drew rein and waited for them.

"I leave you here," he said to Carson abruptly. "The other wagons are just ahead. I don't know when I shall join you. There's a little business to be attended to first, back there."

There was an odd menace in his speech, and it was accompanied by a lowering glance at Carissa.

She had thought there was nothing more to fear, but his look and tone caused her heart to leap again in sudden terror. She interpreted both unerringly, and she watched him with a gathering look of horror as he raised his hat and turned his horse back along the road they had traveled.

"Stop!" She suddenly cried out. He reined in his horse and looked back at her.

"What are you going to do?"

He continued looking at her steadily a moment, the sombre light of wicked triumph stealing over his face.

"Nothing that ought to concern you deeply," he replied, very deliberately "I am expecting a visitor

to-night back at the house we have left, and I want to see that he is received properly. That is all."

He waited, a sneering smile upon his lips, while the color faded from her face and the affrighted look deepened in her eyes, and then, with an oath, he put spurs to his horse and rode rapidly away.

Scarcely had the sound of clattering hoofs died away when Carissa plucked Carson by the sleeve.

"You must not let him go. Call to him quick." The words came from dry lips that trembled with feverish impatience.

Carson leaned over the wheel and looked after Brand's retreating figure.

"He's too far," he said, "besides it's of no use, he's made up his mind."

"Then you must take me back also," exclaimed Carissa, excitedly. "Turn the horses around; I must go."

"It can't be done, Sister Brand, we've come a long ways and the critters are tired. We just couldn't reach there to-night, and Brother Brand would be furious with me."

As he spoke he touched the horses with the whip, and the heavy wagon began to move forward again.

"Stop. I must get out and go back," cried Carissa, rising to her feet; but as Carson only glanced from her to Maggie with a look of puzzled amazement, she clasped her hands together and moaned, "Oh, you do not know what it means."

Maggie did not know all her trouble, but she guessed some of it. She had never lost her kindly feeling for Carissa, whom she regarded as her superior, and now she yielded to the maternal instinct for pro-

tection. She quickly climbed from the front to the back seat, and impulsively put her arms about Carissa.

"We can't go back, dear, but don't carry on so and grieve yourself. Mr. Brand will come back all right. The soldiers have all gone by this time, and they're the only ones he's angered at."

"But the troops were not to leave till to-morrow," exclaimed Carissa, struggling with her fears.

But Maggie was not to be thwarted in her purpose to comfort by any absurd notion of sticking to the truth; especially when she knew there was no one there to contradict her.

"But they changed their plans, dear; Jock Quibble told me last night; and they were all to leave by noon to-day. I could have told Brother Brand, but I knew that he would need to bring the furniture anyway. There, dear, don't cry or worry, just put your head down on my arm and get some rest."

When Brand reached the city he soon satisfied himself that Osborne was ignorant of the day's happenings, and would not leave until that night; he, therefore, spent the day in the deserted house where he had first brought his wife; brooding over the past and supplying fresh fuel to the ever-burning fire of his evil passions.

CHAPTER XXXVI

OSBORNE'S DEPARTURE

The following day passed slowly for Osborne, who was in a fever of impatience for the time of action to arrive; he slept but little the night before, and in the morning felt that he had made a mistake in not communicating with Carissa, no matter what the risk, concerning his plans.

Colonel Steptoe's preparations for departure were completed by noon. A few calls of ceremony had to be made. It was given out that they would not begin the journey till daylight the following morning, but everything was in readiness at a convenient camping place just outside the city, with the small detachment of soldiers on guard.

Colonel Steptoe, Captain Ingalls, Lieutenant Maury and Osborne were invited to take a farewell supper with Judge Kinney. District Attorney Holman was present and a few other prominent Gentile officials. The conversation naturally turned upon the political situation.

"Say what you will," declared the judge emphatically, "this community is bound to play a most important part in the history of the West. Immigration the last two or three years has been greater than ever before. The people that come may be ignorant and fanatical in a way, but they are industrious and patient. See how they have branched out already. There are thriving settlements to the south of us, and

to the north as well. The time is not far distant when every tillable valley in this region will be swarming with settlers, and they will soon begin to carry out their design of establishing a chain of Mormon settlements from here to California. They have shown their power to control their people, and according to their own standards they are chaste and virtuous, and good citizens. Of course, their system seems wrong to us, but if we believed in its righteousness as they do, we should think it the right thing."

"But do you think their leaders—President Young and his counsellors, for example—are sincere in their belief?" asked Maury.

"Yes, I do. They are not very spiritual; but the belief they hold is not spiritual either, so there is no inconsistency. They are coarse, domineering and masterful; but their highest religious ambition is to attain to unlimited dominion, and lord it over unlimited multitudes."

"But how about their acts of violence, their practice of deceit to win converts, their interference with civil courts of justice and the like?" persisted Maury.

"Their descendants will tell you that they were no worse than the mother of all the Christian churches," answered the judge, with a laugh. "Their record will compare favorably with the Catholic Inquisition, the methods of the Jesuits, the diplomacy of Rome, and even with much in the history of Protestantism itself. When civilization pushes its way over the Rocky Mountains, and these people are compelled to yield to its educating, humanizing processes, most of these features will be gradually modified and finally eliminated."

"I am afraid that will be too long a time for some of us to wait, eh, Osborne?" Maury wanted to arouse his friend from his fit of abstraction.

"I think this system is simply an abomination," said Osborne emphatically. "I don't believe in persecution, but I certainly think that the strong arm of the national government should so firmly establish the civil law in this region that the poor, deluded, helpless victims of a merciless priesthood could claim some protection."

"That will come in time; and the time will come when the people themselves will welcome it," declared the judge.

"His Honor is in a prophetic mood to-night," laughed Holman. "A transcontinental railroad will need to be built first, and that will not be done this century."

"On the contrary, we shall both live to see it. I will pledge my reputation as a prophet on that."

The time at length arrived for the party to break up. Colonel Steptoe declined the offers made by several to accompany them to camp, and they were soon in saddle.

After proceeding a short distance the colonel drew rein and said gravely: "I don't know that I have done right to consent to this thing. It may get us into serious difficulty, but you have my word, and I don't go back on it. In about an hour you can get to work. Be careful about making a disturbance and arousing the town. I will start forward with the men and you can join us on the Grantsville road."

After Colonel Steptoe's departure, Osborne and Maury rode around by a side street, and picked up the

men who were waiting, and lost no time in muffling their horses' feet.

When all was in readiness, Osborne said to Maury: "Of course we know that the affair is more serious than the colonel thinks. But if anything happens, you'll send word home, and all that, and do as I have asked you!" The two men clasped hands in silence.

The night was calm and clear. After separating from his companions, Osborne rode to the east, and circling around, picketed his horse securely on the slope beyond the town, about five hundred yards from the residence of the Brands. He waited long enough for Maury to have time to approach the grove of pear trees, where he was to take his position, and then he walked toward the house.

He had often noticed the peculiar silence of this valley. There were no large trees to catch the sighing of the wind, and to-night this silence seemed ominous and oppressive. The city just below him had gone to sleep. Not a sound broke the stillness of the early summer night, except the low murmur of the hurrying water in the shallow ditch at his feet. Every sense was on the alert and strained to the utmost as he neared the place.

Was it possible, he wondered, that he had been misinformed and that no watch was being kept? Had Brand heard of their departure, and set himself to follow or intercept them, in accordance with his threats? The house seemed preternaturally silent and dead.

He did not pause or hesitate, but turned the corner and once more approached the window of Carissa's sitting-room. He was now in full view from the place where Maury and the men were concealed.

Suddenly he started forward; a handkerchief was lying partly outside the window and imprisoned by the sash. It was the old signal; every apprehension vanished. Providence had favored them. She was within and waiting. But there was no time to be lost; he sounded a whistle for Maury, and stepping forward, tapped gently on the window pane.

A feeling of eager expectation thrilled him as he saw the window slowly rising.

Suddenly it was thrown to its full height violently. An arm and body were thrust forth. It was Brand. He held a pistol in his hand.

"So you've come," he cried fiercely. "Well, take your greeting!"

Osborne sprang forward to seize the weapon, but he was too late. He felt a stunning blow on his chest, followed by a sharp pain and a ringing sensation in his ears. There was a rush behind him, and he knew no more.

Maury had been able to follow his comrade's movements from the time he entered the enclosure. His rifle was in instant readiness, his hawklike gaze searching every shadow. In his eagerness he had crept beyond the shadow of the orchard when Osborne approached the window. He, too, began to think that possibly no watch was kept. He heard the whistle and turned to signal to the men. At that moment Brand's low-voiced menace broke as a terrible shock upon his ear. He leaped forward as the shot was fired, and Osborne reeled backward.

Brand saw him coming, but was not able to recover himself till a fierce blow from Maury's rifle stock fell upon his arm.

"Don't let that man escape," cried Maury to the men. "He s dangerous, though his arm is broken."

But Brand, though suffering intensely, was not disabled for flight. "I've finished him," he muttered with a savage oath, "and the rest doesn't matter."

In a few minutes the men reported that he had escaped, and that the house was entirely deserted.

Maury was bending over Osborne, who was breathing heavily and was even now trying to speak.

"What is it, old fellow? Where did he hit you?"

"Don't leave her behind," gasped the wounded man.

"All right; we'll see to it." Then turning to the men, he said: "Go and search again thoroughly. Be quick, and report all you find."

He unfastened his friend's outer garments, and ripped open his shirt. The wound was plain enough, even in the dim light, and appeared to be just above the heart.

"We must get him out of here quick, woman or no woman," thought Maury.

He gave a low whistle and one of the men appeared.

"There's no one there, sir."

"Never mind; get on your horse and ride like the devil after the colonel. Tell him Osborne has been shot, and to come back at once with the surgeon to Judge Kinney's. Quick!"

In the meanwhile, he had been staunching the wound; close against it he laid Carissa's handkerchief, and bound it as securely as possible.

The search for any clue to Carissa's whereabouts proving utterly unavailing, a rude litter was constructed and spread with blankets from the house.

Osborne was laid upon it, and the sad procession took up its line of march.

It was not long before Colonel Steptoe arrived at the Union Hotel, where Osborne was lying. All waited in the greatest suspense for the result of the surgeon's examination. Presently he made a slight incision under the arm and extracted a bullet.

"It's a close call," he said, "but he'll pull through."

A consultation was held as to their future course.

"It's a deuced bad business," said Colonel Steptoe, who was in evident perplexity. "I hate to leave him here; there's no knowing what mischief he'll get into. Even if he keeps quiet, he'll not be very safe. And he won't keep quiet. As soon as he's well enough, he'll be searching this valley from one end to the other. How soon can he be moved?"

"In about a week we can take him by easy stages," replied the surgeon.

"That settles it, then, we must wait." Orders were given for the detachment that had started that night to return to their former quarters.

Osborne's wound healed rapidly, though he fretted intolerably over the mystery of Carissa's disappearance. The men declared that Brand had made his escape alone, using Osborne's horse for the purpose; and in spite of his utmost efforts Maury could discover nothing further of either him or his family.

In a little over a week Colonel Steptoe again took his departure for the coast, and in spite of his most vigorous remonstrance, Osborne was compelled by orders to accompany him. The formality of an arrest was threatened in order to induce submission. A

comfortable couch was made for him in one of the spring wagons, but he endured the journey only because of his settled determination to return again, as soon as he could regain his liberty.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN CACHE VALLEY

There is no more charming spot in all the habitable portion of the Rocky Mountain region than Cache Valley, in northern Utah. It consists of a sheltered oasis of green, in the midst of a wilderness of piled-up rocks, that lift their craggy summits mountain high on every side. Ordinarily, Carissa would have delighted in all the charms of natural scenery in which the country abounded. The place selected for their camping ground was near the mouth of the beautiful Logan Canyon. They were the only inhabitants of this wide stretch of fertile territory, that was destined in after years to support a score or more of thriving towns and cities.

But Carissa was in no mood to take note of the beauties of nature. She was in a state of great nervous tension. Her anxious fears concerning Osborne at first drew her thoughts away from her own situation. There was no mistaking the undisguised threat conveyed by Brand's vindictive look and mocking words. She was sure of his murderous purpose; but had it succeeded? The more she thought of Maggie's words of reassurance the less satisfaction they afforded her. If an earlier start had been determined on, she knew that Osborne would have made an effort to communicate with her. Finding the house deserted, he would begin an investigation, and she felt con-

vinced that he would not leave until he had discovered her whereabouts or had met Brand.

At the thought of such a meeting and its possible results she trembled. It seemed terrible to her that one who had given her such loyal and chivalrous friendship should, because of that friendship, be called to face peril and possible death.

During these days of suspense she first began to appreciate the devotion of Osborne at its true worth, and she instinctively pitted him in her thought against the one to whom she had given all her love, but who had betrayed both love and trust so cruelly.

The little camp presented a scene of busy life. There were three tents; one occupied by the teamsters and herders, who had left their families behind them; one for Carson, his three wives and five small children, and another for Carissa and Maggie.

The men of the party were occupied in constructing a corral not far away, and in hauling timber for a dwelling house and out-buildings. The women had their own tasks, and at times even assisted in the heavier labor of the men.

The advantages and disadvantages of polygamous housekeeping on a primitive scale were well illustrated in the case of Carson's household. He moved among the members of his family with an assumption of patriarchal dignity; divided their labor and assigned them their tasks; composed their differences when he could, and when he could not, left them to come to a settlement by themselves; practiced strict impartiality in the matter of favors bestowed, and was quite undisturbed by the necessary promiscuity of so large a household gathered under one tent.

Carson was a man of cool temperament and unusual self-command, but even his suavity could not conceal the sordid spectacle of three jealous women in one household, each striving for precedence and seeking to displace the others, and continuing, sometimes openly, sometimes under cover, the strife and dissension that were inevitable, even under most favorable conditions.

Carissa was repelled by the atmosphere that was created by this sordid condition. She was in a state of isolation from all about her. Her own thoughts gave her no rest, and there was no relief in the society of others. She nervously avoided all contact with the members of Carson's mixed household, and endeavored to keep Moroni to herself as much as possible. She had no thought of giving offense; it seemed the only thing that she could do; but in so small and open a community such an attitude, persisted in, must soon alienate the natural sympathy of neighbors and arouse active dislike.

Carissa soon began to be regarded as too precise and proud, and as putting on airs above her station. At first she was only relieved that she was permitted to be alone, and was unconscious of the feeling that was growing up against her. But one day she was sharply awakened to the ferment of bitterness that was working in her little world.

She was standing looking off across the valley to the distant barrier of the mountains, thinking of Osborne and her old home, and indulging her intense longing for freedom when she noticed that Moroni had left her side and was making his way toward Carson's tent door. Two of his wives were amiably engaged in

washing some blankets, and the third was seated on a rock, holding out her hands to the little fellow and coaxing him to come.

"Come to mamma, Moroni," Carissa called quickly. They all looked up, and Carissa suddenly felt the presence of their jealous hostility. The woman who had been coaxing him, dropped her arms, rose from the rock, and turning to her companions said, with a laugh, "The Prince isn't to be handled by common folks; pretty good, isn't it?"

"Oh, well, she needn't hold herself so high and mighty," was the spiteful rejoinder from one of the others, "when her man returns he'll soon bring her to terms."

Carissa stood as though stunned, surprise and indignation struggling together in her face, and then a thought came that swallowed up everything else.

When Brand should return! What would she do? All in a moment she became aware of the fact that he stood for all that she most hated and dreaded in her life. And he would surely return.

She looked toward the little tent occupied by herself and Maggie, with Mrs. Brand and Moroni. When Brand should return, he would expect to occupy it with them. All that that would mean flashed vividly before her. The blood flamed up into her cheeks hotly, and then receded, leaving her deadly pale. She needed no further enlightenment to grasp the situation fully. She knew that she could never endure it.

The horrors of her condition would be forced upon her hourly; there could be no privacy, no place of retirement, either for herself or her boy. She pictured herself crouching away, seeking to shield

herself and her innocent child from contact with what she could never meet and continue to live. She could expect no consideration from Brand, even though he should understand her feelings; the vision was overpowering. Every instinct of her nature was in revolt. It was impossible that she could live this life! that she knew. But how could she escape? The vision presented by her sudden thought was so real that her dread was overpowering, and the impulse to fly before it was too late was not to be resisted.

She felt Moroni's little hand stealing into hers, and without forethought or purpose she gripped it tightly and started to walk rapidly away, up toward the canyon's mouth. She looked neither behind nor before her, but went steadily onward driven by her desperate thoughts.

"Mamma, 'ou hurt me," pleaded a little voice.

"Forgive me, darling, I did not know." Remorsefully she stooped and covered his face with passionate kisses, and lifting him in her arms she carried him onward.

They had already left the camp far behind them, and were climbing recklessly over the rough rocks that lined the course of the brawling stream.

"Where we doin', mamma?' Moroni asked, bravely suppressing his sobs.

"I do not know, darling, but God will tell us," she answered, mechanically.

"Won't we ever do back, mamma?"

She only held him more closely and hurried on. Where was she going? What was her purpose? She knew well that there could be nothing at the end of such a journey as this. The path was continually

growing wilder and more rugged. She was not conscious of the difficulties of the way or of physical weariness, though her breath was coming in short, panting gasps, and she often reeled as she walked. She was fleeing from the vision that had come to her. She was seeking to leave her life behind her. Presently her steps grew slower. She could not continue this exertion much longer.

"Mamma, I'z firsty."

She looked around her; a little stream came bubbling down from the side of the rugged gorge, and passing under an archway of ferns, leaped into the mountain torrent whose course they had been following.

She set Moroni down and held some water in her hands while he eagerly drank. The icy touch of this water, fresh from the snows, seemed to cool her fever. They had halted in a beautiful spot, sheltered, fresh and cool. The overhanging rocks on either side were festooned with vines. The air was filled with a fresh woodland odor of moist earth and spring flowers. The dashing stream filled the place with a wild music that appealed to her strangely.

"How beautiful life could be," she thought, as she looked about her in momentary forgetfulness, and then down into Moroni's bright, laughing face. But what could life hold for her? She could not return. A shudder seized her at the thought. Any death would be better than to sink her soul to the level of daily contact with what seemed like pollution.

"If I should learn to endure it, I should become like them, but I could never learn to endure it. I should go mad."

She arose and took Moroni's hand. "Come, dear, let us go on. You can walk a little way, darling, and when you are tired I will carry you again."

She knew where she was going now and what was her purpose. They would commit themselves to God, and follow the stream wherever it led. When their strength should fail and the time should come for them to die, there would be no struggle, they would be in His keeping and all would be well.

She picked their way more carefully now, but went steadily on. Moroni was delighted with the excursion, and showed his happiness by his merry questions and joyful exclamations. His sturdy legs were not soon wearied, although the grade was often steep. Carissa carried him part of the way, but her strength was now unequal to bearing the burden long at a time. When evening began to close about them, she knew that they had come a long distance from the canyon's mouth.

Moroni complained of being hungry, and finally set up a pitiful little cry: "I'z tired, mamma, let us do back."

"Hush, dear, don't cry. See, here is a nice little place to rest. We will sit down here and I will tell you a story."

She sought the shelter of a wide arching cleft in the rocky wall, and, taking him in her arms and snuggling him warmly against her, she soon soothed him to slumber.

How solemn was the gathering night in that far cleft of the mountains. Just before her a huge wall of black rock towered high in threatening majesty. Far down toward the west she could watch the reflection

of the setting sun. The air grew suddenly much cooler, and she shivered in her light summer clothing. She began to realize that the night would be much sharper here than down in the valley. She might die of exposure. At the thought a throb of joy filled her heart. The weary waiting for release would soon be over!

When the sunlight leaves these narrow mountain gorges, the descent of the cold from the snow-packed spaces above is often very sudden. Carissa sat careless of exposure, listening to the brawling of the stream, exulting in the cold and inviting the biting breath of frost that was wrapping her in. Moroni had fallen asleep and was cuddled up cozily in her arms. As she moved a little her hand touched his cheek. How warm it was against her cold hand! She might die; but her very embrace would keep warmth and life in his body after she was gone. The thought aroused her immediately. What was she doing? They would come and take him from her arms, down again into the valley, to that life she hated so intensely, and would rear him in the faith that had ruined her life. Again a biting breath of cold came down from the upper canyon and assailed her. She suddenly feared it.

Surely this would mean death to her, for she certainly could not endure the cold and exposure till morning—but Moroni! She remembered that she was holding him too warmly. She must not die first and leave him without her guardianship. She looked up piteously. The stars were coming out one by one, and as they peered down through the narrow opening of rock, they looked strangely large and glowing. Up

SHE TRIED TO LEAVE HIM THERE BUT SOMETHING HELD HER.

there God was watching her — how far away He seemed. What monstrous teaching she had received from the lips of her husband! It returned to her now as a grotesque caricature of the God whom she had learned to love and reverence in her childhood. He was far away, this God in whom her heart believed, yet near at hand. He would understand her heart; He would know her pressing need.

She *could* not die first! She could not leave her boy!

Slowly she arose, her limbs already cramped with the cold. Tenderly she carried her burden to a little distance and deposited it on the bare ground, where the benumbing stroke of the canyon breeze would fall most heavily upon it.

She was scarcely conscious of what she did; she seemed to be obeying some imperative necessity. She put upon him no covering, she simply laid him down. A sleepy remonstrance at his hard cold bed came from his lips, and then he lay perfectly quiet. One hand was stretched out toward her, and it looked pitifully white and frail against the hard, black rock.

Again and again she tried to leave him there and return to her former place, but something held her. There was an awful solemnity in the scene around her that oppressed her terribly.

Her body seemed full of fever, and yet she felt the intensity of the cold. Steadily, but without violence, the wind came down from the upper spaces. How long she stood there she could not tell, it may have been but a few moments, but an eternity seemed to be crowded into them. She must go away and leave him! She could not wait and see him die! And yet that little hand, stretched out upon the cold rock, so

pitifully small and white and weak, held her firmly. She half turned away, but her eyes remained fixed upon him. How quietly he lay! He had scarcely moved since she had put him down! She could see him quite well in the dim starlight; she tried to think how long it would take for the cold to do its work; but she could not think. She was listening intently for his breathing. A terrible fear of the results of her own act was growing in her heart. It terrified her that he lay so still before her. Could he be dead already? She turned about quickly, as the wild thought came, and knelt down beside him; she took his hand in her own, it was cold to her feverish touch. Her heart stood still in awful dread, and then she caught him convulsively into her arms. He opened his eyes, frightened at her unthinking roughness, and began to cry out. She held him close and kissed him again and again.

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh, my darling," she sobbed; he put his arms about her and snuggled close.

"Put me to bed, mamma; I'z so cold and sleepy, mamma."

"Yes, darling, we will go back; I cannot do it, it is too cruel. God forgive me and help me to bear it all."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MAGGIE'S INTERFERENCE

Maggie had witnessed the scene that occurred in the camp, and her generous heart was aroused to fierce indignation. She did not know all that it meant to Carissa, but she knew enough to realize that Carissa had been grossly affronted and was sorely wounded.

She stood before the door of their tent and watched, while Carissa climbed the slope toward the east, holding Moroni tightly by the hand. Her first impulse was to follow them, but she thought: "She'll soon be back, and she wants to be alone now. Poor thing? I wonder why it hurt her so? She usually pays no attention to anything like that."

Her indignation led her to go straight to the three women, who were laughing and talking over the lesson which they had taught the proud Englishwoman.

"What did you say to her to make her look like that?" Maggie demanded fiercely.

"Let her keep her kid to herself if she thinks he's too good for the likes of us," was the reply from the oldest of the three. "We're tired of her airs, that's all. She's too high and mighty, and I told her so."

"You needn't toady under and take her part," put in another, mockingly. "You're nothing but dirt to her yourself, and you're a fool if you don't see it."

"Brother Carson says she's jealous of you, and caught one of those soldier chaps for a beau, so's to get even," said the first speaker, maliciously. "So she

needn't pretend she's too good to associate with honest folks."

"It's a lie, I tell you, no matter who says it," declared Maggie, hotly, "and you're nothing but a set of contemptible cowards to pitch onto a poor woman that's better than all of us put together."

"Why didn't Brother Brand come along out with ye then, if it's all a lie, instead of going back to attend to particular personal business?" sneered the other.

"You tell if you know," retorted Maggie. She often thought of the scene on the road and wondered what it really meant. So now even her anger gave place a little to her curiosity.

"He went back, I guess, to square things with the fellow that has been poachin' on his preserves, and that's what she's a-frettin' about. If you don't believe it, ask Brother Carson."

This answer fitted the case so perfectly and explained so much, that Maggie was almost inclined to believe there was some truth in it, but she only shook her head defiantly, and said:

"I don't care what she's done, or what Brother Brand thinks she's done. I know she's done nothing but what's right. She's done you no harm anyway, and when she comes back you just let her alone, or I'll know why."

A derisive laugh greeted this challenge and followed Maggie as she walked away. Perhaps she had done no good, but she had given vent to her feelings at any rate. She was glad that she had openly taken Carissa's part and had flung down the gage in her behalf, and her natural woman's sympathy was still more deeply aroused by the story she had heard.

All through the afternoon she watched for Carissa's return in vain, and about sun-down she became uneasy, and decided to go and meet them. Throwing a shawl over her shoulders she started up the Bench.

When she reached the top, the view was unobstructed to the canyon's mouth, and as they were nowhere in sight she pushed vigorously onward. A growing sense of wonder, not unmixed with alarm, hurried her steps. She thought they must have taken the way to the canyon, but in that case it would be dark before they could return. When she reached the sharp bend where the stream came leaping wildly down, and still had not met them, she was almost persuaded that they must have gone in some other direction.

She stopped and called loudly, but only an empty echo came back to her. Suddenly her eyes caught sight of tiny footprints in the rough road that led upward along the stream.

"What ever possessed her!" she exclaimed to herself, but her shrewd mind soon shaped an answer that was not far from the truth.

"She's unhappy and lonely and desperate. I've seen it, and haven't known what to do, but when I find her I'll let her know that *I'm* not against her, anyway," she thought.

The semi-darkness of a star-lit night found her still following the trail, hot and dusty with her quick climb, but determined to overtake the fugitives as soon as possible. She was fully a mile from the mouth of the canyon and could no longer discern their footprints, but she knew that she had not missed them.

There was only one path, and that wound its narrow

way between a steep wall of broken, jagged rock and the bank of the turbulent river. She marveled that they had gone so far, and began to entertain a fearful suspicion of the deep stream rushing past, when she suddenly saw them. Carissa was coming toward her, her white face showing with startling distinctness under the starlight. She was carrying Moroni and was sobbing hysterically under her breath, and almost fainting from exhaustion.

"You poor darling, you," exclaimed Maggie, rushing forward and putting her arms about her. She gently lowered the overwrought, quivering form to the ground, took Moroni from her, wrapped him warmly in her shawl and turned again to Carissa.

"How cold you are! You mustn't stay here; let me warm you a bit." She vigorously chafed the hands and arms until a feeling of warmth began to return.

"Come, dear, you must try to walk, it's awful cold up here, and you'll catch your death. I'll carry Moroni and you must lean on me."

She took the shawl and put it about Carissa's shoulders, who obeyed her as simply as a child.

When at last they reached the tent, and Carissa had been put between warm blankets, and plied with hot drinks, and rubbed until the quaking had gone from her limbs, and the hysterical sobbing had passed from her throat, she reached up and put her arms about Maggie's neck.

"You are so good," she whispered, "and I have been so wicked." She let her hand fall wearily upon the form of Moroni, who was sleeping sweetly at her side.

"Nonsense," said Maggie brusquely, though her

face was flushed with happiness; then bending over and kissing her she said, while the tears came to her eyes, "You are different from the rest of us, and better I know; so much better! I wish you would teach me to be like you."

During the following days a curious relationship grew up between these two women, married to one man. Maggie had never lost her old feeling of social respect for Carissa as her superior, but there came to be added a peculiar mingling of pity and self-reproach. Carissa was impelled to open her heart to this sympathetic, impulsive girl, who waited on her so tenderly and lavished such love upon her, and she found a wonderful relief in doing so. She even told her, in broken sentences and falteringly, of the terrible disillusionment that had come with reference to her husband, and of her intense longing to be set free from it all.

Maggie did not altogether understand, but where she failed to do so she mentally charged it to her own deficiency and was silent. She gave freely of her sympathy, and often wept even when Carissa's eyes were dry, and she sought by every means to kindle hope and impart comfort.

"I'm happy here," she frankly confessed. "It's all turned out so much better for me than I had thought; but I see it's different with you." She was silent for a moment and then said, impulsively: "There's one thing—we'll keep this place to ourselves when he comes. I'll see to that myself. He can stay with the men till the house is built."

Carissa pressed her hand in mute thankfulness at the relief this assurance brought

Neither of them spoke of Osborne, but Maggie

determined to find out what Brand's errand to the city was, and also its outcome.

When Brand finally joined the little band of squatters, he brought with him a load of furniture, together with tools and materials for house-building. His manner was surly and disagreeable. His arm, which still pained him, he carried in a sling. Nor was he as particular about his personal appearance as in former days. This fact was apparent even to Maggie. He had begun to let his beard grow in the fashion of the pioneers of that day, and about his brow and eyes were the marks of the evil passions he had indulged so freely. After a few short words of greeting to Carson, he was about to make his way into the tent, but Maggie stopped him.

"She has been very sick and is sleeping, don't disturb her," she said.

"Who? Carissa?"

"Yes. Aren't you glad to see me?" asked Maggie, coquettishly.

He made no reply, but kissed her rather indifferently, and then stood with knitted brows as though debating some question. Maggie watched him, a little hurt at his manner, but over all a look of confidence on her face. Presently he turned about and walked away.

Later in the day Maggie found him returning from an inspection of the corral.

"I wish you would hurry and have the house built," she said, smiling at him in a winning way. "Then the rest can have it to themselves and we can take the tent. Don't you want to?"

She had arranged her dress with an eye to please

him, and now as she spoke she raised her arm, so that the sleeve fell back, revealing its perfect contour.

Something in his look showed her that she still retained her old power over him, and she determined to use it, both to hold him for herself and to protect Carissa.

He made her no direct answer, but studied her face a little curiously.

"Maggie," he finally asked, "what would you say if I should tell you that I think of taking another wife, perhaps two?"

She winced at his words, but looked up at him with a show of defiant confidence.

"You can take as many as you please for all I care," she said, stepping close to him. "But I have my own place, and I defy anybody to rob me of it."

She lifted her hands to his shoulders, and he stooped and kissed her warmly.

"When is it to be?" she asked presently, drawing back a little.

"I don't know. I'm in no hurry, but Brother Brigham urges it. A good many new arrivals have not been provided for yet, and he says I can afford it and ought to set the example." His seeming indifference comforted her, and she smiled happily as he continued: "You take the matter in the right spirit, Maggie, and I'll see that you don't suffer by it."

Presently, however, she saw the light fade away from his face and the old shadow return.

"I don't see why she couldn't have taken it in the same way," he said bitterly, referring to Carissa. "It would have saved all this bitterness and trouble."

"It's because she's different," explained Maggie, eagerly. "She was raised different, and she doesn't believe in it, and then she has so much imagination."

"Damn her imagination! Was it her imagination that led her to take up with that damned lieutenant in the city? and to plan to leave the country with him? I've got something to say to her about that." Brand's lips were twitching and his fist was clenched.

"Do you care more for her than you do for me?"

The soft pleading of her tone and glance drew from him the answer: "No, but she must be made to do her duty."

She suddenly drew close to him again and asked, almost in a whisper: "What did you do to this soldier?"

"I shot him, as he deserved to be shot," replied Brand, fiercely, "but the devil protects his own. I didn't kill him. He got away to California."

Maggie was exultant at the good news which she could carry to Carissa, but she had another point to gain. She dropped her eyes, and then, slowly raising them again with a look of coy beseeching, said: "Will you do something for me that I want you to do very much?" There was an assumed timidity about her manner that charmed him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Don't talk about any of this to her. What's the use? When you see her, you'll know that she's been punished enough. And I do so want this to be a happy summer!"

He looked at her frowningly. He had determined to come to a definite understanding with Carissa. It was unendurable that she should continue to defy

him. And then, too, this Osborne affair was one that he could not afford to overlook.

"I don't allow any wife of mine the luxury of a lover," he said, grimly.

"Nonsense, dear," laughed Maggie, "he was no lover. She might have fancied he could help her to get away. That was all."

"All! And isn't that bad enough?" roared Brand.

"You can punish her by treating her coldly. You can leave her to herself," said Maggie. "Let us, you and me, be together while we can and be happy. It would be so easy to destroy our happiness. Will you do this for me? You know that I would do anything for you."

She saw that he wavered. He was not generous enough to give the promise, but she believed that she had won the day, and she was confident that she would be able to play her part well enough to secure for Carissa freedom from intrusion at least, even if no other freedom could be won for her.

It was natural that Carissa should feel great relief at the cheering news which Maggie hastened to tell her. She could see no outlook for the future, but she devoted herself as bravely as she could to the necessary duties of the dreary, hopeless present. Brand usually avoided her, and when it was necessary for him to speak to her, he did so with studied and sullen indifference. Since his coming, there was a partial return to her old relations with Maggie; there was no recurrence of the confidential talks that had passed between them, though each was conscious of an undercurrent of sympathetic understanding, that perhaps grew the deeper because it was unexpressed in words.

During these summer months Carissa lavished all the pent-up stores of her love and devotion upon Moroni. She was never separated from him. She would sit and watch him for hours as he was about his play, and whenever Brand approached him she would catch her breath in quick, unreasoning jealousy and alarm. The little fellow seemed to acquire an understanding of her moods, and would run and stand at her side, sturdily on the defensive at the approach of all except Maggie for whom he developed a great liking.

Brand noticed this, and it stung him intolerably. One day when Moroni had evaded his caresses and had run as usual to Carissa, Brand faced about sharply, while a dull flash of anger darkened his face.

"Have a care," he said threateningly, "how you teach that boy to hate his father and despise his birthright."

"Go and speak to your father, Moroni," said Carissa tremulously, and with dry lips, but Brand turned round and walked heavily away.

From this time he seemed to include Moroni in his general attitude of surly indifference.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ALONE

When fall came the house had long been completed, and Carissa made a request, as Brand and Maggie were talking of going to the city.

"Let me stay here with Moroni," she said.

Brand looked at her suspiciously. There was a pitiful eagerness in her voice. How intensely she longed to be alone!

"What new nonsense is this?" said Brand, with slow contempt. "You don't know what you are talking about."

When they were alone together again, Maggie asked Carissa: "Why do you want to stay? Don't you see how impossible it is? You would be all alone, and the winters here are frightful."

"But the sheep-herders will be in the neighborhood; and oh, Maggie, I shall die if I cannot be alone. This life is killing me, and I cannot go back with him."

Maggie's sympathies were easily enlisted and she soon set about the task of securing Brand's permission.

At first Brand would not listen, but Maggie was a persistent and resourceful pleader, and at length partly impelled by the sullen reflection that perhaps the experience might bring her to her senses, Brand consented. And the first snow found Carissa and Moroni alone together in their cabin.

Then it was that Carissa seemed to return somewhat to her old self. The sweeping of the wind down from the canyon; the icy breath of the storm; the heaping

of the snow around their dwelling, drift upon drift; the necessity of clearing a path from the house to the stream, of breaking the ice for water, or of gathering heaps of snow for melting; the short days full of employment; the long evenings by the crackling wood fire; the return of childhood's dreamless slumbers, were all as delightful and as health-inspiring for her as for the boy.

She drifted into a forgetfulness of the past, and seemed sometimes to herself, to be as much an essential part of her wild surroundings as the mountains that had lifted their heads against the storms for ages past. She read to Moroni and talked to him—talked about her own childhood and told him stories of great deeds and noble men.

She was really severe with him but once, and that was when he had attempted to deceive her about some trifling thing.

In after years he never forgot the scene that followed. The tragedy of her glance, as she raised her hand to strike him; the awful pallor of her face and the quick lapse to hysterical weeping, as he clasped her knees, in childish terror of her strange anger, were printed indelibly upon his mind. It was long before she was quieted; and then with suppressed passion, she told him that deceit had ruined her life; that she would rather cast him out into the snow to perish by the wolves that snarled at night, and never to see him again, than ever to have him guilty of a lie or the slightest deceitful practice. For days there was a haunting look in her eyes; and he only learned to drive it away by going to her and lisping, "Roni 'll never tell a lie. Roni 'll never 'ceive you, mamma."

When spring came, the mountain streams were full; and mother and child penetrated far up the canyon, gathering moss and spring flowers and delighting in the leap of the foaming water as it dashed downward over its rocky bed.

One day in the month of April when they returned from their excursion, they found that Brand and Maggie had arrived; and Carissa felt the old constraint descend upon her like a thick, smothering garment.

Maggie brought with her a baby about three months old, and Moroni was delighted with this new and wonderful toy. He called to his mamma to come and look; and pointed delightedly to her tiny features and thick black curling hair. Carissa sought to be self-possessed, but it was difficult for her to return, even indifferently, her husband's greeting.

A change seemed to have come over him during these winter months, his former sullen temper seemed in a measure abated, but he made no effort to regain his hold upon Carissa.

He took Moroni with him on various journeys into the surrounding country, and almost won the little fellow by speaking kindly of his mother, and by his counsel to love her and be obedient to her word; but with her he was invariably reserved.

Before returning to the city again, however, Brand asked for an interview with Carissa, and what followed made an indelible impression upon her.

"Do you care to return to the city again this fall?" he asked.

"No, no. I cannot," she answered gently.

"I do not urge it now," he answered, frowning a little, "but you must remember that Moroni must soon

enter the church schools. You have chosen your own way; I propose to let you walk in it. I have also permitted you the care of Moroni, but the time is approaching when he must be taught the faith that you have rejected."

"Oh, no. Do not say that," she implored.

"Carissa, listen to me. I have been charged with folly and weakness for letting him remain with you a moment. I have been looked upon with suspicion for tolerating your rebellion. Children have been taken from their mothers for less faults than you have shown. I will bear with you as long as possible, but you must beware how you poison the mind of that child against the faith that *shall be his.*"

As he spoke, Brand's voice was firm and his manner controlled. Carissa could find no further words of remonstrance, but her heart was steeled to desperate resistance whenever the time should come.

"I do not expect you to think kindly of me," he said, rising from his seat, "but has it ever occurred to you that all that has come between us, has come because you hardened your heart against the voice of God? I will own that I was angered and embittered last year, but you know the reason." There was a singular mingling of sternness and tenderness in his voice. But Carissa felt all her old feeling of hardness return as he touched upon the past.

"You made friends with our ancient enemies; those who drove us from our homes in the past, and who would utterly destroy us if they had the power; you have forgotten your duty, and——"

"Stop," cried Carissa, "what do you expect to gain by this?"

"I have tried to forget all that," he went on, "but you do not forget. I hoped that these months of solitude would make some impression upon you. Do you realize what kind of life you are shaping for yourself?"

Carissa was silent, she was struggling with the impulse to declare once more her bitter hatred of the cruel system that held her helpless in its meshes.

"I did not intend to say this to you," continued Brand, "but I now urge you to think of the long dreary years that lie before you, the utterly wasted life that will be yours unless you are reasonable. You must be part of the system, or the system will most assuredly crush you to powder!"

It was long after his departure before Carissa ceased to feel the sickening sensation that his words had caused.

During this summer and fall Brigham decided to put in operation his famous, or infamous, "handcart experiment." It was asserted that the idea came by inspiration from the Almighty, but it resulted in the death of hundreds of deluded pilgrims by starvation and exposure, as well as in the maiming and crippling of hundreds more. There are still those in Utah who retain vivid recollections of the terrible privations and sufferings of thousands of men, women and children, as they pushed their loaded handcarts before them over the dusty plains, fording the rivers, climbing the mountains, facing every peril, enduring every hardship, lured by the hope of seeing, before death should overtake them, the glory of the heavenly Zion upon earth. Before the plan was fully executed, Brigham heartily repented of his "inspiration," and at a late hour did all that he could to avert its tragic results. But at this

early springtime, there was nothing but unbounded enthusiasm manifested concerning it.

Brand was ordered to go to Winter Quarters in company with other Elders, to organize the pilgrims into companies, and lead them on the march. This kept him fully occupied until late in October.

During the summer a large company of settlers made their appearance at the lower end of the valley, and Carson reported that they were laying out a town under Brigham's orders. Not much was accomplished, however, till the snows set in. Brand returned in time to spend about a week in Cache Valley, before taking Maggie with him again to the city for the winter.

As Carissa watched them disappear, and realized that for several months she would have her boy to herself again, she again felt the rush of life and its enjoyment return to her. With something of the old zest she sought to lose herself by becoming absorbed in the moods of nature.

The winter was unusually severe, but mother and child felt no hardship. The cold at times was intense, but they challenged it bravely by cramming the spacious fireplace with logs of resinous pine that had been brought from the canyon and stored for winter use. One stormy night they received a half-frozen wanderer from the settlement below, who had been bewildered by the snow and had lost his way, and who would have perished but for the beacon light that shone through their cabin window. After he had been made comfortable, he rewarded their hospitality by telling them of news which had been received, of a great reformation that was being preached by Brigham and his counsellors, Grant and Kimball.

Carissa gathered that the people were everywhere publicly confessing their sins amid the wildest excitement; that thousands of them were being re-baptized; and that many who had heretofore refused to enter polygamy had now consented. This was the one thing that was accepted as evidence of perfect consecration on the part of the people, and this, with the loyal paying of tithes into the Lord's treasury, was preached as "living their religion."

"They do say that Brother Brigham himself has added several girls to his own family, and that Brother Brand, your man, has taken two more."

It was a sickening revelation, but the dominant impression in her mind was one of surprise at her own indifference. There might as well be a dozen as only two!

"I think I shall take a couple more myself," the visitor continued with an air of self-importance. "I've taken up two hundred acres of this here bottom land, and I'll need more help in the spring to work it; besides, I feel that it's my religious duty."

The storm was too severe for him to leave before morning, and long after he had gone the memory of his presence seemed to pollute the house.

With the spring Maggie came with her baby now a chubby, hearty, happy, year-old girl. Carissa was immeasurably relieved that Brand did not appear. She learned from Maggie, who treated the matter with an assumption of cool indifference, that the report brought to her in the winter was true. Her husband was now the husband of a full quartette. When she thought of it she was disgusted with herself, that she had ever loved him. She felt sometimes that

the one condition of happiness would be to have him drop out of her life utterly.

Maggie brought word that he could not come to them until the middle of summer.

How the weary days dragged on in spite of this relief. Was this to be her life? She sometimes felt a deadly weakness stealing over her as she watched Moroni and his little "cousin" at play.

What a tragedy life had become! And these two little innocents must grow up in the midst of all this wickedness, be corrupted by it, their entire natures be changed by it, and they must die without realizing any higher ideal. The thought sometimes maddened her, sometimes overpowered her. Maggie's cheerfulness, spontaneous though it was, seemed affected and strangely out of place.

About the first of August, Carson, who had been to the city to be present at the exercises on Pioneer Day, returned with stirring tidings. The anniversary celebration had been held at Big Cottonwood, and during its progress, word had been brought that a United States army was on its way to Utah. Brigham had declared war, had prophesied that the army would not be permitted to enter the valley, and had ordered the citizens to prepare for defence. Brand would be fully occupied till the trouble was past, and Carson was instructed to bring Carissa with Maggie and the children on his return.

"I shall stay here with Moroni," Carissa said firmly.

"But Brother Brand's orders were positive," insisted Carson.

"It makes no difference, I shall not go," she declared positively.

Maggie was reluctant to leave her, she seemed so frail and feeble. She could see now how terribly she had failed during the past two years. But when she spoke of staying with her, Carissa said, "You should go, dear. Obedience is right for you. Moroni will take care of mamma, won't you, my boy?"

"I will never leave you, mamma, or let anyone hurt you," he said loyally, taking her hand in his and looking up at her in resolute gravity.

"But won't you come with us?" urged Maggie. "It seems so desolate for you here, and you are not as strong as you were."

"No, I shall stay. I can breathe here, when the snow comes down and blocks the passes, and all the world is shut out."

After Maggie's departure, Carissa lived as in a troubled dream. She tried to regain her old sense of liberty, but it came in glimpses, only to mock the weakness that would not permit her to embrace it. She persuaded herself that she was waiting only for the breath of winter. The long days of Indian Summer seemed interminable. She performed the ordinary and necessary duties of the household, but she performed them mechanically. Moroni, sturdy, quick and eager, moved about with her; but in spite of herself her thoughts would wander back over the bitter past.

The fact of the soldiers being in the valley again made her think often of Osborne. How long ago it seemed since he had taught her to dream of a possible escape, and how terribly her fate had closed in about her since then! In her weakness she began to live those dark days over again, and to feel the weight of shuddering dread. Again and again, all the sickening

details of the hours of her disillusionment came before her. She put these thoughts away with all the power of her will, but they returned again and again with harrowing persistency. Moroni observed her growing sadness, and would leave his play and come to her. He associated it with the one tragic occurrence in his own life, and would throw his arms about her and say: "Mamma, you can trust me. I will never deceive you, or disobey you."

The childish appeal would break the spell, and, as in former days, she would hold him closely in her arms, and find relief in a storm of weeping.

When at last the snow began to fall, she called to Moroni to come and explore the drifts, and turned her face to the pelting storm, inviting its sting. But she found that the cold chilled her, and the exertion exhausted her. There was no longer stimulation in the storm for her. The disappointment was keen. Was there, then, to be no relief from the ceaseless round of enervating, regretful thought? She began to think that death was waiting for her with the coming of the spring. For herself she knew that it would bring glad release; but she fought desperately against the thought of relinquishing the guardianship of her boy.

In the meanwhile, events of world-wide interest were happening in other portions of the territory. The fiendish crime at Mountain Meadows was perpetrated in September, whereby one hundred and twenty unarmed, unresisting, innocent and inoffensive men, women and children were butchered in cold blood by Indians and white men, instigated and led by members of the Mormon priesthood.

The people at this time were especially exasperated by the attitude of the government. After Colonel Steptoe's departure Brigham declared in the tabernacle, "I do not know what I shall say next winter if such men make their appearance here as did last winter. I know what I think I shall say; if they play the same game again, so help me God, we will slay them."

And the people endorsed his sentiments.

Brand was thoroughly in sympathy with this attitude of the people. He seemed to have cast off entirely the last remains of Carissa's influence, and to have buried the finer instincts that were originally a part of his nature. He was found among those who counselled the most extreme and violent measures.

"If the soldiers enter the territory, let loose the Indians; give them a taste of savage warfare and exterminate them, root and branch," he advised, and for some time Brigham was inclined to follow his advice.

But his natural caution, joined to his knowledge of the unlimited resources of the United States, deterred him from so serious a course. He trusted to turn back the invading army by threats and annoyances, by checking their march, and by forcing them to feel the rigors of a harsh climate, far from their base of supplies and in the midst of a hostile country.

Brand was among the most aggressive of those who sought to make this policy effective by building barricades across Echo Canyon, and hovering about the enemy, cutting off stragglers and supplies, and keeping them through the winter in a constant state of harassing suspense.

One day in January, however, he received news from a prisoner who had fallen into his hands, that caused him to secure immediate release from further duty. This done, he mounted and rode furiously for the city. There he made a few inquiries of Brigham and others, and without waiting to call upon any of his wives, secured a fresh horse, turned northward, and laboriously broke his way over the drifted roads to Cache Valley.

The news that had sent Brand upon his sudden journey was that Captain Osborne, a young officer unattached to General Harney's staff, had accompanied the expedition as far as their winter quarters, but had left the command some days before.

"Where did he go?" demanded Brand.

"The impression is that he was bearer of private letters to your governor," was the answer, "but I think that he had some business of his own to attend to."

On reaching Salt Lake City, Brand learned that Osborne had been there only the day before, that he had remained but a short time, had made some inquiries concerning the road to Cache Valley, and had gone almost immediately no one knew where.

CHAPTER XL

WHAT CAME WITH THE STORM

It was a wild winter night in lonely Cache Valley. Always the climate is more severe in this region than in the immediate neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake. The snow comes earlier, lies deeper, and lingers longer in the spring. This valley is little more than a long deep pocket in the midst of a rough mountain country, hence its name.

For days past the snow had been falling steadily. The narrow plain was covered with a thick heavy blanket that obliterated all uneven surfaces, and made the rude dwellings of the settlers, grouped together in the distance, seem like mere excrescences, white-capped but blotchy on the landscape. Up in the canyons the snow lay in great packed masses, smothering deep the brawl of the streams that still forced their way by hidden channels down into the valley, covering the tops of the tallest pines, and leaving only the most exposed rocky projections of the precipitous sides, with a comparatively thin covering to drape their gaunt nakedness.

For days the snow fell quietly and heavily, as though the clouds were overburdened, and must of necessity empty themselves, but preferred to do it without fuss or confusion of any sort. Finally the wind rose, the cold grew more intense, the snow became hard and icy, and was flung in fierce gusts into the hollows and crevices of the rocks, or was swept in

pitiless sheets across the valley, to storm upon the opposite barriers, or to dash in fury against the intercepting walls built for shelter of man or beast.

There was a dreary air of wild desolation about this scene as the daylight faded and the gray shadows deepened, and the gathering night seemed composed of the flying elements of the storm. Nature had full sway, had asserted her supremacy. Every trace of the work of man was nearly obliterated. The wilderness had returned with its riot of untamed passion and unrestrained possession. Yet in this desert of darkness and cold, there were a few sheltered oases of warmth and light, where cheery fires were burning, and family groups were gathered.

The few sturdy men who lived in this valley were of stern stuff. They had made their way from far-off lands, across the sea, over plain and mountain, to the sage-brush region of the Great Salt Lake, with a dream of empire in their hearts, and in the hope of being able to lay the foundation of a unique civilization. They were strong, thrifty, bold and persevering; with a strain of peculiar religious fanaticism, but resourceful in accommodating themselves to their great undertaking, and happy in the consciousness of achievement well begun.

Several miles further up the valley was the cabin where Carissa Brand was living alone with her boy. All about was the piled-up snow. She had managed to keep the short space from the door to the wood-pile comparatively clear. The window to the east had long since been covered, and the drifts were beginning to encroach upon the one to the south.

It was a rude interior with only one living room, facing

the south, and two bedrooms partitioned off at the rear. The fire-light, strong and ruddy, fell upon the home-made furniture, the shining kitchen utensils, the bare walls of well-chinked logs and the movable cot brought in for the night, well-blanketed and cozy, where Moroni was lying listening to the storm and blinking with approaching drowsiness. In one corner was a large pile of good-sized sticks of fire-wood, that had been brought in by one of the cattle-men on his way to the feeding sheds, who, through a spirit of kindliness, had performed this service a few days before the storm began.

"There's a cold spell a-coming, and heaps of snow," he prophesied shrewdly, "and it'd be tough on you to have to lay in this wood after it once gets started."

Carissa was seated in her favorite attitude, a little removed from the direct glow of the fire, her hands folded in her lap, her head thrown back, her body in a position of repose.

Her rich brown hair, coiled in picturesque manner, caught the glancing light of the fire and seemed to glow with a warm radiance of its own. Her face was partly in the shadow, but the profile told the unmistakable story of rare sensitiveness united with high purpose and pure resolve. It still bore a look of unutterable sadness, but the old familiar bitterness and unrest had given way to a strange expression of peace. It was as though she had at length become detached from the entanglement of her life, and could now look upon it sorrowfully but without acute distress.

But this peace had come after a terrible experience. She feared that she would not survive the winter, and there came to her at a time of sore weakness, a return

of the wild suggestion that, as she could not live to guard her boy, he must die with her.

For days she had brooded over this suggestion. The weary days and lonely nights, her enforced inactivity, the pressure of her own trouble that had somehow returned upon her with new force as her strength failed for battling against it; together with the persistent and growing apprehension for Moroni's future, as she remembered the influences that would shape his character; these had all led her to entertain a suggestion that her true self would have recognized as infamous. These were her darkest days.

But that time had passed.

Since then she had found a new liberty, not of forgetfulness but of faith. She believed that her days were numbered; where could she find strength to carry on this hopeless struggle longer? But somehow she believed that God would guard her treasure. She had ceased to think of her husband's deceit and infidelity, and the degradation into which he had descended. She sought to pray for him as the father of her boy, and to forgive him the sorrow he had brought upon her.

Such impressions as these were present with her as she sat before the fire, not thinking, but dreaming with both eyes open.

Suddenly there seemed to be a lull in the storm. She found herself sitting upright listening intently, —the echo of a faint cry in her ears.

Was it a cry? Or simply the voice of the tempest? Again the wind beat furiously upon the door, and a fresh shower of sparks rushed up the chimney. Her heart was beating violently. She glanced wide-eyed toward the cot where Moroni was sleeping the sweet

sleep of childhood. She could not dream of any wanderer being abroad in such a storm, and yet the memory of that faint cry urged her to go and look out into the night.

As she left her chair she heard something brush heavily against the door. She thought it must be a mass of snow, dislodged by the wind, but even as she sought to reassure herself, she heard the sound again, not so loud as before, but followed by something like a muffled cry.

Immediately, in spite of the nervous dread that had seized her, she went to the door and opened it. The fierce blast burst with fury into the little room, and the icy particles struck her face sharply. She uttered a cry of horror as a man's form fell helplessly across the threshold and lay at her feet.

Exerting all her strength, she drew him into the room. In the effort her hands were cut by the sharp icy coating of his garments. She hastened for a stimulant, and turned him over that she might administer it.

As she saw the face a low wail burst from her, for she was looking upon the face of her husband!

For a moment she knelt, holding the bottle convulsively and staring as though transfixed, and then feverishly endeavored to pour the liquid between his frozen lips. He made an effort to swallow, but strangled painfully. Again she poured the whiskey between his lips, and opening the door rushed out, and returned with her dress full of snow. She packed it gently about his face and head.

It was a terrible task to cut from his hands the gloves and from his feet the heavy boots, but she did

not pause until his frozen limbs were packed in snow. When she applied the stimulant again he seemed to be able to take it, and she knelt by his side in piteous prayer to God.

All that night she worked over him, scarcely conscious of her terrible exertions, compassion struggling with aversion in her heart. Toward morning he opened his eyes and recognized her; he tried to speak but failed.

The lower part of his face was swollen, and his lips were cracked and bleeding. Gently, with an infinite pity, she applied soothing applications and sought to restore him, but finally the truth broke upon her.

It must all be in vain. She had called him back to life, but she could not hold him. His eyes, fixed upon her, were gathering an unearthly glaze.

She gave him more of the whiskey. It revived him, but she knew that it was only for the moment; a feeling of deathly sickness came over her. So this was to be the end!

Brand was trying again to speak, it was a supreme effort and the words came with terrible labor.

"Has—he—been here?" he gasped.

She did not know what he meant, but she shook her head and replied gently: "No one has been here, not for a long time. Don't try to speak, it hurts you."

A spasm crossed his face. "Curse him," he said hoarsely.

The imprecation at such a time seemed infinitely terrible.

"Don't, don't," she murmured, "you are dying, and I cannot bear it." She bowed her head and began to pray aloud.

"Carissa," Brand's voice interrupted her, "it is a long journey. I can explain it all on the way. You must accept it."

His mind was wandering back over the past. He moved his hands with painful effort as though trying to grope his way in the darkness.

"Something came between us," he continued, brokenly. "I forget what it was. Will—you—kiss me—dearest?"

She pressed her lips pityingly to his forehead and. burying her face in her hands, abandoned herself to weeping.

For a long time he lay silent, but his labored breathing told her that he still lived; then he seemed to rally, he tried to raise himself upon his elbow, and his voice rang out for the last time in tones of strong remonstrance.

"No, no, it is not true. See, it is written here."

Then there was a great silence. And the King of Terrors passed.

The morning sun shone brilliantly upon the earth. Slowly it mounted to the crest of the intercepting ridge, until it could look broadly over into the valley. Before its coming, the storm retreated as though abashed.

The warming light penetrated through the snow-draped windows into the little cabin, where Carissa was holding her long, sad vigil.

She was thinking over the past. What pictures were painted for her by the facile-fingered artist, Memory! Pictures of quiet scenes before her real life had begun, of love and hope and kindling enthusiasm; illusions all, they seemed to her. Panoramic pictures of long

distances, broken by stirring events and new sensations; dark pictures of the beginnings of disillusionment, followed by crushing disappointment, sorrow and fear. One memory alone of these later years held any touch of brightness: Osborne's frank solicitude and tender sympathy and brave resolve. But even this bright memory had no power to awaken hope.

She shivered as her glance turned again to the spot where a still form lay shrouded from her sight. She had forgiven him, but her forgiveness was but the expression of a great human pity; there had been no reawakening of love for this man. She remembered him as he first appeared to her; but the lie of his life had been on his lips at the moment of death, and poisoned every thought of him. The deadness of her heart toward nim was the measure of his awful debasement in her eyes.

Even now, what could the future hold for her? Her heart was sick with the dreary desolation into which her life had fallen.

Abroad, the sun was changing the storm-swept, snow-laden valley into a scene of gem-like brilliancy.

With the full dawning of the new day, Osborne came. He had found shelter with the cattlemen for the night, and, leaving his horse, had come on snowshoes over the drifts.

She recognized him instantly. With the opening of the door and his presence on the threshold, there rushed an intoxicating promise of life to Carissa's overtaxed heart. It was Life's answer to the cry of her soul. She arose to her feet and stretched her hands towards him. As he reached forward and

caught her in his arms, she buried her face upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"At last," he said, gently, and sought to soothe her with tender words full of promise.

"For three years I have prayed for this time," he continued, in broken explanation. "I was wounded—fever set in. During my delirium, they put me aboard ship for New York. I recovered only to come for you. I will never leave you again. We will go together from this desolate place. Thank God, that terrible time is past."

Her sobbing ceased. She lifted her head and bravely smiled at him through her tears.

"Come," she said, and taking his hand she led him to the place where her husband was lying.

"He is dead." There was deep solemnity in the simple words; Osborne felt it, but could not check the throbbing of the new hope that came to him. He bowed his head reverently, however, as she added, "I have prayed God to forgive him, and——" she faltered as though yielding to her exhaustion. Turning to the cot, where Moroni lay, she sank upon her knees.

"Oh, my boy, my boy, God guard you from ever becoming like him."

It was largely owing to the disturbed state of the country that they were able to effect their escape without molestation. There was no one to dispute their passage through the outlying settlements, on the way to the northern trail to California. The men of the country were all gathered near the eastern border of Utah, to obstruct the entrance of the troops under General Harney.

Maggie did not know of the fate that had overtaken

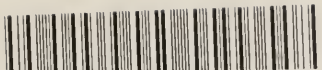
Brand until spring returned. He had been reported missing, but the impression was that he had been killed while on a scouting expedition, or in a fierce skirmish that had taken place near Echo Canyon.

The intelligence was brought to her in a tenderly worded letter from Carissa. Maggie was not surprised at the news of her escape, for she had seen Osborne at Salt Lake City, and she herself had given the clue that led him to Cache Valley.

Her generous heart rejoiced at the brighter day that had dawned for Carissa; at the promise of peace and quiet happiness that had come with a love that had been proved true and generous; but her heart was torn with passionate grief at her own bitter loss.

"He came in that terrible storm," wrote Carissa. "When I saw him, I knew he must die. Dear Maggie, I know what terrible sorrow this will bring you, and my heart is burdened for you. I forgave him everything, but you will mourn for him. We buried him in a grave, under the snow, by the cottonwood trees you planted."

It was a sad pilgrimage for Maggie to the burial place of the man she had loved. She had never seen, for herself, the flaws in his character, nor appreciated the debasing tendency of the faith he embraced. He had never deceived *her;* poor girl, there had never been any necessity.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